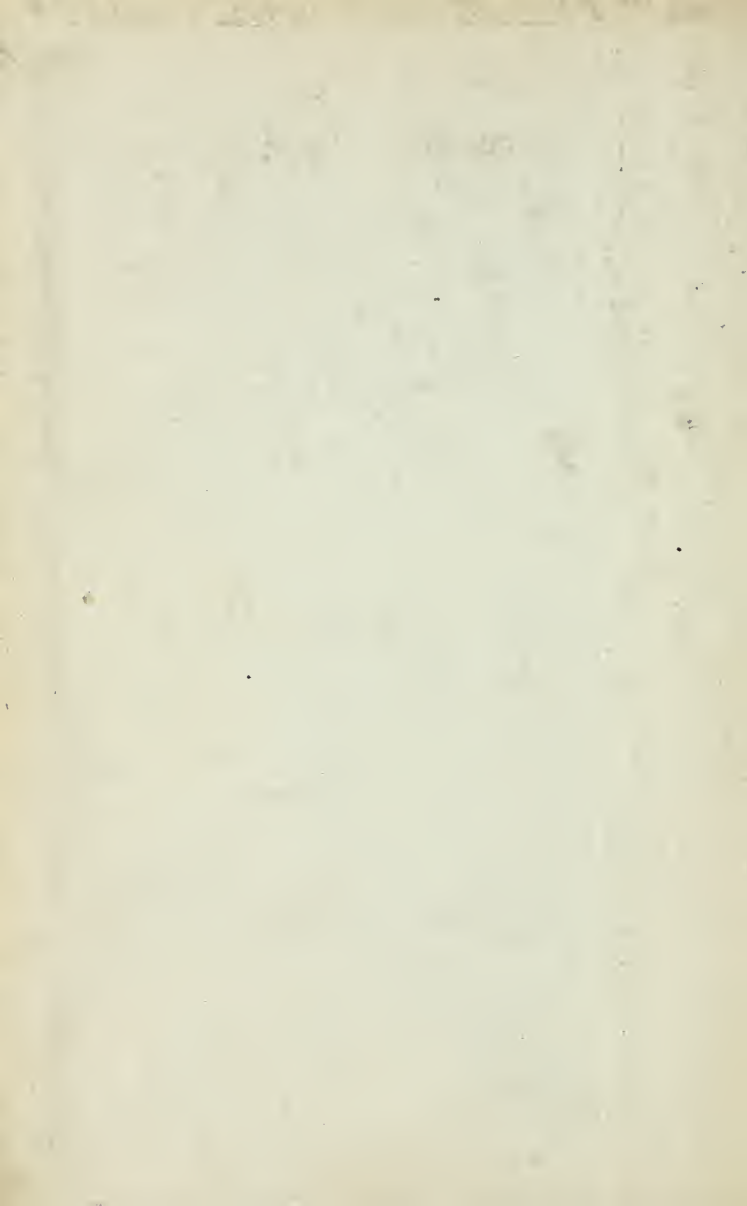


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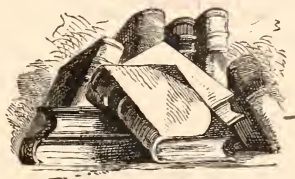
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NEW YORK
SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG, AND COMPANY

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LIST OF PORTRAITS.



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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

IN recognition of the very cordial reception which has been extended to the BRIG-A-BRAC SERIES, and to still farther extend its popularity, the Publishers have determined to introduce

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Of the celebrities who may from time to time be mentioned. These portraits will be chiefly in outline, and they will be given only in those volumes the interest of which will be enhanced by this addition. The famous "Fraser Portraits," as grouped in the "Maclise Gallery," include a large number of the literary celebrities of the last half century; and these will be drawn upon, as occasion may require, in fac-simile reproductions, somewhat reduced but carefully executed.



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PREFACE.

TO keep a Diary which interests its writer is one thing ; to keep a Diary which will interest its readers is another and very different thing. Most writers of diaries are too much occupied with themselves and their daily doings. They seem to think that because others may wish to know something about them, they will wish to know everything. This is a mistake. There are many things that are not worth knowing, even when they concern the greatest. What can it be to anybody that Byron, say, passed through Genoa on a certain day of a certain year ? or that Moore, say, when in Paris, went to Tortoni's and took an ice ? To jot down such items as these in a journal is to bring the keeping of journals into contempt. What Moore thought of Byron, or Byron thought of Moore, when they first met, or when they met after an absence, is another matter. It may not be an important one, but it is an interesting one, if each wrote out what he thought of the other with frankness and sincerity. To keep a journal, for other than business purposes, is to believe that it will contain some things, possibly many things, which will come under other eyes than those of the writer. This belief does not insure entire sincerity and frankness on his part. The con-

sciousness that he may be read, when he is dead, determines him to write only what he would wish to have read, if he were living.

I cannot put myself in the place of a man who keeps a journal in which he is the principal figure, and in which his whereabouts and actions, and thoughts and feelings, are detailed year after year. I cannot put myself, for example, in the place of Moore, who seems never to have lost interest in himself. He is the most voluminous and the most trivial of journalizers. No one need be told this who has read the eight solid volumes to which Lord John Russell has put his name as editor ("Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, London, 1853-56"), and which contain between twenty-eight and twenty-nine hundred pages, about seventy of which are from the pen of his lordship. The task of editing this work was committed to his keeping by Moore himself, in whose will, written in 1828, there occurs the following passage: "I also confide to my valued friend, Lord John Russell (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family." The papers thus left to his lordship consisted of a Memoir of Moore, written by himself, beginning from his birth, but only reaching to the year 1799, when he was not twenty years old; a Journal, begun in 1818, and extending to the years 1846-47; and letters to and from various correspondents, but especially to his mother.

Here was material in abundance; how to use it was

the question. I doubt whether his lordship gave it the consideration that it demanded before he began his task. He confessed the embarrassments which weighed upon him, and that it was not easy to choose between the evil of overloading the work with letters and anecdotes not worth preserving, and the danger of losing the individual likeness by softening and obliterating details. "Upon the whole," he says, "I have chosen to encounter blame for the former, rather than for the latter, of these faults. Mr. Moore was one of those men whose genius was so remarkable that the world ought to be acquainted with the daily current of his life, and the lesser traits of his character. I know at least, that while I have often been wearied by the dull letters of insignificant men, I have been far more interested by the voluminous life of a celebrated man, than I should have been by a more general and compendious biography. The lives of Sir Walter Scott and Madame de Genlis derive much of their interest from the reality which profuse details give to the story. Indeed it may be observed, that the greatest masters of fiction introduce small circumstances and homely remarks in order to give life and probability to stories which otherwise would strike the imagination as absurd and inconceivable. Thus Dante brings before us a tailor threading his needle, and the crowds which pass over a well known bridge in order to carry his readers with him on his strange and incredible journey. Thus Cervantes describes places and persons like one who has himself seen them. Thus, likewise, Defoe remarks every trifling circumstance which a real Robinson Crusoe might have retained in his memory; and Swift makes his Gulliver carefully minute in his measurements of Lilliput houses and Brobdignag corn. This attention to little circum-

stances gives a hue of reality even to those wondrous and fanciful fictions, and makes Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver better known to us than Homer, Virgil, and Shakespeare. But if this is the mode in which these great masters have imparted an interest to imaginary events, it is a proof that in slight, but characteristic, details is to be found the source of sympathy in the story of a real life.

“The second difficulty is of a more serious kind. If it is a bad thing to tire the world with details which are not entertaining, it is a much worse thing to amuse them with stories and remarks which are not harmless. The transactions and the conversations related in Moore’s *Journal* are of such recent occurrence, that it is difficult to avoid giving pain by the publication of his papers. The world can well bear a great deal of scandal of the times of Charles the Second, which the gossiping pen of Pepys has presented to us. But the times of George the Fourth cannot be displayed with equal unreserve, and in disturbing the dark recesses of society, we may at every instant touch a web which

‘Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.’”

Whether any person was pained by the publication of Moore’s papers does not appear ; but very many persons must have been wearied by the trivial and obsolete nature of a large portion of them. Their writer was dead, and the reputation which had once been his had waned. A new and greater race of poets than the one to which he belonged had risen. “*Lalla Rookh*” was still read, perhaps, but not with the same pleasure as “*The Princess*,” or “*The Blot on the ’Scutcheon*.” Moore had ceased to charm, and the details of his life were not cared for. Per-

haps his portrait, as drawn by himself, was considered effeminate. However this may be, his noble biographer felt called upon to write a second preface, which may be found at the commencement of his sixth volume. He had discovered that the constant repetition of daily engagements had become wearisome, and he promised to employ, with more reserve, the remaining portion of his materials. "It must be obvious," he says, "to any one who has read these pages, that the character of Moore was not difficult to understand, although, like that of most men, it was not without inconsistencies and contradictions. With a keen sense of enjoyment, he loved music and poetry, the world and the playhouse, the large circle of society, and the narrow precincts of his home. His heart was thrilled by deep feelings of devotion, and his mind expatiated over the wide field of philosophy. In all that he did, and wrote, and spoke, there was a freedom and a frankness which alarmed and delighted:—frightened old men of the world, and charmed young men and young women who were something better than the world." He admits that he has not concealed Moore's weaknesses, and unburdens himself in regard to the vanity of mankind in general, and Moore in particular.

"Now it would be folly to deny that Moore had a good opinion of his own powers, and that he was delighted with every tribute, oral, written, and printed, to his talents. But his love of praise was joined with the most generous and liberal dispensation of praise to others. He relished the works of Byron and of Scott as if he had been himself no competitor for fame with them. Another man, in his position, upon seeing the hospitable mansion of Abbotsford, might have felt some envy at the

largeness of the possession acquired by the pen of a rival. But Moore only felt that it was a position due to genius ; and, when the frail fabric of Scott's fortune tumbled to the ground, lamented with genuine sympathy the downfall of a prosperity to which he himself had never aspired, but which he considered the right of the 'Author of Waverley.'

"The Journal or Diary of Moore occupies the chief part of these volumes. He has recorded in it the conversations which took place at the dinners and parties where he was a guest. Some persons are of opinion that such conversations ought not to be written, and if written ought not to be printed. Yet it will hardly be denied that there is an interest in the talk of men of talent which is hardly to be found in their most labored works. One poet has recorded of Addison that he was

'Form'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease.'

Another poet, remembering the groves he loved, says : —

'T was here of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song.'

"There is no one, I imagine, who would not be glad to have before them a journal of these conversations, and to see rescued from oblivion the discourse which Pope and Swift and Tickell celebrated for its thought and loved for its amiability.

"The defect of Moore's Journal, in my opinion, is, that while he is at great pains to put in writing the stories and the jokes he hears, he seldom records a serious discussion or notices the instructive portion of the conversations in which he bore a part. It may be of some interest to recall, however, the character and type of the

conversations which were carried on by the eminent men now lost to us with whom Moore habitually lived. Lord Bacon has said that 'reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and conversation a ready man.' It may be added that in this, as in other arts, 'practice makes perfect.' Those who have been renowned for their powers of conversation were constantly engaged in that pleasant task. Addison would pass seven or eight hours a day in coffee-houses and taverns. Johnson told Boswell that his habit was to go out at four o'clock in the afternoon and not to return till two o'clock in the morning. A vast time for these learned men to spend in talk! Yet, having armed themselves at all points by study, it was no doubt a great delight to these knights of the library to try the temper of their weapons, to run full tilt against an adversary with pointed epigram, and to win the prize in a tournament of wits.

"But beyond the mere pleasure of the encounter, it cannot be disputed that much is to be learnt from the conversation of men of reading and observation. Mr. Fox declared that he learnt more from Mr. Burke's conversation than from all the books he had ever read. It often happens, indeed, that a short remark in conversation contains the essence of a quarto volume."

The essence of Lord John Russell's eight volumes is here presented to the reader, who, I hope, will be entertained by it, as I have been, in spite of the tiresome reading which I have undergone in order to obtain it. There is a freshness and sparkle in it which I do not find in Moore's poetry.

WILLIAM JERDAN was a man of note at one time, it is not easy to see why, now. He was not a man of letters, though he wrote books, but a journalist, and it was as the

editor of "The Literary Gazette" that he was best known. "The Literary Gazette" was a power in English literature fifty years ago, its praise being sought and its censure deprecated by much greater writers than its editor. Jerdan dwelt with complacency on his connection with it, and was proud of his one literary discovery — "L. E. L.," whom he was the first to introduce to the world. Besides editing "The Literary Gazette," he worked on other papers, the "Aurora," the "Pilot," the "Sun," etc., and wrote "The National Portrait Gallery," "A Voyage to the Isle of Elba," and "The Paris Spectator;" and edited "The Rutland Papers," and "The Perth Papers." The Royal Society of Literature, which was founded in 1821, owed its existence in great measure to him. He was a member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and a corresponding member of the Real Academia de la Historia of Spain.

In August, 1851, a testimonial was set on foot "as a public acknowledgment of the literary labors of William Jerdan." Shortly after this testimonial, which was successful, Jerdan commenced the publication of his "Autobiography," which extends to four volumes (London, 1852-53), and is — but the reader will judge what it is from the portion here presented to him, which is the essence of over fourteen hundred pages. If it be not as sprightly as he could wish, he should remember that it was written by one who began to remember when most begin to forget. An autobiography that is begun at seventy must of necessity, I think, be somewhat tedious. Jerdan was born at Kelso on the 16th of April, 1782; he died at his residence, near Burkey Heath, in July, 1869.

The brilliant poet and the laborious journalist will now speak for themselves.

R. H. S.

THOMAS MOORE.





THOMAS MOORE.

MOORE'S SCHOOL-MASTER.

IN addition to his private pupils in the dilettante line of the theatricals, Mr. Whyte was occasionally employed in giving lessons on elocution to persons who meant to make the stage their profession. One of these, a very pretty and interesting girl, Miss Champion, became afterwards a popular actress both in Dublin and London. She continued. I think, to take instructions of him in reading even after she had made her appearance on the stage ; and one day, while she was with him, a messenger came into the school to say that "Mr. Whyte wanted Tommy Moore in the drawing-room." A summons to the master's house (which stood detached away from the school on the other side of a yard) was at all times an event ; but how great was my pride, delight, and awe, — for I looked upon actors then as a race of superior beings, — when I found I had been summoned for no less a purpose than to be introduced to Miss Champion, and to have the high honor of reciting to her "Alexander's Feast."

The pride of being thought worthy of appearing before so celebrated a person took possession of all my thoughts. I felt my heart beat as I walked through the streets, not only with the expectation of meeting her, but with anxious doubts whether, if I did happen to meet her, she would condescend to recognize me ; and when at last the happy moment did arrive, and she made me a gracious bow in passing, I question if a salute from Corinne, when on her way to be crowned in

the Capital, would in after days have affected me half so much.

Whyte's connection, indeed, with theatrical people was rather against his success in the way of his profession; as many parents were apprehensive, lest, being so fond of the drama himself, he might inspire too much the same taste in his pupils. As for me, it was thought hardly possible that I could escape being made an actor, and my poor mother, who, sanguinely speculating on the speedy removal of the Catholic disabilities, had destined me to the bar, was frequently doomed to hear prognostics of my devotion of myself to the profession of the stage.

Among the most intimate friends of my school-master were the Rev. Joseph Lefanu and his wife, — she was the sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This lady, who had a good deal of the talent of her family, with a large alloy of affectation, was, like the rest of the world at that time, strongly smitten with the love of acting; and in some private theatricals held at the house of a Lady Borrowes, in Dublin, had played the part of Jane Shore with considerable success. A repetition of the same performance took place at the same little theatre in the year 1790, when Mrs. Lefanu being, if I recollect right, indisposed, the part of Jane Shore was played by Mr. Whyte's daughter, a very handsome and well educated young person, while I myself—at that time about eleven years of age—recited the epilogue; being kept up, as I well remember, to an hour so far beyond my usual bed-time, as to be near falling asleep behind the scenes while waiting for my *début*. As this was the first time I ever saw my name in print, and I am now “myself the little hero of my tale,” it is but right I should commemorate the important event by transcribing a part of the play-bill on the occasion, as I find it given in the second edition of my Master's Poetical Works, printed in Dublin, 1792:—

" Lady Borrowes's Private Theatre,
 Kildare Street.
 On TUESDAY, March 16th, 1790,
 Will be performed
 the Tragedy of
 JANE SHORE:
 Gloucester, Rev. PETER LEFANU.
 Lord Hastings, Counselor HIGGINSON,
 etc., etc.,
 And Jane Shore, by Miss WHYTE.
 An OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE, Mr. SNAGG.
 Epilogue, A Squeeze to St. Paul's, Master MOORE.
 To which will be added,
 The Farce of
 THE DEVIL TO PAY:
 Jobson, Colonel FRENCH,
 etc., etc."

The commencement of my career in rhyming was so very early as to be almost beyond the reach of memory. But the first instance I can recall of any attempt of mine at regular versicles was on a subject which oddly enables me to give the date with tolerably accuracy; the theme of my muse on this occasion having been a certain toy very fashionable about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a "bandalore," and in English a "quiz." To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets numbers of persons, of both sexes, were playing it up and down as they walked along; or, as my own very young doggerel described it, —

" The ladies too, when in the streets, or walking in the GREEN,
 Went quizzing on, to show their shapes and graceful mien."

I have been enabled to mark more certainly the date of this toy's reign from a circumstance mentioned to me by Lord Plunket concerning the Duke of Wellington, who, at the time I am speaking of, was one of the aides-de-camp of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in the year 1790, according to Lord Plunket's account, must have been a member of the Irish

House of Commons. "I remember," said Lord Plunket, "being on a committee with him; and, it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes, the whole time of the sitting of the committee." This trait of the Duke coincides perfectly with all that I have ever heard about this great man's apparent frivolity at that period of his life. Luttrell, indeed, who is about two years older than the Duke, and who lived on terms of intimacy with all the Castle men of those days, has the courage to own, in the face of all the Duke's present glory, that often, in speculating on the future fortunes of the young men with whom he lived, he has said to himself, in looking at Wellesley's vacant face, "Well, let who will get on in this world, *you* certainly will not." So little promise did there appear at that time of even the most ordinary success in life, in the man who has since accumulated around his name such great and lasting glory.

HUGH GEORGE MACKLIN.

Among the young men with whom I formed an intimacy in college, some were of the same standing with myself, others more advanced. One of the latter, Hugh George Macklin, — or, as he was called from his habits of boasting on all subjects, Hugo Grotius Braggadocio, — had attained a good deal of reputation both in his collegiate course, and in the Historical Society, where he was one of our most showy speakers. He was also a rhymers to a considerable extent; and contrived, by his own confession, to turn that talent to account, in a way that much better poets might have envied. Whenever he found himself hard run for money, — which was not unfrequently, I believe, the case, — his last and great resource, after having tried all other expedients, was to threaten to publish his poems; on hearing which menace, the whole of his friends flew instantly to his relief. Among the many stories relative to his boasting powers, it was told of him that, being asked once, on the eve of a great public examination, whether

he was well prepared in his conic sections, — "Prepared," he exclaimed, "I could whistle them." In a mock account, written some time after, of a night's proceedings in our Historical Society, one of the fines enforced for disorderliness was recorded as follows: "Hugo Grotius Braggadocio, fined one shilling, for whistling conic sections."

"ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA."

It was in this year (1793) that for the first time I enjoyed the honor and glory (and such it truly was to me) of seeing verses of my own in print. I had now indeed become a determined rhymers; and there was an old maid, — old in *my* eyes, at least, at that time, — Miss Hannah Byrne, who used to be a good deal at our house, and who, being herself very much in the poetical line, not only encouraged but wrote answers to my young effusions. The name of Romeo (the anagram of that of Moore) was the signature which I adopted in our correspondence, and Zelia was the title under which the lady wrote. Poor Hannah Byrne! — not even Sir Lucius O'Trigger's "*Dalia*" was a more uninspiring object than my "*Zalia*" was. To this lady, however, was my first printed composition addressed in my own proper name, with the following introductory epistle to the editor: —

To the Editor of the "Anthologia Hibernica."

"AUNGIER STREET, Sept. 11, 1793.

"SIR, — If the following attempts of a youthful muse seem worthy of a place in your Magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige a constant reader, TH—M—S M—RE."

TO ZELIA,

ON HER CHARGING THE AUTHOR WITH WRITING TOO MUCH ON LOVE.

Then follow the verses, — and conclude thus: —

"When first she raised her simplest lays
In Cupid's never-ceasing praise,
The God a faithful promise gave,
That never should she feel Love's stings,
Never to burning passion be a slave,
But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings."

The second copy of verses is entitled "A Pastoral Ballad," and though mere mock-birds' song, has some lines not unmusical : —

My gardens are crowded with flowers,
My vines are all loaded with grapes ;
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,
And assumes her most beautiful shapes.

"The shepherds admire my lays,
When I pipe they all flock to the song ;
They deck me with laurels and bays,
And list to me all the day long.

"But their laurels and praises are vain,
They 've no joy or delight for me now ;
For Celia despises the strain,
And that withers the wreath on my brow."

This magazine, the "Anthologia Hibernica," — one of the most respectable attempts at periodical literature that have ever been ventured upon in Ireland, — was set on foot by Mercier, the college bookseller, and carried on for two years, when it died, as all such things die in that country, for want of money and — of talent ; for the Irish never either fight or write well on their own soil. My pride on seeing my own name in the first list of subscribers to this publication, — "Master Thomas Moore," in full, — was only surpassed by that of finding myself one of its "esteemed contributors." It was in the pages of this magazine for the months of January and February, 1793, that I first read, being then a school-boy, Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," little dreaming that I should one day become the intimate friend of the author ; and such an impression did it then make upon me, that the particular type in which it is there printed, and the very color of the paper, are associated with every line of it in my memory.

LORD BYRON.

October 7, 1819. — Left Padua at twelve, and arrived at Lord Byron's country house, La Mira, near Fusina, at two. He was but just up and in his bath ; soon came down to me ; first time we have met these five years ; grown fat, which spoils

the picturesqueness of his head. The Countess Guiccioli, whom he followed to Ravenna, came from thence with him to Venice by the consent, it appears, of her husband. Found him in high spirits and full of his usual frolicsome gayety. He insisted upon my making use of his house at Venice while I stayed, but could not himself leave the Guiccioli. He drest, and we set off together in my carriage for Venice : a glorious sunset when we embarked at Fusina in a gondola, and the view of Venice and the distant Alps (some of which had snow on them, reddening with the last light) was magnificent ; but my companion's conversation, which, though highly ludicrous and amusing, was anything but romantic, threw my mind and imagination into a mood not at all agreeing with the scene. Arrived at his palazzo on the Grand Canal (he having first made the gondolier row round in order to give me a sight of the Piazzetta), where he gave orders with the utmost anxiety and good-nature for my accommodation, and dispatched persons in search of a *laquais de place*, and his friend Mr. Scott, to give me in charge to. No opera this evening. He ordered dinner from a *traiteur's*, and stopped to dine with me. Had much curious conversation with him about his wife before Scott arrived. He has written his memoirs, and is continuing them ; thinks of going and purchasing lands under the Patriotic Government in South America. Much talk about "Don Juan ;" he is writing a third canto ; the Duke of Wellington ; his taking so much money ; gives instances of disinterested men, Epaminondas, etc., etc., down to Pitt himself, who,

"As minister of state, is
Renowned for ruining Great Britain gratis."

At nine o'clock he set off to return to La Mira, and I went with Mr. Scott to two theatres ; at the first a comedy, "Il Prigionero de *Newgate*," translated from the French ; at the second, a tragedy of Alfieri, "Ottavia ;" actors all disagreeable. Forgot to mention that Byron introduced me to his countess before we left La Mira : she is a blonde and young ; married only about a year, but not very pretty.

8th. — Lord B. came up to town at six o'clock, and he and I

dined with Scott at the Pellegrino : showed us a letter which his countess had just received from her husband, in which, without a word of allusion to the way in which she is living with B., he makes some proposal with respect to money of B.'s being invested in his hands, as a thing advantageous to both ; a fine specimen of an Italian husband. Went afterwards to the theatre for a short time, and thence to the Contessa d'Albrizzi's. More disenchantment : these assemblies, which, at a distance, sounded so full of splendor and gallantry to me, turned into something much worse than one of Lydia White's conversaziones. Met there the poet Pindemonte, and had some conversation with him ; a thin, sickly old gentleman. Forgot, by the bye, to mention that I saw Monti at Milan. From the Contessa d'Albrizzi we went to Madame B. who, they tell me, is one of the last of the Venetian ladies of the old school of nobility ; thoroughly profligate, of course, in which she but resembles the new school. Her manners very pleasant and easy. She talked to me much about Byron : bid me scold him for the scrape he had got into ; said that, till this, "*Il se conduisait si bien.*" Introduced me to another old countess, who, when I said how much I admired Venice, answered, "*Oui, pour un étranger tout ça doit être bien drôle.*"

October 9, 1819. — Dined with Lord B. at the Pellegrino. What the husband wants is for Lord B. to lend him 1,000*l.* at five per cent. : that is, give it to him ; though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be an *avvilimento* to him ! Scott joined us in the evening, and brought me a copy of the Italian translation of "Lalla Rookh." Lord B., Scott says, getting fond of money : he keeps a box into which he occasionally puts sequins ; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight, Scott tells me, is to open the box, and contemplate his store.

10th. — Lord B., Scott, and I dined at the Pellegrino ; before we went Lord B. read me what he has done of the third canto of "Don Juan." In the evening all went to the opera together, and from thence at twelve o'clock to a sort of public-house, to drink hot punch ; forming a strange contrast to a dirty cob-

bler, whom we saw in a nice room delicately eating ice. Lord B. took me home in his gondola at two o'clock ; a beautiful moonlight, and the reflection of the palaces in the water, and the stillness and grandeur of the whole scene (deprived as it was of its deformities by the dimness of the light) gave a nobler idea of Venice than I had yet had.

11th. — Left Venice at one o'clock, and got to Lord Byron's at three ; a handsome dinner ready for me. Saw the Countess again, who looked prettier than she did the first time. Guiccioli is her name, *nata Gamba*. Lord B. came on with me to Stra, where we parted. He has given me his Memoirs to make what use I please of them.

15th. — Read on my way some of "Goldoni's Memoirs," which I took away from Lord Byron's library, leaving him an "Ariosto" I bought at Milan in their stead ; and, by the bye, have left the first volume behind me at Ferrara. His little notices of Venice interest me now that I have been there, particularly his coming out into the Place of St. Mark to look for some mask that would suggest a plan of a comedy to him, and his meeting with an Armenian. I must buy his comedies at Florence. This puts me in mind of Lord Byron saying to me the other day, "What do you think of Shakespeare, Moore ? I think him a damned humbug." Not the first time I have heard him speak slightly of Shakespeare.

May 3, 1821. — Received this morning Lord Byron's tragedy. Looked again over his letter on Bowles. It is amusing to see through his design in thus depreciating all the present school of poetry. Being quite sure of his own hold upon fame, he contrives to loosen that of all his contemporaries, in order that they may fall away entirely from his side, and leave him unincumbered, even by their floundering. It is like that Methodist preacher who, after sending all his auditory to the devil, thus concluded, — "You may perhaps, on the day of judgment, think to escape by laying hold of my skirts as I go to heaven ; but it won't do ; I'll trick you all ; for I'll wear a spencer, I'll wear a spencer." So Lord B. willingly surrenders the skirts of his poetical glory, rather than let any of us poor

devils stick in them, even for ever so short a time. The best of it is, too, that the wise public all the while turns up its eyes, and exclaims, "How modest!"

July 2, 1821. — Went to Lady Mildmay for the MS. of Lord Byron I had lent her to read; sat some time with her. Mentioned how much she felt afraid of Lord Byron, when she used to meet him in society in London; and that once, when he spoke to her in a doorway, her heart beat so violently that she could hardly answer him. She said it was not only her awe of his great talents, but the peculiarity of a sort of *under* look he used to give, that produced this effect upon her.

May 14, 1822. — Joined Rogers at Roberts', at five; had asked Gallois and Stewart Rose, but they were engaged. R. told me a good deal about Lord Byron, whom he saw both going and coming back. Expressed to R. the same contempt for Shakespeare which he has often expressed to me; treats his companion Shelley very cavalierly. By the bye, I find (by a letter received within these few days, by Horace Smith) that Lord B. showed Shelley the letters I wrote on the subject of his "Cain," warning him against the influence Shelley's admiration might have over his mind, and deprecating that wretched display of atheism which Shelley had given into, and in which Lord B. himself seemed but too much inclined to follow him. Shelley too has written anxiously to Smith to say how sorry he should be to stand ill in my opinion, and making some explanation of his opinions which Smith is to show me. Rogers starts for England to-morrow morning.

May 14, 1824. — Calling at Colbourn's library to inquire the address of the editor of the "Literary Gazette," was told by the shopman that Lord Byron was dead. Could not believe it, but feared the worst, as his last letter to me about a fortnight since mentioned the severe attack of apoplexy or epilepsy which he had just suffered. Hurried to inquire. Met Lord Lansdowne, who said he feared it was but too true. Recollected then the unfinished state in which my agreement for the redemption of the "Memoirs" lay. Lord L. said, "You have nothing but Murray's fairness to depend upon." Went off to

the "Morning Chronicle" office, and saw the "Courier," which confirmed this most disastrous news. Hastened to Murray's, who was denied to me, but left a note for him, to say that "in consequence of this melancholy event, I had called to know when it would be convenient to him to complete the arrangements with respect to the 'Memoirs', which we had agreed upon between us when I was last in town." Sent an apology to Lord King, with whom I was to have dined. A note from Hobhouse (which had been lying some time for me) announcing the event. Called upon Rogers, who had not heard the news. Remember his having, in the same manner, found me unacquainted with Lord Nelson's death, late on the day when the intelligence arrived. Advised me not to stir at all on the subject of the "Memoirs," but to wait and see what Murray would do ; and in the mean time to ask Brougham's opinion. Dined alone at the George, and in the evening left a note for Brougham. Found a note on my return home from Douglas Kinnaird, anxiously inquiring in whose possession the "Memoirs" were, and saying that he was ready, on the part of Lord Byron's family, to advance the two thousands pounds for the MS., in order to give Lady Byron and the rest of the family an opportunity of deciding whether they wished them to be published or no.

15th. — A gloomy, wet day. Went to D. Kinnaird's. Told him how matters stood between me and Murray, and of my claims on the MS. He repeated his proposal that Lady Byron should advance the two thousand guineas for its redemption ; but this I would not hear of ; it was I alone who ought to pay the money upon it, and the money was ready for the purpose. I would then submit it (not to Lady Byron), but to a chosen number of persons, and if they, upon examination, pronounced it altogether unfit for publication, I would burn it. He again urged the propriety of my being indemnified in the sum, but without in the least degree convincing me. Went in search of Brougham ; found him with Lord Lansdowne ; told them both all the particulars of my transaction with Murray. B. saw that in fairness I had a claim on the property of the MS., but

doubted whether the delivery of the assignment (signed by Lord Byron) after the passing of the bond, might not, in a legal point of view, endanger it. Advised me, at all events, to apply for an injunction, if Murray showed any symptoms of appropriating the MS. to himself. No answer yet from Murray. Called upon Hobhouse, from whom I learned that Murray had already been to Mr. Wilmot Horton, offering to place the "Memoirs" at the disposal of Lord Byron's family (without mentioning either to him or to Hobhouse any claim of mine on the work), and that Wilmot Horton was about to negotiate with him for the redemption of the MS. I then reminded Hobhouse of all that had passed between Murray and me on the subject before I left town (which I had already mentioned to Hobhouse), and said that whatever was done with the MS. must be done by *me*, as I alone had the right over it, and if Murray attempted to dispose of it without my consent, I would apply for an injunction. At the same time, I assured Hobhouse that I was most ready to place the work at the disposal, *not* of Lady Byron (for this we both agreed would be treachery to Lord Byron's intentions and wishes), but at the disposal of Mrs. Leigh, his sister, to be done with by her exactly as she thought proper. After this, we went together to Kinnaid's, and discussed the matter over again, the opinion both of Hobhouse and Kinnaid being that Mrs. Leigh would and ought to burn the MS. altogether, without any previous perusal or deliberation. I endeavored to convince them that this would be throwing a stigma upon the work, which it did not deserve ; and stated, that though the second part of the "Memoirs" was full of very coarse things, yet that (with the exception of about three or four lines) the first part contained nothing which, on the score of decency, might not be most safely published. I added, however, that as my whole wish was to consult the feelings of Lord Byron's dearest friend, his sister, the manuscript, when in my power, should be placed in her hands, to be disposed of as she should think proper. They asked me then whether I would consent to meet Murray at Mrs. Leigh's rooms on Monday, and there, paying him the

two thousand guineas, take the MS. from him, and hand it over to Mrs. Leigh to be burnt. I said that, as to the burning, that was her affair, but all the rest I would willingly do. Kinnaird wrote down this proposal on a piece of paper, and Hobhouse set off instantly to Murray with it. In the course of to-day I recollected a circumstance (and mentioned it both to H. and K.), which, independent of any reliance on Murray's fairness, set my mind at rest as to the validity of my claim on the manuscript. At the time (April, 1822) when I converted the *sale* of the "Memoirs" into a *debt*, and gave Murray my bond for the two thousand guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as a collateral security, I, by Luttrell's advice, directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death, a period of three months after such event for the purpose of raising the money and redeeming my pledge. This clause I dictated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement. Accordingly, on recollecting it now, and finding that Luttrell had a perfect recollection of the circumstance also (*i e.*, of having suggested the clause to me), I felt, of course, confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, who promised to bring the two thousand guineas for me on Monday morning.

16th.—Called on Hobhouse. Murray, he said, seemed a little startled at first on hearing of my claim, and, when the clause was mentioned, said, "Is there such a clause?" but immediately, however, professed his readiness to comply with the arrangement proposed, only altering the sum, which Kinnaird had written, "two thousand *pounds*," into "two thousand *guineas*," and adding "with interest, expense of stamps," etc., etc. Kinnaird joined us, being about to start to-day for Scotland. After this I called upon Luttrell, and told him all that had passed, adding that it was my intention, in giving the manuscript to Mrs. Leigh, to protest against its being wholly destroyed. Luttrell strongly urged my doing so, and proposed that we should call upon Wilmot Horton (who was to be the representative of Mrs. Leigh at to-morrow's meeting), and talk

to him on the subject. The utmost, he thought, that could be required of me, was to submit the MS. to the examination of the friends of the family, and destroy all that should be found objectionable, but retain what was *not* so, for my own benefit and that of the public. Went off to Wilmot Horton's whom we luckily found. Told him the whole history of the MS. since I put it into Murray's hands, and mentioned the ideas that had occurred to myself and Luttrell with respect to its destruction; the injustice we thought it would be to Byron's memory to condemn the work wholly, and without even opening it, as if it were a pest bag; that every object might be gained by our perusing and examining it together (he on the part of Mrs. Leigh, Frank Doyle on the part of Lady Byron, and any one else whom the family might think proper to select), and, rejecting all that could wound the feelings of a single individual, but preserving what was innoxious and creditable to Lord Byron, of which I assured him there was a considerable proportion. Was glad to find that Mr. Wilmot Horton completely agreed with these views; it was even, he said, what he meant to propose himself. He undertook also to see Mrs. Leigh on the subject, proposing that we should meet at Murray's (instead of Mrs. Leigh's) to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, and that then, after the payment of the money by me to Murray, the MS. should be placed in some banker's hands till it was decided among us what should be done with it.

[I have omitted in this place a long account of the destruction of Lord Byron's MS. Memoir of his Life. The reason for my doing so may be easily stated. Mr. Moore had consented, with too much ease and want of reflection, to become the depository of Lord Byron's Memoir, and had obtained from Mr. Murray two thousand guineas on the credit of this work. He speaks of this act of his, a few pages onward, as "the greatest error I had committed, in putting such a document out of my power." He afterwards endeavored to repair this error by repaying the money to Mr. Murray, and securing the manuscript to be dealt with, as should be thought most ad-

visible by himself in concert with the representatives of Lord Byron. He believed this purpose was secured by a clause which Mr. Luttrell had advised should be inserted in a new agreement with Mr. Murray, by which Mr. Moore was to have the power of redeeming the MS. for three months after Lord Byron's death. But neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Turner, his solicitor, seem to have understood Mr. Moore's wish and intention in this respect. Mr. Murray, on his side, had confided the manuscript to Mr. Gifford, who, on perusal, declared it too gross for publication. This opinion had become known to Lord Byron's friends and relations.

Hence, when the news of Lord Byron's unexpected death arrived, all parties, with the most honorable wishes and consistent views, were thrown into perplexity and apparent discord. Mr. Moore wished to redeem the manuscript, and submit it to Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, to be destroyed or published with erasures and omissions. Sir John Hobhouse wished it to be immediately destroyed, and the representatives of Mrs. Leigh expressed the same wish. Mr. Murray was willing at once to give up the manuscript on repayment of his two thousand guineas with interest.

The result was, that after a very unpleasant scene at Mr. Murray's, the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the full consent of Mr. Moore, who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. After the whole had been burnt the agreement was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore's interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray.

The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Lord Broughton, and perhaps by others. Lord Broughton having kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say, that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the irritation which the circumstances of the moment produced; but as they both (Mr. Moore and Sir John Hobhouse) desired to do what was

most honorable to Lord Byron's memory, and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which recall a painful scene, and would excite painful feelings.

As to the manuscript itself, having read the greater part, if not the whole, I should say that three or four pages of it were too gross and indelicate for publication ; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But, on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the *Memoirs* of this great poet. — J. R.]

July 12, 1824. — Was with Rogers at half-past eight. Set off for George Street, Westminster, at half-past nine. When I approached the house, and saw the crowd assembled, felt a nervous trembling come over me, which lasted till the whole ceremony was over : thought I should be ill. Never was at a funeral before, but poor Curran's. The riotous curiosity of the mob, the bustle of the undertakers, etc., and all the other vulgar accompaniments of the ceremony, mixing with my recollections of him who was gone, produced a combination of disgust and sadness that was deeply painful to me. Hobhouse, in the active part he had to sustain, showed a manly, unaffected feeling. Our coachful consisted of Rogers, Campbell, Colonel Stanhope, Orlando (the Greek deputy), and myself. Saw a lady crying in a barouche as we turned out of George Street, and said to myself, "Bless her heart, whoever she is !" There were, however, few respectable persons among the crowd ; and the whole ceremony was anything but what it ought to have been. Left the hearse as soon as it was off the stones, and returned home to get rid of my black clothes, and try to forget, as much as possible, the wretched feelings I had experienced in them. Stanhope said in the coach, in speaking of the strange mixture of avarice and profusion which Byron exhibited, that he had heard himself say,

"He was sure he should die a miser and a bigot." Hobhouse, to-day, mentioned as remarkable, the change in Byron's character when he went to Greece. Finding that there was ardor enough among them, but that steadiness was what they wanted, he instantly took a quiet and passive tone, listening to the different representations made to him, and letting his judgment be properly informed, before he either urged or took any decided course of action. Campbell's conversation in very bad taste; among other subjects talked of poor Bowles, calling him "rascal," etc., upon which Rogers took him up very properly. Fixed with Stanhope to come to breakfast with Rogers on Wednesday. Walked with R. into the park, and met a soldier's funeral, which, in the full state my heart was in, affected me strongly. The air the bugles played was, "I'm wearing awa, like snow-wreaths in the thaw." Walked down to Paternoster Row, and dined with Rees. Told him I had consulted Rogers with respect to my applying to the family for materials, and that his decided opinion was, that I should make no such movement at present; and that he thought I would rather injure my chance by doing so than otherwise. Rogers, by the bye, in expressing this opinion to me, spoke as if there was something more in his mind than he chose to communicate. He said, "I entreat of you to take no step of this kind till *I* release you. I have particular reasons for it." Have little doubt, though I did not say so to him, that this mystery relates to some plan of the family for settling the 2,000*l.* on little Tom. *A la bonne heure*; so I am not consulted on the subject, it is not for *me* to interfere.

July 14, 1824. — Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Leicester Stanhope. Much talk about Lord Byron, of whom Stanhope saw a good deal at Missolonghi. Byron entirely guided in his views by Mavrocordato; "a mere puppet in his hands;" Mavrocordato always teasing him for money, till Byron hated the very sight of him. The story of Byron's giving four thousand pounds to raise the siege of Missolonghi not true. A little money goes an immense way in Greece. A hundred pounds might sometimes be the means of keeping a fleet or

army together. Mavrocordato appointed B. to command the army of western Greece. Stanhope thought this appointment of a stranger injurious to the dignity of the Greek nation, and told B. so, which annoyed him. S. expressed the same to some members of the Greek government, who said it was done by Mavrocordato, without consulting them. In the passage from Cephalonia, the ship, aboard which were Count Gambia, Byron's servants, packages, etc., etc., was taken and carried into a Turkish port ; but, by some management, got off again. Byron himself, next morning, at break of day, got close in with a Turkish frigate, which, however, took his small vessel for a fire-ship and sheered off. B. gave but little money. After his severe attack, when he was lying nervous and reduced in bed, insurrection took place among the Suliots, who would frequently rush into his bedroom to make their remonstrances. Byron would not have them shut out, but always listened to them with much good-nature ; very gallant this. Asked Stanhope as to his courage, which I have sometimes heard the depreciating gossips of society throw a doubt upon ; and not long ago, indeed, was told of Lord Bathurst's saying, when somebody expressed an apprehension for Lord Byron's safety in Greece, " Oh, never fear, he will not expose himself to much danger." Stanhope said, on the contrary, he was always for rushing into danger ; would propose one day to go in a fire-ship ; another time, to storm Lepanto ; would, however, laugh at all this himself afterwards, and say he wished that — (some one, I don't know whom, that was expected to take a command) would come and supersede him. Stanhope had several stormy conversations with him on business. In one of them Byron threatened to write a pasquinade against him ; and Stanhope begged him to do so, and he would give him a hundred pounds for the copyright. Said it was an extraordinary scene when the leeches had bit the temporal artery in his first attack ; the two physicians squabbling over him, and he, weak as he was, joking at their expense. Captain Parry was his favorite *butt* at Missolonghi.

July 16, 1824. — Sat with Lady Holland some time in her

own room. Joined by Lord H., and talked of Lord Byron. B. shocked by Lady H.'s calling her son Henry "hoppy-kicky," etc. His fancy and liking for persons who had this deformity; mentioned that Stanhope told me of his having taken into favor some count in Greece who was thus deformed. Lord H. related the circumstances of his speaking to Byron about the attack upon Lord Carlisle. Byron's horror when he mentioned the personality of the line,¹ etc., which had never occurred to him before; left him resolved to make an *amende* for it, and (as Lord Holland supposes) in the dedication of the "Corsair" to me, which he was just then about to write. But the very next day came out the attack upon Byron in the "Courier," which totally changed his conduct as he might be supposed (he feared) to have been bullied into the reparation of this abuse.

17th. — With Kenny a little after ten. Mrs. Shelley very gentle and feminine. Spoke a good deal of Byron; his treatment of Leigh Hunt, by her account, not very good. Made some remarks upon him in a letter to Murray, which reached Hunt's ears, and produced an expostulation from him to Byron on the subject; B.'s answer aristocratical and evasive. Asked her whom she thought this person could be, whom Sir Eger-ton Brydges had announced to the Longmans as about to bring out a sort of Boswell diary of Byron's Conversations, having lived much with him and noted down all he had said. Supposed it must be a Mr. Barry, a partner in the bank at Genoa, with whom Byron used to sit up, drinking brandy and water, and tell him everything; did not think it could be Captain Medwin. The Guiccioli refused a settlement from him (ten thousand pounds, I think). Spoke of the story of the girl in the "Giaour." Founded (as B. has often told me) on the circumstance of a young girl, whom he knew himself in Greece, and whom he supposed to be a Greek, but who proved to be a Turk; and who underwent on his account the punishment mentioned in the poem; he met her body carried along in the

¹ Alluding to a line on Lord Carlisle in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. —ED.

sack. Must inquire of Lord Sligo about this, as B. once showed me a letter of his upon the subject.

December 30, 1826. — Okeden mentioned having seen Lord Byron in a state of great excitement. On one occasion he made an effort to restrain himself, and succeeded ; on the other, he gave full vent to his violence. The former was at Copet ; when, on coming to dinner, he saw unexpectedly among the guests Mrs. Harvey (Beckford's sister), whom he had not seen since the period of his marriage, and who was the person chiefly consulted by Lady Byron, I believe, on the subject of his proposals to her. He stopped short upon seeing her, turned deadly pale, and then clinching his hand, as if with a violent effort of self-restraint, resumed his usual manner. The other occasion was at Milan, when he and Hobhouse were ordered to quit the city in twenty-four hours, in consequence of a scrape which Polidori had brought them into the night before at the opera, by desiring an officer who sat before them, to take off his cap, and on his refusal to do so, attempting to take it off himself. The officer, upon this, coolly desired Polidori to follow him into the street, and the other two followed, ripe for a duel. The officer, however, assured them he had no such thing in his contemplation ; that he was the officer of the guard for the night ; and that, as to taking off his cap, it was contrary to orders, and he might lose his commission by doing so. Another part of his duty was to carry off Polidori to the guard-house, which he accordingly did, and required the attendance of Byron and Hobhouse in the morning. The consequence of all this was, that the three were obliged to leave Milan immediately, Polidori having in addition to this punishment, "bad conduct" assigned as the reason of his dismissal. It was in a few minutes after their receiving this notification that Okeden found Lord B. storming about the room, and Hobhouse after him, vainly endeavoring to tranquillize his temper.

July 3, 1827. — Dr. Butler joined us in the evening. A good deal of desultory talk about Byron ; his quarrel with Butler ; could not bear his succeeding Dr. Drury ; organized a rebel-

lion against him on his arrival; wrote up in all parts of the school, "To your tents, O Israel!" dragged the desk of the master into the middle of the school, and burnt it. Lived in Dr. Butler's house; pulled down the blinds of his study or drawing-room(?); when charged with it by Dr. B. and asked his reason, said, "They darkened the room." Afterwards, however, when Butler threatened him, cried and blubbered like a child. Always at the head of every mischief. His lameness, they both agreed, was from an accident, being let fall when at nurse; might have been removed if he had not been obstinate at school, and resisted all the precautions and remedies adopted. Was very idle; learnt nothing. His mother a coarse, vulgar woman. The Duke of Dorset a great friend of B.'s at school; did not know that Clare was such a friend of his. Remarked, very justly, the total contrast in every respect between him and Lord Clare. Spoke of the strong opposition in Harrow to the inscription Byron wished to have over the tomb of Allegra. . . . Drury had some dogs (two, I believe) sent him that had belonged to Lord Byron. One day he was told that two ladies wished to see him, and he found their business was to ask, as a great favor, some relic of Lord Byron. Expecting to be asked for some of his handwriting, or a bit of his hair, he was amused to find that it was a bit of the hair of one of the dogs they wanted. The dog being brought forward the ladies observed a *clot* on his back, which had evidently resisted any efforts at ablution that might have been exerted on the animal, and immediately selected this as the most precious part to cut off; "the probability," they said, "being that Lord B. might have patted that clot."

July 9, 1827.—Started in the coach from Oxford Street about half-past nine, and arrived at Harrow at half-past eleven. Drury busy in the school. Sat for some time in the garden, looking over "Bentley's Horace," with MS. notes here and there by Drury. After luncheon Drury took me round to show me the school; Byron's name cut in various places around, but only one or two of them by his own hand. The present desk replaced that which Byron burnt in his rebellion. Showed

me his favorite spot in the church-yard, where he used to sit, commanding an extensive view ; was called "Byron's tomb" by the boys. It was near this he first wished Allegra to be buried, but afterwards he preferred having her laid under the sill of the church door : his reason for this preference appears to be his recollection of an inscription over the door, which he used to have before his eyes as he sat in the gallery during church time, and read over and over. The inscription, tame enough, is as follows : —

" When Sorrow weeps o'er Virtue's sacred bust,
Our tears become us and our grief is just ;
Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays
This last, sad tribute of her love and praise."

Saw the books in the library which Byron bequeathed to it on leaving Harrow : Porson's edition of "Hecuba," and the following words written in it by himself, "The bequest of Byron to the library, prior to his leaving Harrow, Dec. 4th, A. D. 1804." After paying a visit to Dr. Butler's returned to Drury's, and occupied myself in copying out some letters of Byron to Drury, and in collating the rough copy of the two first cantos of "Childe Harold" (which he gave to Drury) with the printed edition. Company at dinner, H. and his wife and her sister : music in the evening. Had some hopes of materials from H., but he will evidently do nothing for me. H., when in love with his present wife, was in despair of being able to marry her, from the objection her mother had to giving her to a person so much in debt as he was. On his telling this to Lord Byron, "How much do you owe?" said B. "A thousand pounds," was the answer. "Make your mind easy, then," said Byron, and immediately waited on the mother, and informed her that H. was out of debt : he presented him then with 1,400*l*. After Byron's death, there were some efforts made by the executors to constitute this a debt ; but there is, I believe, but little doubt it was intended as a free gift : Drury is sure it was, and says he had a letter of Byron's that would prove it, but he has unluckily either lost or mislaid this letter. Mrs. H. must have been very pretty.

10th. — Off in the morning at nine. After performing some commissions went to Longmans, to meet Dr. Glennie of Dulwich, on the subject of Byron ; Mrs. Glennie with him. A good deal of talk about Byron ; promised to resume his memoranda as soon as he should return home. A curious proof of the difficulty one finds in arriving at truth is, that while Drury and Butler both assure me that Byron's lameness was from an accident, Mr. and Mrs. Glennie, under whose care he was for near two years (I think), affirm positively that it was a club-foot, and that he was born with it. Sheldrake used to come to put on the iron ; the leg, they say, was not wasted, and the iron went up only a short way. When I mentioned to them his saying to me that he was never altogether free from pain in it, they said he suffered no such pain at that time, and that it must be, perhaps, from his efforts to disguise the deformity that the inconvenience was felt, when I knew him. Byron's mother a vulgar, violent woman ; it was she who instilled into him a dislike for Lord Carlisle, with whom she was continually at war on the subject of Byron's bringing up. Made a racket whenever she came to Glennie's ; and the other boys used to say, "Byron, your mother's a fool." "I know it," was his answer. Mentioned a school-fellow of B.'s (while with him), Lowes, I think, who was very clever, and whose example used to stimulate B. a good deal. B. was much attached to this young man, who died very young. B. always said that Lowes would distinguish himself in the world, and Lowes said the same of him. Must inquire more about this young man from Glennie. Glennie did not see much of Lord B. after he left him. Mrs. G. spoke with much feeling about the *good* that was in him, notwithstanding all his irregularities. When G. was at Geneva (it was after Lord B. had been there) people used jestingly to complain of his not having disciplined B. better, and made a better boy of him. Said he found the folks there highly indignant at Byron's conduct ; his incivility in leaving a party to themselves whom he had asked to dine with him. This, I believe, is true. Said that B. wrote some English verses when he was with him ; this not reconcilable with what B. says in his Journal.

October 8, 1827. — Much struck by the first appearance of the Abbey : would have given worlds to be alone : the faithfulness of the description in “Don Juan ;” the ruined arch, the Virgin and Child, the fountain, etc., etc. Colonel Wildman out shooting, but was sent for ; introduced to Mrs. W. and the ladies in the drawing-room ; the ceiling, which is restored, very rich ; supposed to be Italian work. Colonel Wildman arrived ; showed me all over the house ; the dining-room which Byron used when he first took possession, the small apartment he afterwards occupied, dinner, sitting, and bedroom ; some furniture of his in Wildman’s study brought from Cambridge ; the monument to the dog ; his own intention was that he should be buried in a vault at Newstead, with his dog and old Murray (?) ; the little oak before the house planted by himself ; a plantation at a distance (beyond the lake ?) also planted by himself ; picture of “little Sir John with the great beard ;” the panels with the heads new painted and gilt by Wildman : imagines that there was some story connected with them, as in all of them there is the head of a female, with a Moor on one side, and sometimes a Christian on the other gazing at her. Some of Byron’s ancestors served in the Holy Wars, and W. thinks these figures may allude to their adventures. Found that Wildman’s face was quite familiar to me, and reminded by him that we met at Kilkenny and elsewhere : full of the kindest civility, and evidently most anxious that I should come and pass some time at Newstead, which would be a great object to me, as from his zeal in everything relating to Byron, he could be of essential service to me, having studied the history of the family, of the place, etc.

October 27, 1827. — After luncheon walked out with Rogers ; a good deal of talk about Byron ; took the following memorandums, of which some are intelligible only to myself. His capability of making others feel upon subjects on which he did not seem to feel much himself ; such as scenery, the arts, etc. Was nine months at Pisa without ever seeing either the belfry or the baptistery (see Forsyth). The same peculiarity (R. says) existed in Madame de Staël. Though

living so long at C  pet, she never saw the glaciers, nor any more of the scenery than what lay on the road between C  pet and Paris. In talking of B.'s being in love so early, R. said that Canova once told him that he (Canova) was in love at five years old. R.'s account of the old hag of a woman that was servant at Byron's lodgings in Benett Street. "When he moved to Albany, the first day I called upon him, the door was opened by the same old woman. 'Why (said I to him), I thought she belonged to Benett Street, and that in getting rid of those lodgings you also got rid of the hag.' 'Why, yes,' said Byron, 'but the poor old devil took such an interest in me, that I did not like to leave her behind me.'" Well, in two or three years afterwards Byron was married, had a fine house in Piccadilly, two carriages, etc., etc. I called one day and (the two carriages and all the servants being out) the same old woman appeared at the door, dressed out very smart, with a new gown and a new wig. Was once going out of the opera or some assembly with Byron, and a link-boy lighted them along, saying, "This way, my lord, this way." "Why, how does he know you are a lord?" said Rogers. "How does he know!" answered Byron, "every one knows it; I am deformed." His great shyness of women. . . . The day Lord B. read the "Edinburgh Review" on his early poems, drank three bottles of claret. Some friend coming in said, "Have you received a challenge?" After writing twenty lines of the satire, got better; after a few more lines, better still. Must not forget the dinner at Lord Holland's in Pall Mall. . . . Rogers mentioned being with Byron at the church of the Santa Croce, and though there were Machiavel, Michael Angelo, and others to engage his attention, B. continued to stand before the tomb of Galileo, saying, "I have a pleasure in looking upon that monument; he was *one of us*," meaning noble. Talked of the first day R. had him to dine to meet me. R.'s consternation when he found that he would not eat or drink any of the things that were at the table; asked for biscuits, there were none; soda water, there was none; finished by dining on potatoes and vinegar. It was

upon receiving a letter from Miss Milbank (in answer to one in which he said, that though her father and mother had often asked him to their house, she never had), containing the words, "I invite you," that he sent in his second proposal for her. Used not to dine with Lady B.; had a horror of seeing women eat; his habit of offering presents; giving Rogers the picture; had given it, in the same nominal way, to two or three other people. Mentioned the letter he wrote to Murray in consigning to him the remains of little Allegra; sent the invoice, "Received two packages; contents unknown," etc., etc. Directions about the place of burial; said *first*, under the tree, and then, "on second thoughts," in the doorway of the church. Must inquire of all this again from Drury. The objection to the original inscription being put was that the date proclaimed it to be a child born in adultery. (Is there any inscription now?) Took it into his head before he went abroad, that he had *not* sold the copyright of his works to Murray; reference made to Rogers, when it appeared that he *had* regularly sold them to him and his heirs forever.

January 21, 1828. — Had some conversation, after breakfast, with Rushton (the Robin of "Childe Harold"), who now is master of a free-school some miles off. Gave me two letters of B.'s, confirming what Nanny had told me of Lord B. having sparred with him (Rushton) during the time of his mother's funeral. Set out, the whole party, to see the church at Hucknall, the Wildmans riding, and I in an open carriage with the sister and Mrs. Fellowes. Told me of the immense concourse of people there were at the funeral; the man who joined it near Hucknall having the appearance of a half-pay officer who had served much abroad; his profound grief; nobody seemed to know who he was. Fletcher also loud in his sobs during the whole time. Hardly any person of respectability attended, except Rancliffe and a few of the corporation. When we arrived at Hucknall the clerk could not be found, nor the key of the church. At Mrs. Wildman's suggestion took a pane out of one of the windows, and by this means

opening it, put a little boy in, who opened the door for us. During all this time I felt but little affected by our visit, but suddenly, as I stood over the vault where he lies, the picture of what he *had* been, and what he was *now*, presented itself to me, and at once a sort of flood of melancholy feeling came over my heart, which it was with difficulty I could conceal from those around me. Wrote our names in the book of the visitors, where it was curious to observe how many signatures there were of persons in humble station, weavers, etc. Walked back with Richard Wildman by Annesley, an interesting old place; the terrace; the hall thought to be the "Oratory" of the "Dream."

22*d.* — Drove to the Rev. J. Beacher's (Byron's old friend), and found him at home. Asked us to dinner, which was what I speculated upon. Told me some anecdotes of B.'s early days, of which I have taken notes. Showed me a few letters, the others in his possession not being, he said, producible. Took me to call on Mrs. and Miss Pigot, who were equally friends of Byron in his youth. Their reception of me most cordial and flattering; made me sit in the chair which Byron used to sit in, and remarked as a singularity that this was the poor fellow's birthday; he would to-day have been forty. Produced a number of his early letters and poems, and without the least reserve offered any or all for my use, offering to copy out for me such as I should select. Deferred the reading of them till we should meet in the evening at Mr. Beacher's. On parting with Mrs. Pigot, a fine, intelligent old lady, who has been bedridden for years, she kissed my hand most affectionately, and said that, much as she had always admired me as a poet, it was as the friend of Byron she valued and loved me. Her affection, indeed, to his memory is unbounded, and she seems unwilling to allow that he had a single fault. No one at dinner but Mr. B., his daughter, Pearson, and myself. Miss Pigot in the evening with his letters, which interested me exceedingly; some written when he was quite a boy, and the bad spelling and scrambling handwriting delightful; spelling, indeed, was a very late accomplishment with him.

January 25, 1828. — Mrs. Arkwright, who has been full of anxiety as to my finding Hodgson in a mood to give me the assistance I want from him, put us, after breakfast, in a little room together ; where he with the utmost readiness and kindness placed a number of Byron's letters in my hand, as well as extracts from others of a more confidential nature ; and left me alone to look over them and select such as might suit my purpose. After I had done so, had some conversation with him relative to Byron's loan or gift to himself, of which I did not conceal from him that I already knew most of the particulars. Detailed to me the whole transaction ; Byron's having long promised to do something for him ; his taking him to Hammersley's one day, without H. having the slightest idea what he was going about, and then telling Hammersley to place to his (Hodgson's) credit 1,000*l.* : had already had from him 400*l.*, part of which though was for another friend. He then described Byron's going with him to the mother of the girl he wished to marry (his present wife), in order to do away the objections that lady had to the marriage ; their travelling all night. B.'s tractableness to criticism, but his horror of retaining anything that had been suggested by others. "If you don't like it, say so, and I'll alter it ; but don't suggest anything of your own." Affixed a note to one of the extracts he gave me containing an acknowledgment of his gratitude to Lord B. ; but on my seeming to think it too vague and insufficient (particularly as the nature of the service Lord B. had performed towards him was pretty generally known), he expressed himself most anxious to make the acknowledgment, not only "sufficient" but abundant. Left this matter for further consideration. Mrs. Arkwright, when I last saw her, mentioned a letter Lord B. had written to somebody on the subject of religion, and which Mrs. — had a copy of. Promised at that time to ask her for it ; told me how she had learned from Mrs. — that it was already published.

February 19, 1828. — Called upon Lord Sligo, and had some conversation about Lord B. Spoke of the story which Byron always said was the foundation of the "Giaour." Sligo says,

they were both riding together near Athens, when they met people bringing a girl along to be drowned ; she was sitting wrapped up on a horse. Byron, by his interference, saved her. Lord Sligo did not seem very accurate in his memory of the transaction ; is sure he never saw or knew anything of her before that encounter. She was afterwards sent to Thebes. One day when he was talking with Byron on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, Byron (who had before said that he would tell him some time why he hated his mother so much) pointed to his naked leg and foot, and said, " There 's the reason ; it was her false delicacy at my birth that was the cause of that deformity ; and yet afterwards she reproached me with it, and not long before we parted for the last time, uttered a sort of imprecation on me, praying that I might be as ill-formed in mind as I was in body." S. said that Byron that day bathed without trousers.

Byron's offer to Lord Sligo to go and dig for him (in the neighborhood of Elis, I think) for antiquities. Said, "*Dilettanti*, you know, are all thieves, but you may depend upon my not stealing, because I would not give three half-pence for all the antiquities in Greece." Described Byron after his illness at Patras looking in the glass and saying, " I look pale ; I should like to die of a consumption." " Why ? " " Because the ladies would all say, ' Look at that poor Byron, how interesting he looks in dying.' " At Athens he used to take the bath three times a week to thin himself, and drink vinegar and water, eating only a little rice. Lord S.'s time with him at Athens was after Hobhouse left him.

February 21; 1828. — Went to call on Fletcher, Lord Byron's servant ; some talk with him : but one can seldom get anything out of the fellow but blustering ; *that* tribute to the memory of his master he is always ready with. Says he does not believe Lord Sligo, " nor any other lord," that would say they had ever seen Byron's foot, no one ever having been allowed to see it, since the surgeons who attended him when a boy, except himself — Fletcher. Did not seem to like to talk about it, but told me, what was very striking, that even in

dying Lord B. shrunk away when those about him put their hands near his foot, as if fearing that they should uncover it. Said, however, that there was nothing wrong in the shape of the foot, except being smaller than the other, and the leg and thigh on that side a little emaciated. Always wore trowsers (nankeen) in bathing. Latterly led a very quiet life in Italy, but while at Venice was as profligate as need be. Great plausibility in his temper, and used always to make amends for any momentary burst of passion by his kindness afterwards. When he was dying told Fletcher there was a box of eight thousand dollars, of which Tita was to have two thousand, and he, Fletcher, the remainder.

February 23, 1828. — Called upon Jackson, the pugilist. Showed me two or three letters of Lord B.'s, which I copied out. Said he had often seen B.'s foot, which had been turned round with instruments; the limb altogether a little wasted; could run very fast. In talking of his courage, said that nobody could be more fearless; showed great spirit always "in coming up to the blows." In Jackson's visits to him to Brighton used always to pay the chaise for him up and down. Very liberal of his money.

24th. — Returned to my lodgings for the purpose of meeting Lord Sligo, who called upon me between one and two. Took me to call upon Bruce (Lavalette), whom I wanted to talk with on the subject of Lord Byron, he having seen him in Greece at the same time Sligo did. Bruce was then travelling with Lady H. Stanhope; described the conversation between Lady Hester and Byron, in which she regularly attacked him on the low opinion he professed of female intellect. B. (Bruce said) had no chance with her, but took refuge in gentlemanlike assent and silence. Lady H. a most eloquent person; were afterwards very good friends.

Bruce said, that nothing could be more gentlemanlike than Byron's manners were then; seemed in very bad spirits. Mentioned his being told by Douglas Kinnaird of Byron's receiving on one day two letters very creditable to female disinterestedness; one of them from his sister, protesting against

his leaving her so much of his property as he intended to do, and the other from the Guiccioli, refusing peremptorily to receive any at all. Went from thence to call on Bailey, and found him at home. Some talk about Byron, who was a school-fellow of Bailey's at Aberdeen, and when they many years afterwards met at Cambridge, Byron (who was enormously fat) recognized and addressed him. Told a scene between him and B. at Bellingham's execution, which I have taken a note of elsewhere. When they met at Cambridge, Bailey said to him, "I should never have known you." "No! (answered Byron) I wonder at that; for I thought Nature had set such a mark on me that I could never be forgot." Bailey remembers having seen him without trowsers; saw that his feet were naked, and that he made no effort to conceal them. Called upon Mrs. Shelley, who walked with me to Dr. Manns's, where I was admitted. Had heard he was in possession of some letters that had passed between Lord and Lady B., whom he attended at the time of their separation, and was, according to his own account, a negotiator between them.

May 4, 1828. — Breakfasted with Harness; Newton and I went together; the rain desperate. Harness mentioned that he saw once a collection of all the reviews that had appeared upon Byron's early poems, noted in the margin by his mother, Mrs. Byron (who had got them all bound up together), and the remarks not such as gave Harness the idea of a very ignorant or incapable woman. Some discussion with respect to Byron's *chanting* method of repeating poetry, which I professed my strong dislike of. Observe, in general, that it is the men who have the worst ears for music that *sing* out poetry in this manner, having no nice perception of the difference there ought to be between animated reading and *chant*.¹ This very much the Harrow style of reading. Hodgson has it; Lord Holland, too (though not, I believe, a Harrow man), gives into it considerably. Harness himself, I perceived, had it strongly; and, by his own avowal, he is without a musical

¹ This was very much the style of reciting of the admirers of Pope in the last century. — ED.

ear, as is Lord Holland to a remarkable degree. Lord Byron, though he loved simple music, had no great organization that way.

May 11, 1828. — Breakfasted with Mr. Cowell, having made his acquaintance for the purpose of gaining information about Lord Byron. Knew Byron for the first time when he himself was a little boy, from being in the habit of playing with B.'s dogs. Byron wrote to him to school to bid him mind his prosody. Gave me two or three of his letters to him. Saw a good deal of B. at Hastings; mentioned the anecdote about the ink-bottle striking one of the lead Muses. These muses had been brought from Holland; and there were, I think, only eight of them arrived safe. Fletcher had brought B. a large jar of ink, and, not thinking it was full, B. had thrust his pen down to the very bottom; his anger at finding it come out all besmeared with ink made him chuck the jar out of the window, when it knocked down one of the muses in the garden, and deluged her with ink. In 1813, when B. was at Salt Hill he had Cowell over from Eton, and *pouched* him no less than ten pounds. Cowell has ever since kept one of the notes. Told me a curious anecdote of Byron's mentioning to him, as if it had made a great impression on him, their seeing Shelley (as they thought) walking into a little wood at Lirici, when it was discovered afterwards that Shelley was at that time in quite another direction. "This," said Byron, in a sort of awe-struck voice, "was about ten days before his death." Cowell's imitation of his look and manner very striking. Thinks that in Byron's speech to Fletcher, when he was dying, threatening to appear to him, there was a touch of that humor and fun which he was accustomed to mix up with everything.

February 19, 1829. — Set off for Bankes's; found him at home. Was very civil; said he had but few letters of B.'s he thought free enough from personal matters to suit my purpose, but those that were fit to be published should be at my service. Mentioned a key to the persons alluded to in "Hours of Idleness," which Byron had given him, and which I should have if he could find it. Talked with much affection of B.; his sensi-

tiveness to criticism. When Bankes was with him at Venice, he told Byron of some Mr. S—— (then also at Venice and, as Byron said, “a salt fish seller”), who declared that “Don Juan” was all “Grub Street.” The effect of this on Byron was so great, that Bankes is of opinion (as, indeed, Byron himself told him) that it stopped “Don Juan” for some time. “That damned Mr. S——,” he used to say, speaking the first syllable (as was his custom sometimes) broadly. He also showed Bankes one day a drawer containing the MS. of “Don Juan,” saying, “Look, here is Mr. S——’s Grub Street.” As an instance of his good-nature, said that when he arrived at Venice he found Byron had marked down the pages of different books he had been reading in which Bankes was favorably mentioned; particularly what Napoleon says of him in his Memoirs. Found Byron, he said, greatly altered in Italy; had got coarse. Gave me seven or eight letters, but could not find the “Key;” promised, however, to look for it.

20th. — Breakfasted at the Atheneum. Wrote a note to Peel, saying that he must be rather surprised at seeing my card yesterday, but that I had two motives for leaving it at his door; the first and chief, to pay my humble homage to what I considered the finest example of moral courage and high-mindedness in our times, and the other (which but for the first I should not have troubled him with) was to ask whether he recollected a circumstance which Byron mentions of him in one of his letters, and which I then stated. I added that (as it might give him less trouble to speak with me on the subject for two minutes than to write) I would, myself, leave this note at his house on my way to William Bankes’s and call as I returned. Did so. William Bankes had not been able to find the Key to the “Childish Recollections,” but gave me another letter of Byron’s. Was admitted at Mr. Peel’s; received me very kindly, and said how much obliged he was by my note. The circumstance mentioned by Byron was, that Peel, in the year 1810, I think, had met (as he thought) Lord Byron in the streets of London at a time when the latter was actually lying ill of a fever at Patras. The fact was, Peel said (though he

did not like his name to be quoted seriously as an authority for a ghost story), he was really under the impression, and still continued so, that he had not only seen, but talked with Lord Byron at the time. He then talked a good deal of Byron; mentioned his fondness for low company; the influence that the example of his grand-uncle, the old lord, had over his mind, and particularly on the subject of dueling, which he accustomed himself to connect with the name of Byron, and to look to as a resource and a revenge in his manhood when under any mortifications from being bullied by stronger boys at school. This last remark, I owned to him, had not occurred to me before, but I felt its truth and should make use of it: the former observation (respecting the general effect of the old lord's example on his mind) I had anticipated.

August 12, 1829. — Breakfasted with Mrs. Shelley. In talking of Byron's religion, mentioned a book, "Easy Way with Deists," which made a great impression upon him. Shelley undertook to answer it; but when he had got through six pages, stopped in his task, saying that Byron was a person who wanted checks rather than otherwise. Byron shocked afterwards at the life he had led at Venice, and hated to think of it. Called for Bessy and Murray at Power's and went to the Charter House to see Tom; agreed to dine with Murray at the Hummums. Found out Mrs. Kean, to whom I wished to put some queries. Told me about the presents from Lord B. of a box and a sword. The former has on it a representation of a boar-hunt, and was presented by him to Kean after seeing him in Richard III. Byron offended at Kean's leaving a dinner which had been chiefly made for him, at which were B. himself, Lord Kinnaird, and Douglas Kinnaird. Kean pretended illness and went away early; but Byron found out afterwards that he had gone to take the chair at a pugilistic supper. B., after this, would not speak to Kean. He was, however, so delighted with his acting in Sir Giles Overreach, that, notwithstanding all this, he presented to him, immediately after seeing him in this character, a very handsome Turkish sword, with a Damascus blade. Sent him 50*l.* at his



Yours truly WallerScott

[From MacLise Gallery.]

benefit. In talking of the circumstance of Kean's first appearance in London, I said that some memorial of it ought to be preserved ; on which she exclaimed eagerly, " Oh, will you write his life ? you shall have all the profits if you 'll only give me a little."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

October 29, 1825. — Set off between eleven and twelve in a chaise for Sir Walter Scott's. Stopped on the way to see Dryburgh Abbey on the grounds of Lord Buchan. The vault of Sir Walter Scott's family is here. Lord Buchan's own tombstone ready placed, with a Latin inscription by himself on it, and a cast from his face let into the stone. Forded the Tweed below the chain bridge, and passed through Melrose, having a peep at the abbey on my way, but reserving my view of it till I could see it with Scott himself. Arrived at his house about two. His reception of me most hearty ; we had met but once before, so long ago as immediately after his publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." After presenting me to Lady Scott and his daughter Anne (the Lockharts having, unluckily, just gone to Edinburgh), he and I started for a walk. Said how much he was delighted with Ireland ; the fun of the common people. The postilion having run the pole against the corner of a wall and broken it down, crying out, " Well done, pole ! did n't the pole do it elegantly, your honor ? " Pointing to the opposite bank of the river, said it was believed still by some of the common people that the fairies danced in that spot ; and as a proof of it, mentioned a fellow having declared before him in his judicial capacity that having gone to pen his sheep about sunrise in a field two or three miles farther down the river, he had seen little men and women under a hedge, beautifully dressed in green and gold ; " the Duke of Buccleugh in full dress was nothing to them." " Did you, by the virtue of your oath, believe them to be fairies ? " " I dinna ken ; they looked very like the gude people " (evidently believing them to be fairies). The fact was, however, that these fairies were puppets belonging to an itinerant

showman, which some weavers, in a drunken frolic, had taken a fancy to and robbed him of, but, fearing the consequences when sober, had thrown them under a hedge where this fellow saw them. In talking of the commonness of poetical talent just now, he said we were like Captain Bobadil, who had taught the fellows to

[A blank left in the MS. The passage referred to is probably in act 4, sc. 2 (Every Man in his Humor): "I would teach these nineteens the special rules, as your punta, your reverso, . . . till they could all play very near, or altogether as well, as myself."]

When I remarked that every magazine now contained such poetry as would have made a reputation for a man some twenty or thirty years ago, he said (with much shrewd humor in his face), "Ecod, we were in the luck of it, to come before all this talent was at work." Agreed with me that it would be some time before a great literary reputation could be again called up, "unless (he added) something new could be struck out; everything that succeeded lately owing its success, in a great degree, to its novelty." Talked a good deal about Byron; thinks his last cantos of "Don Juan" the most powerful things he ever wrote. Talking of the report of Lady Byron being about to marry Cunningham, said he would not believe it. "No, no, she must never let another man bear the name of husband to her." In talking of my sacrifice of the *Memoirs*, said he was well aware of the honorable feelings that dictated it, but doubted whether he would himself have consented to it. On my representing, however, the strong circumstances of not only the sister of Lord Byron (whom he so much loved) requiring it, but his two most intimate friends, Kinnaird and Hobhouse, also insisting earnestly upon the total destruction of the MS., and the latter assuring me that Lord Byron had expressed to him regret for having put such a work out of his own power, and had said that he was only restrained by delicacy towards me from recalling it; when I mentioned these circumstances (and particularly the last), he seemed to feel I could not have done otherwise than I had done. Thought the

family, however, bound to furnish me every assistance towards a Life of Lord B. I spoke of the advantage of Scotland over Ireland in her national recollections, in which he agreed, and remarked the good luck of Scotland, in at last giving a king to England. In the spirit of this superiority he had himself insisted, in all the ceremonials attending the king's reception in Scotland, that England should yield the precedence: there had been some little tiffs about it, but the king himself had agreed readily to everything proposed to him. In talking of Ireland, said that he and Lockhart had gone there rather hostilely disposed towards the Catholic Emancipation, but that they had both returned converts to the necessity of conceding it.

Dined at half-past five; none but himself, a young clergyman, quite deaf, who is making a catalogue of his library, Lady Scott and daughter, and a boy, the son of his lost friend Sir — Erskine. After dinner pledged him in some whiskey out of a *quaigh*; that which I drank out of very curious and beautiful. Produced several others; one that belonged to Prince Charles, with a glass bottom; others of a larger size, out of which he said his great grandfather drank. Very interesting *tête-à-tête* with him after dinner. Said that the person who first set him upon trying his talent at poetry was Mat. Lewis. He had passed the early part of his life with a set of clever, rattling, drinking fellows, whose thoughts and talents lay wholly out of the region of poetry; he, therefore, had never been led to find out his turn for it, though always fond of the old ballads. In the course of the conversation he, at last (to my no small surprise and pleasure), mentioned the novels without the least reserve as his own; "I then hit upon these novels (he said), which have been a mine of wealth to me." Had begun "*Waverley*" long before, and then thrown it by, till, having occasion for some money (to help his brother, I think), he bethought himself of it, but could not find the MS.; nor was it till he came to Abbotsford that he at last stumbled upon it. By this he made 3,000*l.* The conjectures and mystification at first amused him very much: wonders

himself that the secret was so well kept, as about twenty persons knew it from the first. The story of Jeanie Deans founded upon an anonymous letter which he received; has never known from whom. The circumstance of the girl having refused the testimony in court, and then taking the journey to obtain her sister's pardon, is a fact. Received some hints also from Lady Louisa Stuart (granddaughter, I believe, to Lord Bute); these the only aids afforded to him. His only critic was the printer, who was in the secret, and who now and then started objections which he generally attended to. Had always been in the habit (while wandering alone or shooting) of forming stories and following a train of adventures in his mind, and these fancies it was that formed the groundwork of most of his novels. "I find I fail in them now, however (he said); I cannot make them as good as at first." He is now near fifty-seven; has no knowledge or feeling of music; knows nothing of Greek; indebted to Pope for even his knowledge of Homer. Spoke of the scrape he got into by the false quantity in his Latin epitaph on his dog. I said that his letter on the subject was worth all the prosody that ever existed, and so it is; nothing was ever in better or more manly taste. In the evening Miss Scott sung two old Scotch songs to the harp. He spoke of Mrs. Lockhart (whom he seems thoroughly to love) as richer in this style of songs than Miss Scott. I then sung several things which he seemed to like. Spoke of my happy power of adapting words to music, which, he said, he never could attain, nor could Byron either. Story of the beggar: "Give that man some half-pence and send him away;" "I never go away under sixpence." Spoke of the powers of all Irishmen for oratory; the Scotch, on the contrary, cannot speak; no Scotch orator can be named; no Scotch actors. Told me Lockhart was about to undertake the "Quarterly," has agreed for five years; salary 1,200*l.* a year, and if he writes a certain number of articles it will be 1,500*l.* a year to him. Spoke of Wordsworth's absurd vanity about his own poetry; the more remarkable as Wordsworth seems otherwise a manly fellow. Story told him by Wordsworth, of

Sir George Beaumont saying one day to Crabbe, at Murray's, on Crabbe putting an extinguisher on a tallow candle which had been imperfectly put out, and the smoke of which was (as Sir G. Beaumont said) curling up in graceful wreaths, "What, you a poet, and do that?" This, Wordsworth told Scott, was a set-off against the latter's praises of Crabbe, and as containing his own feelings on the subject, as well as Sir G. Beaumont's. What wretched twaddle! Described Wordsworth's manly endurance of his poverty. Scott has dined with him at that time in his kitchen; but though a kitchen, all was neatness in it. Spoke of Campbell; praised his "*Hohenlinden*," etc.; considered his "*Pleasures of Hope*" as very inferior to these lesser pieces. Talked of Holt, the Wicklow brigand, who held out so long in the mountains, and who distinguished himself on many occasions by great generosity; once or twice gave up men who had been guilty of acts of cruelty; is still alive, keeping (I believe), a public-house, and in good repute for quietness. Sir Walter Scott had wished much to have some talk with him, but feared it might do the man harm, by giving him high notions of himself, etc., etc. "I could have put," says he, "a thousand pounds in his pocket, by getting him to tell simply the adventures in which he had been engaged, and then dressing them up for him." In speaking of the circumstances in which my intimacy with Byron began, and giving him an account of the message from Greville that followed, he spoke as if the thought had occurred to him at that time, whether he ought not himself to have taken notice, in the same manner, of what Byron had said to him.

30th. — A very stormy day. Sir W. impatient to take me out to walk, though the ladies said we should be sure of a ducking. At last a tolerably fair moment came, and we started; he would not take a great-coat. Had explained to me after breakfast, the drawings in the breakfast room, done by an amateur at Edinburgh, W. Sharpe, and alluding to traditions of the Scotts of Harden, Sir Walter's ancestors. The subject of one of them was the circumstance of a young man of the family being taken prisoner in an incursion on the

grounds of a neighboring chief, who gave him his choice, whether he should be hanged or marry his daughter "muckle-mouthed Meg." The sketch represents the young man as hesitating; a priest advising him to the marriage, and pointing to the gallows on a distant hill, while Meg herself is stretching her wide mouth in joyful anticipation of a decision in her favor. The other sketch is founded on the old custom of giving a hint to the guests that the last of the beeves had been devoured, by serving up nothing but a pair of spurs under one of the covers; the dismay of the party at the uncovering of the dish, is cleverly expressed. Our walk was to the cottage of W. Laidlaw, his bailiff, a man who had been reduced from better circumstances, and of whom Scott spoke with much respect as a person every way estimable. His intention was, he said, to ask him to walk down and dine with us to-day. The cottage, and the mistress of it very homely, but the man himself, with his broad Scotch dialect, showing the quiet self-possession of a man of good sense. The storm grew violent, and we sat some time. Scott said he could enumerate thirty places, famous in Scottish song, that could be pointed out from a hill in his neighborhood: Yarrow, Ettrick, Gala Water, Bush-aboon, Traquair, Selkirk ("Up with the souters of Selkirk"), the bonny Cowden Knowes, etc., etc. Mentioned that the Duke of Wellington had once wept, in speaking to him about Waterloo, saying that "the next dreadful thing to a battle lost was a battle won." Company to dinner, Sir Adam Ferguson (an old school-fellow and friend of Scott), his lady, and Colonel Ferguson. Drew out Sir Adam (as he had promised me he would) to tell some of his military stories, which were very amusing. Talked of amateurs in battles; the Duke of Richmond at Waterloo, etc., etc.; the little regard that is had of them. A story of one who had volunteered with a friend of his to the bombardment of Copenhagen, and after a severe cannonade, when a sergeant of marines came to report the loss, he said (after mentioning Jack This and Tom That, who had been killed), "Oh, please your Honor, I forgot to say that the volunteer gentleman has

had his head shot off." Scott mentioned as a curious circumstance that, at the same moment, the Duke of Wellington should have been living in one of Bonaparte's palaces, and Bonaparte in the Duke's old lodgings at St. Helena; had heard the Duke say laughingly to some one who asked what commands he had to St. Helena, "Only tell Bony that I hope he finds my old lodgings at Longwood as comfortable as I find his in the Champs Elysées." Mentioned the story upon which the Scotch song of "Dainty Davie" was founded. Talking of ghosts, Sir Adam said that Scott and he had seen one, at least, while they were once drinking together; a very hideous fellow appeared suddenly between them whom neither knew anything about, but whom both saw. Scott did not deny it, but said they were both "fou," and not very capable of judging whether it was a ghost or not. Scott said that the only two men who had ever told him that they had actually seen a ghost, afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castlereagh, who had himself mentioned to Scott his seeing the "radiant-boy." It was one night when he was in barracks, and the face brightened gradually out of the fire-place, and approached him. Lord Castlereagh stepped forwards to it, and it receded again, and faded into the same place. It is generally stated to have been an apparition attached to the family, and coming occasionally to presage honors and prosperity to him before whom it appeared, but Lord Castlereagh gave no such account of it to Scott. It was the Duke of Wellington made Lord Castlereagh tell the story to Sir Walter, and Lord C. told it without hesitation, and as if believing in it implicitly. Told of the Provost of Edinburgh showing the curiosities of that city to the Persian ambassador; impatience of the latter, and the stammering hesitation of the former. "Many pillar, wood pillar? stone pillar, eh?" "Ba-ba-ba-ba," stammered the Provost. "Ah, you not know, var well. Many book here: write book? print book, eh?" "Ba-ba-ba-ba." "Ah, you not know; var well." A few days after, on seeing the Provost pass his lodgings, threw up the window and cried, "Ah, how you do?" "Ba-ba-ba."

"Ah, you not know; var well;" and shut down the window. Account of the meeting between Adam Smith and Johnson as given by Smith himself. Johnson began by attacking Hume. "I saw (said Smith) this was meant at me, so I merely put him right as to a matter of fact." "Well, what did he say?" "He said it was a lie." "And what did you say to that?" "I told him he was a son of a b—h." Good this, between two sages. Boswell's father indignant at his son's attaching himself (as he said) to "a Dominie, who kippit a schule, and ca'd it an academy." Some doubts, after dinner, whether we should have any singing, it being Sunday. Miss Scott seemed to think the rule might be infringed in my case; but Scott settled the matter more decorously, by asking the Fergusons to come again to dinner next day, and to bring the Misses Ferguson.

31st. — Set off after breakfast, Scott, Miss Scott, and I, to go to Melrose Abbey. Told him I had had a strong idea of coming on as far as Melrose from Kelso on Friday night, in order to see the abbey by the beautiful moonlight we had then; but that I thought it still better to reserve myself for the chance of seeing it with him, though I had heard he was not fond now of showing it. He answered, that in general he was not; but that I was, of course, an exception. I think it was on this morning that he said, laying his hand cordially on my breast, "Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life." Forgot to mention that, in the answer which he sent to me to Newcastle, and which was forwarded after me to Abbotsford, he offered, if I would let him know when I should reach Kelso, to come for me there in his carriage; nothing, indeed, could be more kind and cordial than the whole of his reception of me. Explained to me all the parts of the abbey, assisted by the sexton, a shrewd, hardy-mannered fellow, who seemed to have studied everything relating to it *con amore*. Went up to a room in the sexton's house, which was filled with casts, done by himself, from the ornaments, heads, etc., of the abbey. Scott, seeing a large niche empty, said, "Johnny, I'll give you the Virgin and Child to put there." Seldom

have I seen a happier face than Johnny exhibited at this news ; it was all over smiles. As we went down-stairs, Scott said to him, " Johnny, if there 's another anti-popish rising, you 'll have your house pulled about your ears." When we got into the carriage, I said, " You have made that man very happy." " Good (said Sir Walter), then there are two of us pleased, for I did not know what to do with that Virgin and Child. Mamma (Lady Scott) will be particularly glad to get rid of it." A less natural man would have left me under the impression that he had done really a very generous thing. Sir W. bought one of the books giving a description of the abbey (written every word of it by the sexton), and presented it to me. Went from thence to the cottage of the Lockharts, which is very retired and pretty ; and then proceeded to pay a visit to the Fergusons just near. Could not help thinking, during this quiet, homely visit, how astonished some of those foreigners would be, to whom the name of Sir Walter Scott is encircled with so much romance, to see the plain, quiet, neighborly manner with which he took his seat among these old maids, and the familiar ease with which they treated him in return ; no country squire, with but half an idea in his head, could have fallen into the gossip of a hum-drum country visit more unassumingly. This is charming. Left Miss Scott to proceed home in the carriage ; and he and I walked. Took me through a wild and pretty glen called " Thomas the Rhymer's Glen." Told me of his introduction to the Prince by Adam ; their whole talk about the Pretender. The Prince asked him, would he have joined the Jacobites ; " it would have been wretched taste of me (said Scott) to have said I would, and I merely answered that I should have, at least, wanted one motive against doing so in not knowing his Royal Highness." Adam said afterwards, that the only difference as to Jacobitism between him and the Prince, during the conversation, was, that the Prince always said " the Pretender," and Scott said " Prince Charles." Mentioned that when Bonaparte expressed himself shocked at the murder of the Emperor Paul, Fouché said, "*Mais, Sire, c'est une espèce de desti-*

tution propre à ce pays-là." On my taking this opportunity of saying that I doubted whether I ought to allude to a work which it was supposed he was writing, "The Life of Bonaparte," he said that it was true, and that he had already finished, I think, more than a volume of it, but had now suspended his task for the purpose of writing a novel on the subject of the "Civil Wars," in which he expected to make something of the character of Cromwell, whose politics he certainly did not like, but in whom there were some noble points which he should like to throw light on. It gave me pleasure to find that some of the views he expressed of the character of Napoleon were liberal; talked with scorn of the wretched attempts to decry his courage. I said how well calculated the way in which Scott had been brought up was to make a writer of poetry and romance, as it combined all that knowledge of rural life and rural legends which is to be gained by living among the peasantry and joining in their sports, with all the advantages which an aristocratic education gives. I said that the want of this manly training showed itself in my poetry, which would perhaps have had a far more vigorous character if it had not been for the sort of *boudoir* education I had received. (The only thing, indeed, that conduced to brace and invigorate my mind was the strong political feelings that were stirring around me when I was a boy, and in which I took a deep and most ardent interest.) Scott was good-natured enough to dissent from all this. His grandfather, he told me, had been, when a young man, very poor; and a shepherd, who had lived with the family, came and offered him the loan of (I believe all the money he had) thirty pounds, for the purpose of stocking a farm with sheep. The grandfather accepted it, and went to the fair, but instead of buying the sheep, he laid out the whole sum on a horse, much to the horror of the poor shepherd. Having got the horse, however, into good training and order, he appeared on him at a hunt, and showed him off in such style, that he immediately found a purchaser for him at twice the sum he cost him, and then, having paid the shepherd his thirty pounds, he

laid out the remainder in sheep, and prospered considerably. Pointed out to me the tower where he was born. His father and uncle went off to join the rebels in 1745, but were brought back ; himself still a sort of Jacobite ; has a feeling of horror at the very name of the Duke of Cumberland. . . . Came to a pretty lake where he fed a large, beautiful swan, that seemed an old favorite of his. The Fergusons to dinner ; maiden sisters and all. Showed me before dinner, in a printed song book, a very pretty ballad by his bailiff, Mr. Laidlaw, called "Lucy's Flitting." In the evening I sung, and all seemed very much pleased ; Sir Adam, too, and his brother the Colonel, sung. Scott confessed that he hardly knew high from low in music. Told him Lord Byron knew nothing of music, but still had a strong feeling of some of those I had just sung, particularly "When he who adores thee ;" that I have sometimes seen the tears come into his eyes at some of my songs. Another great favorite of his was "Though the last glimpse of Erin," from which he confessedly borrowed a thought for his "Corsair," and said to me, "It was shabby of me, Tom, not to acknowledge that theft." "I dare say," said Scott, "Byron's feelings and mine about music are pretty much the same." His true delight, however, was visible after supper, when Sir Adam sung some old Jacobite songs ; Scott's eyes sparkled, and his attempts to join in chorus showed much more of the will than the deed. "Hey, Tutti tatte," was sung in the true orthodox manner, all of us standing round the table with hands crossed and joined, and chorusing every verse with all our might and main ; he seemed to enjoy all this thoroughly. Asked him this morning whether he was not a great admirer of Bruce the traveller ; said he was his delight ; and I could have sworn so.

November 1, 1825. — Scott proposed to take me to-day to the castle of Newark, a place of the Duke of Buccleugh's. Sat with him some time in his study : saw a copy of the "Moniteur" there, which he said he meant to give to the Advocates' Library when he was done with it. I said that what astonished foreigners most was the extent of his knowledge. "Ah, that

sort of knowledge (he answered) is very superficial." I remarked that the manual labor alone of copying out his works seemed enough to have occupied all the time he had taken in producing them. "I write," he answered, "very quick; that comes of being brought up under an attorney." Writes chiefly in the morning, from seven till breakfast time: told me the number of pages he could generally produce in the day, but I do not accurately remember how much it was. Mentioned to him that Lord Byron repeated to me the first hundred and twenty lines of "*Lara*" immediately after they were written, and said he had done them either that morning or the evening before, I forgot which. Went out at twelve in the open carriage, he and I and Miss Scott; the day very lowering. Showed me where the Ettrick and Yarrow join. The Yarrow grows beautiful near the gate of the Duke, and the walk by it through the grounds is charming. Lunched in a little summer-house beyond the bridge. Showed me a deep part of the river into which he found Mungo Park once throwing stones: Park said it reminded him of what he used to do in Africa to try the depth of the rivers. After his return from Africa he opened an apothecary's shop in Selkirk, but the passion for wandering would not allow him to remain quiet. Day cleared up as we returned home. Saw the place where Montrose was defeated; four hundred Irishmen shot near it after the battle. In talking of his ignorance of music, Scott said he had been once employed in a case where a purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed on as to its value. He found it necessary to prepare himself by reading all about fiddles in the encyclopædias, etc., and having got the names of Straduaris, Amati, etc., glibly on his tongue, got swimmingly through his cause. Not long after this, dining at the Duke of Hamilton's, he found himself left alone after dinner with the Duke, who had but two subjects he could talk of, hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting, Scott thought he would bring forward his lately acquired learning in fiddles; upon which the Duke grew quite animated, and immediately whispered some orders to the butler, in consequence of which there soon entered

the room about half a dozen tall servants all in red, each bearing a fiddle case ; and Scott found his knowledge brought to no less a test than that of telling by the tones of each fiddle, as the Duke played it, by what artist it was made. "By guessing and management," he said, "I got on pretty well till we were, to my great relief, summoned to coffee." Mentioned an anecdote which he had heard from Lady Swinton of her seeing, when a child, a strange young lady in the room whom she took for a spirit, from her vanishing the moment she turned her head. It was a person whom her mother kept concealed, from some cause, within the panel : this evidently suggested the circumstance in one of his novels. On our return home found that two gentlemen were waiting to see Sir Walter ; proved to be young Demidoff, son of the rich Russian, who has been sent to Edinburgh for his education, and, with his tutor, was now come to pay a visit to Sir Walter.¹ Much talk with the young man, who is very intelligent, about Russian literature. I mentioned the "Fables" of Kriloff, of which I had seen a translation in French, and in one of which he talks of Voltaire being roasted in hell *à petit feu*. This translation, Demidoff said, was a very bad one. Sung in the evening ; much pressed by Scott to defer my departure for a day or two.

2d. — While I was dressing, Mr. Gordon (a Presbyterian clergyman, whom I found at Abbotsford, and who is employed making a catalogue of the library) came into my room, and requested, as a great favor, a lock of my hair : told him to be careful how he cut it, as Mrs. Moore would be sure to detect the "rape." The carriage being ordered immediately after breakfast, to take me to the coach and young Demidoff and his tutor to Melrose Abbey, I took leave of Scott, who seemed (as my companions afterwards remarked) to feel much regret at parting with me. Finding a place in the Jedburgh coach, I set off for Edinburgh. Some talk among the people in the coach about Scott ; said he was "a very peculiar man," and

¹ A gentleman who was at Abbotsford at the time, declares that it was Count Orloff, a nephew of the Count Orloff who holds a high station at the Russian court, who was Sir Walter Scott's guest, and not M. Demidoff. — Ed.

seemed all to agree that he had chosen a very bad situation for his house. Went outside for the last two or three stages, in order to see the country, but it was all dreary and barren. The entrance, however, into Edinburgh most striking; the deep ravine between the two towns, the picturesque sites of the buildings on the heights and in the depths, the grand openings to the sea, all is magnificent and unlike everything else. By the bye, talking with the guard about Abbotsford, he told me Lady Scott had said that "it was quite an hotel in everything but pay."

October 22, 1826. — Went to Scott's in the evening. Sir T. Lawrence having begged me to mention that *he* was within call, did so, and a note was immediately written to him, by Lockhart, to ask him. Scott mentioned the contrast in the behavior of two criminals, whom he had himself seen: the one a woman, who had poisoned her husband in some drink, which she gave him while he was ill; the man not having the least suspicion, but leaning his head on her lap, while she still mixed more poison in the drink, as he became thirsty and asked for it. The other a man, who had made a bargain to sell a *subject* (a young child) to a surgeon; his bringing it at night in a bag; the surgeon's surprise at hearing it cry out; the man then saying, "Oh, you wanted it dead, did you?" and stepping behind a tree and killing it. The woman (who was brought up to judgment with a child at her breast) stood with the utmost calmness to hear her sentence; while the man, on the contrary, yelled out, and showed the most disgusting cowardice. Scott added, that this suggested to him the scene in "*Marmion*." Sat down to a hot supper, of which Scott partook, and drank bottled porter; both myself and Sir T. Lawrence following his example; then came the hot water and whiskey, in which we all joined also. This seems to be Scott's habitual practice. He spoke a good deal about Coleridge and Hogg, and recited, or rather tried to recite, some verses of the latter; but his memory appeared to me more wandering and imperfect than formerly.

23d. — Breakfasted at Scott's; Rogers there, and another

person, whose name I did not make out. Talking of practical jokes, Rogers's story of somebody who, when tipsy, was first rolled in currant jelly, and then covered with feathers; his exclaiming, when he looked at himself in a glass, "A bird, by Jove!" Scott's story of the man whom they persuaded that the place he was walking in was very full of adders; his fancying he felt an adder in his foot, and striking his foot violently with his stick, in order to kill it; hearing a hiss from out the boot, and then (as Scott said) "pelting away" at it again with his stick. "Ah, now he is silent, I think I have done for him;" then taking off his boot, and finding that it was his watch which had slipped down there, and which he had been thus hammering away at, the hiss having been the sound of the spring breaking. Scott's acting of this story admirable.

October 14, 1831.—Was rather shocked at seeing and hearing Scott; both his looks and utterance, but particularly the latter, showing strongly the effects of paralysis. At dinner we had, besides Murray and myself, their own family party (the Lockharts and Miss Scott), and Sir William and Lady Rae. Scott took but rarely any share in the conversation, and it was then with difficulty I made out what he said. On going up-stairs found rather a large party collected, all Scotch,—Lady Belhaven, Lord and Lady Ruthven, Lady Louisa Stuart, the Macleods, etc., etc. On looking over at Scott once or twice, was painfully struck by the utter vacancy of his look. How dreadful if he should live to survive that mighty mind of his! It seems hardly right to assemble company round him in this state. Saw that I was doomed to sing. Mrs. Lockhart began, and sung her wild song "Achin Foane" (as the words sound) to the harp with such effect on her Scotch hearers as made me a little despair of being listened to after her. I however succeeded very well, and was made to sing song after song till poor Scott's time of going to bed; soon after which I came away. Mrs. Macleod also sang some Scotch duets with her sister. It is charming to see how Scott's good temper and good-nature continue unchanged

through the sad wreck of almost everything else that belonged to him. The great object in sending him abroad is to disengage his mind from the strong wish to *write* by which he is haunted; eternally making efforts to produce something without being able to bring his mind collectively to bear upon it — the *multum cupit, nihil potest*. Alas ! alas !

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

September 10, 1818. — Found Scully at the Hummums; he had met Irish Johnstone in the coach from Liverpool, who had been extremely kind to him. Called with him on Johnstone who told me that Sheridan one night came to Drury Lane tipsy; when the “School for Scandal” was acting, went into the green room when it was over, and asked what play it was. Wroughton gravely told him. “And who was it,” he said, “that acted the old fellow, — Sir Peter what-d’ye-call’m?” “Mathews, sir.” “Never let him play it again; he looks like an old pastry-cook.” “I am sorry, Mr. S. (says Wroughton), to say that we seldom see you here, and you never come but to find fault.”

September 26, 1818. — Went to dinner at Money’s: none but he, Linley, and myself. Strange that Linley did not know Mathews was married at the time he was paying court to his sister. Money has often met Mathews, who is still alive at Bath. Linley promises me several poems of his sister’s: says that Morris the singer was one of her many lovers, and took to drinking at last, in despair of winning her. Mentioned the farce of “St. Patrick’s Day,” and that he wrote it for a poor man who was in distress; not printed. At the chamberlain’s office all the copies of plays sent to the licenser since the time this office was first instituted are preserved. What a hell of the *damned* it must be! Sheridan persuaded the Linleys to part with their shares in Drury Lane for annuities which were never paid: he thus got the disposal of everything, the sale of private boxes, etc., all into his own hands. Told some other stories of S.’s trickery in money matters, but seemed willing to acquit him of any low, premeditated design in these various

shifts and contrivances. Told a story of a picture of his sister by Gainsborough, which he (Linley) sent to the exhibition of that artist's pictures, at the request of the directors ; but which was seized, with a great many pictures of Sheridan that were also there, by Burgess, S.'s attorney, under pretense of a *lien* upon his property ; but S. afterwards, in consideration of a loan of 100*l.* from Linley, had the picture restored to him. Another story about his trying to get 400*l.* out of old Mrs. Linley, to pay the deposit required by the proprietor of the Lyceum, when the company removed to that house after the burning of Drury Lane. Told me that one day at S.'s house, before poor Tom went abroad, the servant in passing threw down the plate-warmer with a crash, which started Tom's nerves a good deal. Sheridan after scolding most furiously the servant, who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed, " And how many plates have you broke ? " " Oh ! not one, sir," answered the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself, " And you damned fool (said S.), have you made all that noise for nothing ? "

October 3, 1818. — Some good stories. Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage of the latter, seriously angry with him ; told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added, " You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you ? " Old S. burst out laughing, and they became friends again. The day that Dog Dent was to bring forward the motion (that gave him that name) about a tax upon dogs, S. came early to the house, and saw no one but Dent sitting in a contemplative posture in one corner. S. stole round to him unobserved, and putting his hand under the seat to Dent's legs, mimicked the barking of a dog, at which Dent started up alarmed, as if his conscience really dreaded some attack from the race he was plotting against. Sheridan angry with his servant for lighting a fire in a little room off his hall, because it tempted the duns to stay, by making them so comfortable. Mrs. Sheridan wrote an entertainment called the " Haunted Village," which she gave S. to add some touches

to, but never could get from him again. Linley seemed to think he suppressed it from jealousy.

October 7.—Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland in the evening about Sheridan. Told me that one remarkable characteristic of S., and which accounted for many of his inconsistencies, was the high, ideal system he had formed of a sort of impracticable perfection in honor, virtue, etc., anything short of which he seemed to think not worth aiming at; and thus consoled himself for the extreme laxity of his practice by the impossibility of satisfying or coming up to the sublime theory he had formed. Hence the most romantic professions of honor and independence were coupled with conduct of the meanest and most swindling kind; hence, too, prudery and morality were always on his lips, while his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism. A proof of this mixture was, after the Prince became Regent, he offered to bring S. into parliament, and said, at the same time, that he by no means meant to fetter him in his political conduct by doing so; but S. refused, because, as he told Lord Holland, “he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained, by putting it in the power of any man, by any possibility whatever, to dictate to him.” Yet, in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high-mindedness, he told Lord H. of an intrigue he had set on foot for inducing the Prince to lend him 4,000*l.* to purchase a borough. From his habit of considering money as nothing, he considered his *owing* the Prince 4,000*l.* as no slavery whatever: “I shall then (he said) *only* owe him 4,000*l.*, which will leave me as free as air.”

Sheridan was jealous of Mr. Fox, and showed it in ways that produced at last great coolness between them. He envied him particularly his being member for Westminster, and, in 1802, had nearly persuaded him to retire from parliament, in order that he might himself succeed to that honor. But it was Burke chiefly that S. hated and envied. Being both Irishmen, both adventurers, they had every possible incentive to envy. On Hastings’s trial particularly it went to

Sheridan's heart to see Burke in the place set apart for privy councilors, and himself excluded.

October 18, 1818. — As the morning was fine, set out to Bowood to see Rogers ; caught him in the garden, on the way to Bowles's ; walked with him ; talked much about Sheridan. In a second search through the papers they have found the Acts of "the Foresters;" some letters, too, of the Prince's, which, of course, I must see, though I cannot make use of them. Sheridan once told Rogers of a scene that occurred in a French theatre in 1772, where two French officers stared a good deal at his wife, and S., not knowing a word of French, could do nothing but put his arms a-kimbo and look bluff and defying at them, which they, not knowing a word of English, could only reply to by the very same attitude and look. He once mentioned to Rogers that he was aware he ought to have made a love scene between Charles and Maria in the "School for Scandal;" and *would* have done it, but that the actors who played the parts were not able to do such a scene justice.

October 21. — Walked to meet Rogers, who said he would call upon me. Talked chiefly of Sheridan. Told me several anecdotes, some of which I have written down in my notebook as fit to use ; the rest practical jokes, not easily tellable : — His strewing the hall or passage with plates and dishes, and knives and forks stuck between them, and then tempting Tickell (with whom he was always at some frolic or other) to pursue him into the thick of them : Tickell fell among them and was almost cut to pieces, and next day, in vowing vengeance to Lord John Townshend against S. for this trick, he added (with the true spirit of an amateur in practical jokes), "but it was amazingly well done." Another time, when the women (Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Tickell, etc.) had received the gentlemen after dinner in disguises, which puzzled them to make out *which* was *which*, the gentlemen one day sent to the ladies to come down-stairs to *them* in the dining-room. The ladies, upon entering, saw them all dressed as Turks, holding bumpers in their hands, and after looking amongst them and saying,

"This is Mr. Crewe;" "No, this is he," etc., etc., they heard a laugh at the door, and there they saw all the gentlemen in *propriis personis*; for 't was the maids they had dressed up in Turkish habits. S. was always at these tricks in country houses. He has been known to send a man and horse eight miles for a piece of crape, and people were always kept in expectation of some forthcoming frolic. His dialogue once with General Tarleton: "Well, Tarleton, are you on your high horse still?" "Oh! higher than ever: if I was on a horse before, I am on an elephant now." "No, no, my dear fellow, you were on an ass before, and you are on a mule now." Thought this exquisite; but I own I cannot see the very great wit of it.

November 24, 1818. — Met Taylor, editor of the "Sun," who told me an anecdote of Sheridan. When some severe charges against him (relating, Taylor said, to his affair with Mathews) appeared in the "Bath Chronicle," he called upon Woodfall, printer of the "Chronicle," and requested him to insert them, in order that they might gain universal circulation, and that his answer, which he meant soon to prepare, might be understood as universally. Woodfall complied with his request, but the refutation never was written; so that the venom was by this means spread, and his indolence prevented him from ever supplying the antidote.

26th. — Went to Holland House; had some conversation with Lord H. before dinner. Mentioned to me a curious scene which he had with Sheridan and the Prince while they were in power. S. having told him (while they waited in an ante-chamber) about some public letter which he had corrected or re-written for the Prince, the latter, on their admission to him, told quite a different story, referring to S., who all the while courteously bowed assent; and, said Lord H., "I could not, for the soul of me, make out which was the liar."

In the evening much talk about Sheridan. The trial between him and Delpini about a joke which he put into "Robinson Crusoe," stolen from a pantomime of Delpini's, of which he had "had the reading." The joke consisted in

pulling off a man's boot, and pulling the leg off *with* it. I must inquire about this. It seems too comical to be true. Was it as "literary property" this joke was claimed? Sheridan told Tierney that he had written the greater part of Tickell's "Anticipation." Lord H., too, told us that when the "Stranger" was first performed, he dined with Sheridan and Canning for the purpose of going to see it; and when S., pulling a bottle of wine from beside him, said, "I have a secret bottle here" (meaning to parody his own song in the "Stranger," "I have a silent sorrow here"), Canning remarked, "You know, S., those verses are Tickell's," and referred to the place they were taken from; on which S. answered, "But don't you know that I wrote most of those verses for Tickell?" This seems to agree with the assertion in Mrs. Crouch's "Memoirs," that the songs of the "Carnival of Venice" were by Sheridan, though they certainly are not at all like his style. But where is the song to be found from which is taken "I have a silent sorrow here?" Tickell, all agreed, was a disagreeable fellow, and envied Sheridan. Sheridan's answer to Lord Lauderdale excellent. On the latter saying he would repeat some good thing S. had mentioned to him, "*Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter.*" We spoke of what he said to Tarleton about the ass and the mule: it was with respect to the result of the war in Spain. They all pronounced it excellent, and I suppose it is so. "Ask'st thou how long my love will stay?" (a song of Sheridan's), which I have traced to Montreuil and Menage, is more immediately (as Lord Holland pointed out to me) taken from Hume's essay called the "Epicurean." Lady Thanet was the person who had first remarked this to him. Sheridan's ignorance of French. Lord H. mentioned how amusing it was, on the discussion of Lord Auckland's "Memorial to the States-General," to hear Sheridan and Dundas, neither of whom understood a syllable of French, disputing upon the meaning of the word "*malheureux*," while Mr. Fox, etc., sat by silent. "I have always thought (said Dundas) that *maleroo* means 'un-

fortunate gentleman.'” Lord H. imitated Lord Thurlow. His phrase in a speech (resembling that of Johnson’s “shallows are always clear”), “perspicuous, but, my lords, not less shallow for being perspicuous.” Thurlow, all seemed to agree, a great humbug. Mr. Fox’s saying, “I suppose no one ever was so wise as Thurlow *looks*, — that is impossible.” The Prince’s imitation of Thurlow excellent. I mentioned I had heard him give it at his own table at Carlton House ; and Tom Sheridan told me the story with which he introduced it was made extempore. If Tom S. said true, it showed great quickness of invention. Lord H. told me of the Prince’s mimicking Basilico, Mr. Fox’s servant, saying to him (the Prince), “I have had de honneur, sare, of being at Windsor. I have see your fader ; he looks as well as ever ;” the latter words spoken in a side whisper, and a rueful face, as if sympathizing with what he thought the Prince must feel at the intelligence. Had some talk with Allen about coalitions : he referred me for his opinions upon that between Fox and Lord Grenville, to the “History of Europe” in the “Annual Register” for 1806, which he himself had written. With respect to the coalition of Fox and Lord North, he considered it to have been rendered quite necessary by the overwhelming power of the court, which could not otherwise have been opposed than by a union of the two included parties. I asked Lord H. whose were the two famous jokes about the Bourbons and the peace which S., with his usual coolness in these matters, appropriated to himself ? He said the former one was Sir A. Pigott’s, and the latter Francis’s. Francis was very angry at the robbery. Sheridan’s witticisms (those which were his own) all made *à loisir*, and kept by him with a patience quite miraculous, till the exact moment when they might be brought forward with best effect. This accounts for his general silence in company, and the admirable things that came when he *did* speak.

27th. — Walked into town with Tierney. He thinks I shall have a good escape of it if my “Life of Sheridan” is given up. Told me of the sequel of Sheridan’s magnanimous

refusal of the registrarship of Malta for Tom ; which was his asking of Tierney to get the place for him for somebody else. When Sheridan, upon the awkward business with Lord Yarmouth and the household, called upon Tierney, in the House, to attest his independent conduct in refusing the place for Tom, Tierney, after having stated what he knew of this part of the story, asked (for says he, "I was in a devil of a passion") whether he should proceed to the rest of the transaction? "No, thank you," says Sheridan very coolly, "that will do." Tierney said Sheridan was generally wrong about financial matters. It was certainly a fine holiday time for Mr. Pitt when he had no abler critic of his financial schemes than Sheridan. Pitt, however, had a very high idea of him, and thought him, Tierney said, "a far greater man than Mr. Fox." I remarked how soon great men are forgot in England : he thought at present Lord Chatham was better remembered than Mr. Pitt, — perhaps because his career was a popular one — "with the mob, the whole of his course." Burke had done more mischief than any one. I remarked that even the good he had done by his early writings he had completely neutralized by his later ones ; for nothing in favor of liberty could be cited from the one, to which a totally contradictory and counteracting sentiment might not be brought forward from the other. "Sheridan," Tierney said, "worked very hard when he had to prepare himself for any great occasion. His habit was, on these emergencies, to rise at four in the morning (*can this be true?*), to light up a prodigious quantity of candles around him, and eat toasted muffins while he worked."

December 3, 1818. — Had gone in the morning to the pawnbroker in Wardour Street, of whom Pearce, the M. P. for Devonizes, told me. The only piece of plate with an inscription on it he had of Sheridan's was one from the corporation of Stafford, and this Charles Sheridan bought ; but the books he had of Sheridan's (all in elegant bindings, presented to him by his friends, with their names in them), he had first sold in lots to different people. This pawnbroker seems to have behaved with great delicacy and disinterestedness. He might have

made what he pleased by these books, by signifying his possession of them to the world ; but he preferred, as he said, getting little more than the money he paid for them, to doing anything which might expose the memory and character of Sheridan. His name is Harrison. I now recollect many years ago hearing Sheridan say, at Donington Park, that he was about to form a library, and not being rich enough to buy books, he had signified to his friends that nothing would be more welcome to him than a gift of a set of books from each. Lord Moira at the time gave him a very handsome set. It now appears into what vortex all these gifts were swallowed. The pawnbroker says there were some books among them with my name ; but I do not recollect having given him any.

May 5, 1819. — Called upon Ridgway the publisher to ask him about Sheridan : told me that when he expostulated pretty strongly with S. on his keeping him so long dancing after him for the copy of the "School," S. said, "The fact is, Mr. R., I have been nineteen years endeavoring to satisfy my own taste in this play, and have not yet succeeded." "After this," said R. to me, "I teased him for it no longer."

July 4, 1819. — Called with Bessy upon Lady Cork. Asked us both to an assembly, to which she said she had invited the Regent, but complained that he never would come near her since I had described him at her routs in the "Two-penny Post Bag." Told me a great deal about Sheridan. First met him and Mrs. S., soon after their marriage, at a Mr. Cootes's. Mrs. S. sung with the Miss Cooteses, the little children that are painted with her in her portrait (by Sir J. Reynolds) as St. Cecilia. Sheridan then an ugly, awkward-looking man. The Duchess of Devonshire anxious to have Mrs. S. to sing at her house, but not liking to have him, — a "player," as she called him. Reminded of this some time after by Lady Cork on her keeping a house two months unoccupied, which she had taken at great expense at Bath, and alleging for her reason that she and her party were detained from day to day at Chatsworth by the agreeableness of S.'s conversation. S. always said the "Rivals" was one of the worst plays in the lan-

guage, and he would give anything he had not written it. It was by her brother Monckton's interest, S. first got in for Stafford. He would often keep his chaise and four waiting all day at Monckton's while he played cricket with the children.

August 25, 1819. — Called at Drury Lane upon Ward, who promises to give me very important documents with respect to Sheridan's theatrical concerns. Told me the skeleton of the "Forty Thieves" was Sheridan's; then he (Ward) filled it up, and afterwards George Colman got 100*l.* for an infusion of jokes, etc., into it. Sheridan used to lie in bed all day; not for the purpose of indulging his indolence (as he wished it to be supposed, and as it was supposed), but for study and preparation. Told me that once when Sheridan was routed from one house to another, and his things, I believe sold, a collection of *gages d'amour*, locks of hair, etc., which vanity induced him to keep, were sent for safe custody to a trusty person, and left there, till, this person dying, they came into the hands of a fellow who resolved to extort money from S. and the women concerned, on the strength of them. S. consulted Ward; and the plan they adopted was to employ a Bow Street officer, make a forcible and sudden entry with pistols into the man's house, and after having gained the treasure, defy him to bring his action.

July 12, 1820. — Met Kenny with Miss Holcroft, one of his *examen domûs*, a fine girl. By the bye, he told me yesterday evening (having joined us in our walk), that Shaw, having lent Sheridan near 500*l.*, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating S. about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of 25*l.* to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "'Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do; I must be paid my money, and it is

most disgraceful," etc., etc. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask *me* for is a very considerable one; whereas I only ask *you* for five and twenty pounds."

January 22, 1821. — Walked with Charles Sheridan, for the purpose of leaving my answer at the Palais Royal: am engaged to Lord Ranccliffe to-morrow, but, of course, cannot disobey the royal command. Sheridan told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy; to which the old lady answered, that, on the contrary, it had cleared up. "Yes," says Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not for *two*." He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said certainly, "Latin, Greek, and Algebra:" "By what people was it spoken?" "By the Algebrians, to be sure," said Sheridan.

May, 29 1821. — Dined at Lord Essex's: company, Lord Thanet, Fazakerley, Vaughan, Denon, and Cornwall, Lord E.'s daughter, and her governess. Lord Thanet spoke to me a good deal of Sheridan. Sheridan very unfeeling about Richardson's death. When Lord T. spoke to him about it a fortnight after, as a melancholy thing, he said, "Yes, very provoking indeed; and all owing to that curst brandy and water, which he *would* drink." When I mentioned S.'s want of scruple about stealing other people's wit, Lord T. said he might have made use of Molière's apology for the same practice, *C'est mon bien, et je le prends partout ou je le trouve*. He said that Sheridan, at no part of his life, liked any allusion to his being a dramatic writer; and that if he could have spoken out when they were burying him, he would have protested loudly against the place where they laid him, as Poets' Corner was his aversion: would have liked to be placed near Fox, etc. Said that Lord John Townshend and (I think) Hare went to Bath for the purpose of getting acquainted with Mathews, and making inquiries about his affair with Sheridan. Mathews described the duel as a mere hoax — in fact, as no duel at all; that Sheridan

came drunk, and that he (Mathews) could have killed him with the greatest ease if he had chosen. A precious fellow this Mathews was ! Lord T. said he thought that Sheridan never was the same man after Richardson's death. R.'s argumentative turn was of great use to him in stirring up his mind, and making him sift thoroughly any new subject he took up. This is not improbable. Cornwall mentioned rather a good story of Sheridan's taking Dowton's gig to come to town, while Dowton, with all the patience and sturdiness of a dun, was waiting in the parlor to see him.

October 5, 1823. — After breakfast, being alone with Mr. Grenville, broached the delicate subject of Sheridan, by saying that I had some letters of his (Mr. G.'s) which I should long since have sent to him but for the hurry in which I was obliged to leave England. This brought on a conversation about S., in which I found him very kind and communicative. S. after his marriage lived at a cottage at Burnham (East or West, I don't know which); and at a later period of his life, when he and Mrs. S. were not on the most peaceable terms, Mr. Grenville has heard him saying half to himself, "Sad, that former feelings should have so completely gone by. Would anything bring them back? Yes, perhaps the gardens at Bath and the cottage at East Burnham might." Was very agreeable when a young man, full of spirits and good-humored; always disguising his necessities and boasting of the prosperity of his views. His jealousy of Mrs. S. more from vanity than affection. Fox took a strong fancy to her, which he did not at all disguise; and Mr. G. said it was amusing to see the struggle between Sheridan's great admiration of, and deference to, Fox, and the sensitive alarm he felt at his attentions to her. At the time that Mr. G. and his brother left Bath to go to Dublin, old Sheridan was acting there; and Lord Townsend (the Lord Lieutenant), wishing that they should see him in "King John," ordered that play; but on the morning of the representation, wrote them a note to say he had just had a letter from Mr. Sheridan, informing him that he had been thrown out of his carriage the day be-

fore, and had strained his shoulder so violently, that it was *impossible* for him to act King John, — but rather than the young gentleman should be disappointed, he would appear in a comedy, and play, as well as he could, “Sir Charles Easy.” This a joke of Lord Townsend’s. Great Queen Street was where S. lived when he became connected with the theatre. Story of the “Manufacturer of Shows” from Stafford, who was witness on a petition against Lord Auckland’s Commercial Treaty with Ireland. Story of the elector asking S. for a frank, and another doing the same immediately, saying, “I don’t see why I ’m not to have a frank as well as John Thompson.” “What direction shall I put upon it?” said Sheridan. “The same as John Thompson’s, to be sure.” Thinks S. used, when a young fellow, to pick up a guinea or two by writing for newspapers, which is confirmed by the fragments of letters of this kind among his papers.

August 5, 1824. — Talked with Lord H. and R. about Sheridan. Question as to the things I might tell. Rogers mentioned that S.’s father said, “Talk of the merit of Dick’s comedy! There’s nothing in it. He had but to dip the pencil in his own heart, and he’d find there the characters of both Joseph and Charles.” Lord H. thought I might introduce this as an exemplification of the harsh feeling the father had towards him, which was such that “he even permitted himself to say,” etc., etc. Must say something kind of Tom Sheridan; his case a hard one; brought up amid all the splendor attached to his father’s name, and the extravagance of his mode of living; left without education or example, yet turning out so amiable. Lord H. mentioned a letter from the Prince to the King, after the first Regency question, exculpating himself; has a copy; does not think it has been printed. At the time of Mr. Fox’s assertion about the Prince’s marriage with Mrs. F., the Prince wanted Grey to contradict it, but Grey refused; upon which the Prince said, “Then I must get Sheridan to say something.” The Prince *did* authorize Mr. Fox to contradict the marriage, though he afterwards denied it. Lord H. saw a letter from Monkton in answer to an appeal S.

made to him, and saying, that so far was S. from being under any pecuniary obligation to him (Monkton), that if the balance was fairly struck, it would prove to be rather the other way. His pride on being told by some physician that he had a very large heart. The Prince's reason for not going near Sheridan latterly was, that he feared his influence over him. The Prince, when the King last went mad, kept aloof from the Whigs, which Lord H. now thinks he was right in, though they all thought differently then. Never saw even S., though S. wished to have it supposed he did. S. latterly, though having his house in Saville Row, lived at an hotel, and used to chuckle at the idea of the bailiffs watching fruitlessly for him in Saville Row. "They talk (says S. one day to Lord H.) of avarice, lust, ambition, as great passions. It is a mistake; they are little passions. Vanity is the great commanding passion of all. It is this that produces the most grand and heroic deeds, or impels to the most dreadful crimes. Save me but from this passion, and I can defy the others. They are mere urchins, but this is a giant."

May 17, 1825.—A good deal of talk about Sheridan (the object of my visit) after dinner. Find Mrs. Canning's letter not quite correct about Mrs. Sheridan's last moments. Bain was sent for at midnight; Mrs. C. and S. in the room at the time. Mrs. S. begged them to go away for a moment, and bid Bain lock the door after them; then said, "You have never deceived me: tell me truly shall I live over this night?" B. felt her pulse, found she was dying, and said, "I recommend you to take some laudanum." She answered, "I understand you, then give it me." Said (in telling me this) that the laudanum, he knew, would prolong her life a little, and enable her better to go through the scene that was before her in taking leave of her family. S.'s kindness to her, quite the devotedness of a lover.

18th.—Walked about the grounds with Dr. Bain and his daughters; rather nice girls. Much talk with him about Sheridan, but got little more. Am very glad, however, I came, as I should have reproached myself for not having

done so, and others would reproach me also. Vaughan told him that there were two hundred pounds placed at his disposal for Sheridan, but Bain never understood (as Croker and others assert) that there was more than that sum to come. Believes that Sheridan's dispositions were all good, and that his embarrassments alone were the cause of whatever was wrong in his conduct. Story of Sheridan's butler saying (when Bain was called in and found him in a high fever) that he had drunk nothing extraordinary the day before, "only two bottles of port." Sheridan's arm remarkably thin, though powerfully strong; contrary to the usual notion (Bain said) that an arm must be brawny and muscular to be strong. A most capacious chest; altogether a man of great strength: and but for his intemperance would have had a very long life.

June 8, 1825. — Had Mr. Smythe (the professor) with me while I breakfasted. Told me a great deal about his connection with Sheridan; his first coming to town for Sheridan to look at him, and form his opinion; S. not coming to the dinner made for the purpose, but appointing Richardson and him to meet him at a tavern at supper: not coming there either. At last went to dine at Isleworth with him: no mention made of the business after dinner, but Sheridan wrote him a very handsome letter in a few days after: the salary, with apologies for not being able to give more, 300*l.* a year. At the end of the first year a groom came down to Wanstead with a letter to Smythe, inclosing a draft for three hundred guineas: Smythe's anxiety in taking it to the bankers': his suspense while the men behind the counter conferred together, and his delight when asked "in what form would he take the money." Remembers Sheridan going down to Wanstead to prepare for his reply to the counsel of Hastings: two or three days hard at work reading: complained that he had mores before his eyes with reading so much. Smythe heard his reply: his laceration of Law, powerful. Law had laid himself open by wrongfully accusing Sheridan of showing a wrong paper to Middleton to entrap him into the answer he wished; whereas it was Lord Camden that made this mistake, and Sheridan corrected it.

Burke addressed S. in the box friendlily, and said he was sorry he meant to conclude in one day: also went up to him, and thanked him at the conclusion. Thinks that S. had no sordid ideas about money, and always *meant* rightly. Never forgave the Whigs for supporting the Duke of Northumberland's son against him at Westminster. The best man to advise *others* that could be found anywhere: no such man for a cabinet. Knew what would suit the public: his powers of winning over people, proved by his persuading the parson to bury Richardson over again for him. Smythe quoted as sublime S.'s phrase, "Let them go and hide their heads in their coronets;" also, the happy phrase applied to some of his own party at the time of the threatened invasion, "giving the left hand to the country." Smythe, one day, while looking over his table, while waiting to catch him coming out of his bedroom, saw several unopened letters, one with a coronet, and said to Wesley, "We are all treated alike." Upon which Wesley told him that he had once found amongst the unopened heap a letter of his own to Sheridan, which he knew contained a ten pound, sent by him to release S. from some inn where he was "money bound," and that he opened it, and took out the money. Wesley said, also, that the butler had assured him he found once the window-frames stuffed with papers to prevent them from rattling, and, on taking them out, saw they were bank notes, which S. had used for this purpose some stormy night and never missed them.

June 21st. — A few mornings after I met Creevy at Brougham's, I called upon the former by appointment, and heard a good deal from him about Sheridan. Passed some time with S. in Northumberland (at Orde's I believe). S.'s gayety: acted over the Battle of the Pyramids on Marston Moor, ordering "Captain Creevy to cut out that cow," pointing to a cow in a ditch. S.'s anxious efforts in 1805 to get the Prince to give the Receivership to Tom. Creevy has seen him cry while entreating the Prince on the subject. Sheridan one day told Creevy that having gone to Cox's (?), where he used to receive his money for the Receivership, and requested they would

lend him ten pounds on account, the clerk said, "Have n't you received my letter, sir?" Sheridan answered in the negative, the truth being (Creevy said) that letters were very often not taken in at his house for want of assets to pay the postage. The clerk then told him, to his no small surprise and joy, that there were 1,200*l.* in their hands placed to his account, and arising from some *fine*, I think, connected with his office. S. instantly, on the strength of this, took a house at Barnes Terrace, set up a carriage, and spent the 1,200*l.* in a very few months. Sheridan very expert at dressing an Irish stew in a country party. Creevy was witness, in 1805, to the introduction of Sheridan for the first time to Hastings, by the Prince at the Pavilion. S. said something to this effect, "You are, I am sure, too much a man of the world not to feel that all I did on that occasion was merely in the spirit of politics," etc., etc. Hastings appeared much pleased by his declaration, and hinted that it would be no small gratification to him, before he died, to have these sentiments made known to the world. S. on this *backed out* as well as he could. C. says S. was *not* in the habit of borrowing: had Whitbread's authority also for this. Sheridan *twice*, he thinks, in a spunging house: Whitbread described his finding him there, speculating upon Westminster, Lord Cochrane having been just then disgraced.

DUEL WITH JEFFREY.

In the month of July, 1806, I had come up to London from a visit to Donington Park, having promised my dear and most kind friend, the late Dowager Lady Donegal, to join her and her sister at Worthing. The number of the "Edinburgh" containing the attack on my "Odes and Epistles" had been just announced, and, as appears by the following passage in one of my letters, I was but waiting its arrival to set off to Worthing. "I wait but for the arrival of the 'Edinburgh.' . . . Say how and when I am to come to you." The Review did not, however, reach me in London; for I have a clear recollection of having, for the first time, read the formidable article in my bed, one morning, at the inn in Worthing, where I had taken

up my sleeping quarters, during my short visit to the Donegals. Though, on the first perusal of the article, the contemptuous language applied to me by the reviewer a good deal roused my Irish blood, the idea of seriously noticing the attack did not occur to me, I think, till some time after. I remember, at all events, having talked over the article with my friends, Lady Donegal and her sister, in so light and careless a tone, as to render them not a little surprised at the explosion which afterwards took place. I also well remember that, when the idea of calling out Jeffrey first suggested itself to me, the necessity I should be under of proceeding to Edinburgh for the purpose, was a considerable drawback on my design, not only from the difficulty I was likely to experience in finding any one to accompany me in so Quixotic an expedition, but also from the actual and but too customary state of my finances, which rendered it doubtful whether I should be able to compass the expense of so long a journey.

In this mood of mind I returned to London, and there, whether by *good* or *ill* luck, but in my own opinion the *former*, there was the identical Jeffrey himself just arrived, on a short visit to his London friends. From Rogers, who had met Jeffrey the day before at dinner at Lord Fincastle's, I learned that the conversation, in the course of the day, having happened to fall upon me, Lord F. was good enough to describe me as possessing "great amenity of manners;" on which Jeffrey said, laughingly, "I am afraid he would not show much amenity to *me*."

The first step I took towards my hostile proceeding was to write to Woolriche, a kind and cool-headed friend of mine, begging of him to join me in town as soon as possible; and intimating in a few words the nature of the services on which I wanted him. It was plain from his answer that he considered me to be acting from the impulse of anger; which, though natural to conclude, was by no means the case; for, however boyish it might have been of me to consider myself bound to take this sort of notice of the attack, there was, certainly, but little, if any, mixture, either of ill-temper or mere personal

hostility, with my motives. That they were equally free from a certain *Irish* predilection for such encounters, or wholly unleavened by a dash of *vanity*, I will not positively assert. But if this sort of feeling *did* mix itself with my motives, there certainly could not have been a more fitting punishment for it than the sort of result that immediately followed.

As Woolriche's answer implied delay and deliberation, it did not suit, of course, my notions of the urgency of the occasion ; and I accordingly applied to my old friend Hume, who without hesitation agreed to be the bearer of my message. It is needless to say that feeling, as I then did, I liked him all the better for his readiness, nor indeed am I at all disposed to like him a whit the less for it now. Having now secured my second, I lost no time in drawing up the challenge which he was to deliver ; and as actual combat, not parley, was my object, I took care to put it out of the power of my antagonist to explain or retract, even if he was so disposed. Of the short note which I sent, the few first lines have long escaped my memory ; but after adverting to some assertion contained in the article, accusing me, if I recollect right, of a deliberate intention to corrupt the minds of my readers, I thus proceeded : " To this I beg leave to answer, You are a liar ; yes, sir, a liar ; and I choose to adopt this harsh and vulgar mode of defiance, in order to prevent at once all equivocation between us, and to compel you to adopt for your own satisfaction, that alternative which you might otherwise have hesitated in affording to mine." I am not quite sure as to the exact construction of this latter part of the note, but it was as nearly as possible, I think, in this form.

There was of course but one kind of answer to be given to such a cartel. Hume had been referred by Jeffrey to his friend Mr. Horner, and the meeting was fixed for the following morning at Chalk Farm. Our great difficulty now was where to procure a case of pistols ; for Hume, though he had been once, I think, engaged in mortal affray, was possessed of no such implements ; and as for *me*, I had once nearly blown off my thumb by discharging an over-loaded pistol, and

that was the whole, I believe, of my previous acquaintance with fire-arms. William Spencer being the only one of all my friends whom I thought likely to furnish me with these *sine-quæ-nons*, I hastened to confide to him my wants, and request his assistance on this point. He told me if I would come to him in the evening, he would have the pistols ready for me.

I forget where I dined, but I know it was not in company, as Hume had left to me the task of providing powder and bullets, which I bought, in the course of the evening, at some shop in Bond Street, and in such large quantities, I remember, as would have done for a score of duels. I then hastened to Spencer, who, in praising the pistols, as he gave them to me, said, "They are but too good." I then joined Hume who was waiting for me in a hackney coach, and proceeded to my lodgings. We had agreed that for every reason, both of convenience and avoidance of suspicion, it would be most prudent for me not to sleep at home; and as Hume was not the man, either then or at any other part of his life, to be able to furnish a friend with an extra pair of clean sheets, I quietly (having let myself in by my key, it being then between twelve and one at night) took the sheets off my own bed, and, huddling them up as well as I could, took them away with us in the coach to Hume's.

I must have slept pretty well; for Hume, I remember, had to wake me in the morning, and the chaise being in readiness, we set off for Chalk Farm. Hume had also taken the precaution of providing a surgeon to be within call. On reaching the ground we found Jeffrey and his party already arrived. I say his "party," for although Horner only was with him, there were, as we afterwards found, two or three of his attached friends (and no man, I believe, could ever boast of a greater number) who, in their anxiety for his safety, had accompanied him, and were hovering about the spot.¹ And then was it that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey

¹ One of these friends was, I think, the present worthy Lord Advocate, John Murray.

and I met face to face. He was standing with the bag, which contained the pistols, in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around.

It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select ; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen suspiciously hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together.

All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other on meeting ; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, "What a beautiful morning it is !" "Yes," I answered with a slight smile, "a morning made for better purposes ;" to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings ; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations : upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. "Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow," said Egan ; "sure, is n't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up ?"

Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story, when our two friends, issuing from behind the trees, placed us at our respective posts (the distance, I suppose, having been previously measured by them), and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance ; the pistols were on both sides raised ; and we waited but the signal to fire, when some police officers, whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey ; and one of them, striking at Jeffrey's

pistol with his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another running over to me, took possession also of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed, crest-fallen, to Bow Street.

On our way thither Hume told me, that from Horner not knowing anything about the loading of pistols, he had been obliged to help him in the operation, and in fact to take upon himself chiefly the task of loading both pistols. When we arrived at Bow Street, the first step of both parties was to dispatch messengers to procure some friends to bail us ; and as William Spencer was already acquainted with the transaction, to him I applied on my part, and requested that he would lose no time in coming to me. In the meanwhile we were all shown into a sitting-room, the people in attendance having first inquired whether it was our wish to be separated, but neither party having expressed any desire to that effect, we were all put together in the same room. Here conversation upon some literary subject, I forget what, soon ensued, in which I myself took only the brief and occasional share, beyond which, at that time of my life, I seldom ventured in general society. But whatever was the topic, Jeffrey, I recollect, expatiated upon it with all his peculiar fluency and eloquence ; and I can now most vividly recall him to my memory, as he lay upon his back on a form which stood beside the wall, pouring volubly forth his fluent but most oddly pronounced diction, and dressing this subject out in every variety of array that an ever rich and ready wardrobe of phraseology could supply. I have been told of his saying, soon after our rencontre, that he had taken a fancy to me from the first moment of our meeting together in the field ; and I can truly say that my liking for him is of the same early date.

Though I had sent for William Spencer, I am not quite sure that it was he that acted as my bail, or whether it was not Rogers that so officiated. I am, however, certain that the latter joined us at the office ; and after all the usual ceremony of binding over, etc., had been gone through, it was signified to us that we were free to depart and that our pistols should

be restored to us. Whether unluckily or not, it is hardly now worth while to consider ; but both Hume and myself, in quitting the office, forgot all about our borrowed pistols, and left them behind us, and, as *he* set off immediately to join his wife who was in the country, I was obliged myself to return to Bow Street, in the course of a few hours, for the purpose of getting them. To my surprise, however, the officer refused to deliver them up to me, saying, in a manner not very civil, that it appeared to the magistrate there was something unfair intended ; as, on examining the pistol taken from me, there was found in it a bullet, while there had been no bullet found in that of Mr. Jeffrey.

Recollecting what Hume had told me as to the task of loading the pistols being chiefly left to him, and observing the view taken by the officer, and, according to his account by the magistrate, I felt the situation in which I was placed to be anything but comfortable. Nothing remained for me, therefore (particularly as Hume had taken his departure), but to go at once to Horner's lodgings and lay all the circumstances before him. This I did without a moment's delay, and was lucky enough to find him at his chambers. I then told him exactly what the officer had said as to the suspicion entertained by the magistrate that something unfair was intended ; and even at this distance of time, I recollect freshly the immediate relief which it afforded me when I heard Horner (who had doubtless observed my anxiety) exclaim, in his honest and manly manner, " Don't mind what these fellows say. I myself saw your friend put the bullet into Jeffrey's pistol, and shall go with you instantly to the office to set the matter right." We both then proceeded together to Bow Street, and Horner's statement having removed the magistrate's suspicions, the officers returned to me the pistols, together with the bullet which had been found in one of them ; and this very bullet, by the bye, I gave afterwards to Carpenter, my then publisher, who requested it of me (as a sort of *polemic* relic, I suppose), and who, no doubt, has it still in his possession.

SAMUEL PARR.

August 20, 1818. — Breakfast in the coffee-room. Found Mrs. Lefanu — the very image of Sheridan, having his features without his carbuncles, and all the light of his eyes without the illumination of his nose. Her daughter, who has written novels, seems amiable, and looked up to by father and mother. While I was there, and talking of Sheridan, Dr. Parr entered in full wig and apron (which he wears as prebendary of St. Paul's, and not unwilling, of course, to look like a bishop). I had written to him to say Mrs. L. was in his neighborhood, and he came thus promptly and kindly to visit the sister of his friend ; a powerful old man both in body and mind. Though it was then morning, he drank two glasses and a half of wine ; and over that, when he was going away, a tumbler of the spa. Asked me to dine with him at an early hour the following day (Friday), and on Saturday to meet the Lefanus and the Duke of Grafton. Mrs. L. told me much about her brother. Dined with the Lefanus, and went in the evening to the Assembly — a galaxy of ugliness, except one, with whom I wished to dance ; but the master of the ceremonies (a poor man, who seemed there in the double capacity of invalid and M. C.) told me she was engaged. Came home early, supped in the public room, and met the Burnes from Dublin, and old Wroughton, the ex-actor, whom I joined over a tumbler of brandy and water. Some tolerable stories told : mistakes in acts of Parliament — “the new gaol to be built from the materials of the old one, and the prisoners to remain in the latter till the former was ready” — a sentence of transportation of seven years, “half to go to the king, and the other half to the informer ;” it had been of course, formerly a pecuniary punishment, and, upon its being altered, they overlooked the addition.

Parr, in the conversation of the morning, had told me of a paper which Sir W. Jones had written in French on the subject of the liberties of the people, which somebody else had translated into Welsh, and which from thence was rendered

(by Bishop Shipley, I believe) into English, and inserted in the papers of the Constitutional Society. I could not collect this at all accurately, on account of the thickness of Parr's utterance, to which it requires a little time to become accustomed.¹

21st. — Dined with Dr Parr : himself, his wife, and a friend he called "Jack," a clergyman of 1,000*l.* a year, who lives in his neighborhood, very much devoted to him, and ready at a call to come and write letters for him, etc., etc. ; his own hand being quite illegible (see what he says of it in preface to "Fox's Characters"). He was very cordial and animated ; hob-nobbed with me across the table continually ; told me he had written whole sheets of Greek verses against Big Ben (the Regent) ; showed them to me : the name he designated him by, I saw, was *Φυσκων*, inflated or puffy. Told me they were full of wit, which I took his word for, as they seemed rather puzzling Greek. Talked a good deal of Halhed, Sheridan's friend, and mentioned a curious interview which took place between them about the time of Hastings's business, by his (Parr's) intervention, in consequence of an attack made by Major Scott upon Fox in the House, charging him with having set on foot a negotiation with Mr. Hastings some years before. Fox, who knew nothing of the matter, had nothing to say in reply. Scott was present at this interview procured by Parr, and it appeared that the negotiation had been set on foot without the knowledge of Fox, and that Sheridan was the chief agent in it. An explanation was accordingly made next night in the House by Scott. Parr's account of the abuse he poured out upon Scott at that interview — "Hot scalding abuse ; it was downright lava, sir." Spoke of the poem of Fracastorius as very nearly equal to Virgil.

22d. — Dined with Dr. Parr ; the Duke of Grafton, the lion of the day ; young Seymour, a nephew of Lord Hertford's ;

¹ Lord Holland used to say that it was most unfortunate for a man so full of learning and information as Dr. Parr, that he could not easily communicate his knowledge ; for when he spoke, nobody could make out what he said, and when he wrote, nobody could read his handwriting. — J. R.

the Burnes, Lefanus, etc., etc. The doctor was glorious, often very eloquent, always odd ; said there was no such man as Homer ; that there were various poems tacked together by a collector, who was called 'Ομηρος (from ὅμους, *simul*, and ἀρω. *αῖτο*) — that this was now the general opinion of the learned. He had told me before dinner that we Irish started with a blunder in the name we gave our St. Patrick, which meant the Devil, his real name being *Succat* ; but the Pagan priests called him *Patric*, which meant an evil spirit : took down Valancey's "Collectanea" to prove it to me. He mentioned after dinner the witticism that made Crassus (I think) laugh, for the only time in his life : "Similes habent labra lactucas." He said it was in Bayle. I mentioned that I had also, I thought, seen it in Erasmus's "Adagia." "Very likely. What a book that is ! what a condensation of learning !" I quoted Morhof's "Polyhistor." "Have you a 'Morhof ?'" he exclaimed ; "read him day and night." He had before dinner pointed out an anecdote to me in Gesner's "Isagoge," and advised me to get the book. Has a contemptuous opinion (which he is but too well justified in) of our Irish scholars ; says we have had none since Archbishop Usher. *N. B.* I believe he claims descent from the Dr. Parr that was Usher's chaplain. His models of good English writing are, among others, Bishop Shipley, Uvedale Price, and Sheridan. Mentioned the freedom with which he had criticised to Fox himself his letter to the electors of Westminster — "your acquittal I confidently expect," a false use of the word ; also his use of the word "defer" (which Fox, by the bye, has employed in the same manner in his "History") ; and the cant phrase of "I am free to say." Had corrected me the day before for saying medi'cinal, which he accents medic'i'nal ; he would say also, inexo'rabable, irrevo'cable, etc., etc. The Duke of Grafton said he had succeeded Sheridan, within a few years, at Harrow, and found his memory preserved very affectionately there, his poems repeated, and a room called after his name ; quoted a translation of Pindar, by Richard Archdall, a school-fellow of Sheridan's. Young Seymour, a pupil of Anthology Bland,

who lives in the neighborhood of Parr, and had quarreled with him from (as well as I could understand) a mutual spirit of contradiction. Returned to my inn at ten o'clock; supped in the public room — Wroughton and brandy and water again, and both very pleasant. A gentleman told a punning epigram of Jekyll's upon an old lady being brought forward as a witness to prove a tender made : —

“Garrow, forbear! that tough old jade
Can never prove a tender maid.”

WILLIAM CROWE.

October 1, 1818. — Crowe called, and found me in the garden at work. I thought he was come to pay his long-promised visit, but he was on his way to dine at Devizes. Told me he remembered the first Mrs. Sheridan when Miss Linley: there was a degree of sternness, he said, mixed with the beauty of her features; like her father, who was ill-tempered looking. Tom resembled her very much. This I have heard from every one. Walked with Crowe on his way through the fields. Talked to him of his work on the “Structure of English Verse,” which he has been so long about. He told me his chief principle was, that there should be *quantity* as well as *accent* in an English verse. “Thus,” he said, “The merry bells of happy Trinity” is right as to number of syllables and accent, but observe how you improve the quantity by substituting “holy” for “happy.” Milton, he said, always broke his line in the place where the sentence most cohered or hung together; separating the noun from the adjective, disjoining the genitive case, etc., etc. “I could tell,” he said, “by the frequency of the recurrence of a particular word at the beginning of the lines, whether blank verses run smoothly into each other or not: what is that word?” I said, “of,” and ’t was the word he meant. He made a distinction between our anæstic verses and our dactylic. “God save great George our King,” is a specimen of the dactylic; so is “Merrily, merrily shall we live now.” He said he had quoted an extraordinary measure of mine in his work, a line consisting of nine sylla-

bles, — “Oh, the days are gone when beauty bright,” in the “Irish Melodies.” Said he believed he had found something like it in one of Shakespeare’s “Sonnets.” Mentioned to him a still more extraordinary metre in the “Melodies,” of which there are two specimens: “At the mid-hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly,” and “Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer’d my way.”

October 22, 1818. — Crowe had reckoned the instances of lines with supernumerary syllables, and found more in the first two books of “Paradise Regained” than in all “Paradise Lost.” The beauty of monosyllable verses, “He jests at scars,” etc.; the couplet, “Sigh on my lip: . . . Give all thou canst,” etc.; and many others, the most vigorous and musical perhaps of any. Personifications; Thomson’s “See where the power of cultivation,” etc. But the most ridiculous of all is Darwin’s “And Indignations half unsheathe their swords.” A little corps of indignations! Darwin mounts Kirwan the philosopher on a chameleon, guiding it with a silk string. To read of a man that one knows and meets every day being mounted on a chameleon. The tax-gatherers might hear of it, and inquire whether the gentleman had duly given in his chameleon. Talked of Combe; said to be the writer of Macleod’s “Loo-Choo,” as he certainly was of Lord Lyttleton’s “Letters,” and many other books of other people’s. “Doctor Syntax” is his. Combe kicked Lord Lyttleton down-stairs at some watering-place, for having ridiculed Lady Archer by calling her a drunken peacock, on account of the sort of rainbow feathers and dress she wore. Lord L. also had rolled a piece of blanc-mange into a ball, and, covering it with variegated comfits said, “This is the sort of egg a drunken peacock would lay.” Crowe knew Mickle, who was a compositor for the press: thinks a poem of Mickle’s, called “Sir Martin,” equal to Beattie’s “Minstrel.” Bowles’s personification of “the Spirit of Discovery by Sea” as bad as any. The Spirit of Discovery by *Land* is, I suppose, the police of Bow Street.

23*d.* — Talked to Crowe about Lewesdon Hill, which, for

the first time, I learned is near Bridport. Spoke of Bishop Shipley, and about the dialogue which gave rise to the trial; and which, I think Parr told me, was written originally by Shipley; but I must be wrong; it was only published by Shipley. Talked of Sir W. Jones, who died at forty-seven; and so did Addison. Addison, according to the tradition of Holland House, used, when composing, to walk up and down the long gallery there, with a bottle of wine at each end of it, which he finished during the operation. There is a little white house, too, near the turnpike, to which he used to retire when the Countess was particularly troublesome. Walked through the grounds of Bowood. Crowe repeated some political things he had written, and which he is half inclined to publish, under the title, "Sweepings of my Uncle's Study;" one of them was on the birth of the King, and rather poetically imagined: he supposes the good and evil Genii all assembled on the occasion, and the latter spoiling every gift which the former conferred on the infant. Two lines I remember for their rhyme: he describes the evil Genii with faces livid as those one sees

" After a battle, such as Cribb's is,
And spiteful as Sir Vicary Gibbs is."

JAMES PERRY.

September 19, 1818. Talked of Perry. Lord L. said, that when the Philharmonic Society was established, two or three years ago, Perry gave up writing the leading political article of his paper, in order to write the accounts of the performances at the Philharmonic—a good story, but not true. Ayreton wrote those musical criticisms. I mentioned a good scene I was witness to at Perry's table, when the Duke of Sussex dined with him, when, to his horror, he found he had unconsciously asked a brother editor to meet his R. H. This was Doherty, the well-known, unfortunate, ways-and-means Irishman, whom Perry had asked, without knowing much about him, and without intending he should meet the Duke of Sussex, who had only fixed to dine with Perry the day before.

The conversation turning upon newspapers, the Duke said, in his high, squeak tone of voice, "There is a Mr. Dockerty, I find, going to publish a paper." I looked towards Doherty, and saw his face redden. "Yes, sir," said he, "I am the person ; I had the honor of sending your Royal Highness my prospectus." I then looked towards Perry, and saw *his* face blacken ; the intelligence was as new to him as to me. I knew what was passing in his mind, but so did *not* my honest friend Tegart, the apothecary, who, thinking that the cloud on Perry's brow arose from the fear of a *rival* journalist, exclaimed with good-natured promptitude, to put him out of pain, "Oh, Mr. Doherty's is a *weekly* newspaper !" It was altogether excellent.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

September 9, 1818. — In the evening, Miss Edgeworth delightful ; not from display, but from repose and unaffectedness ; the least pretending person of the company. She asked me if I had seen a poem in the "Edinburgh Annual Register," called "Solyman" (I think) : the hero's fate depends upon getting a happy man to give him the shirt from his back ; his experiments in different countries she represented as very lively described. At last, in Ireland, he meets with a happy man ; and, in his impatience, proceeds to tear the shirt from his back, but finds he has none. Lord L. mentioned Mme. de Coigny's witticism about the Society of Returned Emigrants, who called themselves, "*Le Château ; les Esprits n'y reviennent pas.*" Barnave's exclamation in the Convention, "*Le sang qu'on a versé, étoit-il donc si pur ?*" Dumont said he was by when Barnave made this "unpardonable" speech, and that he lifted up his arms most solemnly in saying it, while long *pleureuses* (for he was in mourning) hung from his sleeves. Somebody said it was the same Barnave who exclaimed "*Perissent les Colonies, plutôt que les Principes :*" something like Wyndham's exclamation of "Perish Commerce, live the Constitution !" Miss Edgeworth praised the eulogy upon Madame de Staël in the notes on the fourth

canto of "Childe Harold," as a beautiful specimen of Lord Byron's prose-writing. I told her it was Hobhouse's. Lord L. read it aloud, and they all seemed to like it. There is a metaphor about a *vista* in it. I mentioned what Curran once said to me, "My dear Tom, when I can't talk sense I talk metaphor." Bonaparte sent word to Madame de Coigny not to be so free with her jokes about him; it is probable, therefore, that it was to *her* he made that gallant speech at his levee, "*Eh bien, Madame, comment va la voix?*"

BROKEN METAPHORS.

October 27, 1818. — Talked of Bowles and extempore preachers: the broken metaphors to which they are subject. Mentioned that I remembered, when a boy, hearing Kirwan talk of the "Glorious *lamp* of day on its *march*;" and Conolly, a great Roman Catholic preacher, say, "On the wings of Charity the torch of Faith was borne, and the Gospel preached from pole to pole." Lord A. mentioned a figure of speech of Sir R. Wilson at Southwark, "As well might you hurl back the thunderbolt to its electric cradle." This led to —'s oratory: mentioned I had heard him on the trial of Guthrie, and the ludicrous effect which his mixture of flowers with the matter-of-fact statement produced; something this way: "It was then, gentlemen of the jury, when this serpent of seduction, stealing into the bowers of that earthly paradise, the lodgings of Mr. Guthrie, in Gloucester Street, when, embittering with his venom that heaven of happiness, where all above was sunshine, all below was flowers, he received a card to dine with the Connaught Bar at the Porto-Bello Hotel," etc. When I told Curran of the superabundant floridness of this speech, he said, "My dear Tom, it will never do for a man to turn painter, merely upon the strength of having a pot of colors by him, unless he knows how to lay them on."

JACKSON THE BOXER.

November 29, 1818. — Dined to-day with Scrope Davies to meet Jackson the boxer at my own request, as I want to pick up as much of the flash, *from authority*, as possible. Some talk with Davies before dinner, about Lord Byron and me having been so near blowing each other's brains out : told him that Lord B. had said since he never meant to fire at me. Davies was with him at the time this hostile correspondence took place, and offered to bet upon friendship against fighting as the most likely result. The event found him right. Lord B.'s conduct on this occasion was full of manliness and candor. Told him the particulars of an affair afterwards with Harry Greville, in which Byron employed me as his friend ; Leckie (the Sicilian Leckie) was Greville's. It was settled without a meeting. I refused to enter into any negotiation upon the letter which Greville had written to demand an explanation, as it was an offense in itself from the unbecoming terms in which it was couched. Leckie accordingly consented to withdraw the letter ; and, putting a pen into my hand, begged me to erase the passages I objected to. I made, of course, free use of the pen ; and he got Greville to write the letter over again, not telling him we had ever seen it. With such an accommodating second it was easy, of course, to settle the matter triumphantly. Got very little out of Jackson ; he makes, Davies tells me, more than a thousand a year by teaching sparring.

LITERARY IMPOSTURES.

July 30, 1819. — Dined at Lord Dunmore's : company, Lord A. Hamilton, Nicholson and his sister, Sir H. Englefield, Hallam, etc. We talked of literary impostures ; that of Ireland, of Muretus upon Scaliger, etc. Sir Harry very indignant against all such tricks ; particularly against George Stevens's deceit upon the Society of Antiquaries (of which Sir H. is a distinguished member, though he says he was not among those taken in). Said Stevens "deserved to be whipped at the cart's tail for it." The rest of us seemed to think it was very good

fun, and very venial. It was a stone which Stevens had prepared by leaving it some time in a corner to give it the appearance of age, and then corroding a Saxon inscription into it by means of aquafortis, to the following effect, "Here the king Hardicanute, having drank off the cup, stared about him and died." As Hardicanute is said to have died in this manner at Lambeth, he had this stone exhibited in the windows of a curiosity seller in that neighborhood, where it was, of course, soon found out by the antiquaries, and received as genuine by that learned body, till one of them discovered that the inscription was corroded and not engraved, which detected the trick.

HENRY LUTTRELL.

July 13, 1819. — Luttrell, as usual, very agreeable. We were talking of the beauty of the bridges, and how some persons had opposed the building of the Waterloo Bridge, saying it would spoil the river: "Gad, sir, says Luttrell, "if a few very sensible persons had been attended to, we should still have been champing acorns." Nobody puts a sound philosophical thought in a more pithy, sarcastic form than he does. I was mentioning the poems lately published by "Barry Cornwall," which had been sent to me by the author; and that, on my calling at the publisher's to leave my card for him, I was told his real name was Proctor, but that, "being a gentleman of fortune, he did not like to have his name made free with in the Reviews." "I suppose," says Luttrell, "he is of opinion *qui non habet in crumenâ luat in corpore?*" (These poems, by the bye, are full of original talent.) In talking of devices, I mentioned the man who, on receiving from a mistress he was tired of the old device, a leaf with "*Je ne change qu'en mourant*," sent back a seal with a shirt on it and the following motto, "*J'en change tous les jours*." Luttrell mentioned the open scissors with "We part only to meet again."

FRENCH TRANSLATIONS.

December 17, 1822. — Dined with Murray, to meet Wm. Spencer. The rest of the company, Harry Drury, the D'Is-

raelis, a Mr. Coleridge, etc., etc. A long time since Spencer and I met before, and he is but little altered, either in looks, spirits, or good-nature. Told some good anecdotes about French translations from the English. In some work where it was said "the air was so clear, that we could distinctly see a *bell wether* on the opposite hill," the translator made bell-wether, *le beau temps*. Price, on the Picturesque, says, that a bald head is the only smooth thing possessing that quality, but that if we were to cover it over with flour, it would lose its picturesqueness immediately; in translating which, some Frenchman makes it *une belle tête chauve couronnée de fleurs*. Scrope Davies called some person, who had a habit of puffing out his cheeks when he spoke, and was not remarkable for veracity, "The Æolian Lyre."

ROGERS'S TABLE TALK.

April 1, 1823. — Walked afterwards (for the first time since I came to town) to Rogers's. Very agreeable. In talking of the "Angels," said the subject was an unlucky one. When I mentioned Lord Lansdowne's opinion that it was better than "Lalla Rookh," said he would not rank it so high as the "Veiled Prophet" for execution, nor the "Fireworshippers" for story and interest, but would place it rather on the level of "Paradise and the Peri." Asked me to dine with him, which I did; company, Wordsworth and his wife and sister-in-law, Cary (the translator of Dante), Hallam, and Sharpe. Some discussion about Racine and Voltaire, in which I startled, and rather shocked them, by saying that, though there could be no doubt of the superior taste and workmanship of Racine, yet that Voltaire's tragedies *interested* me the most of the two. Another electrifying assertion of mine was, that I would much rather see "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" as Italian operas, and played by *Pasta*, than the original of Shakespeare, as acted on the London stage. Wordsworth told of some acquaintance of his, who being told, among other things, to go and see the "Chapeau de Paille" at Antwerp, said, on his return, "I saw all the

other things you mentioned, but as for the straw-hat manufactory I could not make it out." Sharpe mentioned a curious instance of Walter Scott's indifference to pictures : when he met him at the Louvre, not willing to spare two or three minutes for a walk to the bottom of the gallery, when it was the first and last opportunity he was likely to have of seeing the "Transfiguration," etc., etc. In speaking of music, and the difference there is between the poetical and musical ear, Wordsworth said that he was totally devoid of the latter, and for a long time could not distinguish one tune from another. Rogers thus described Lord Holland's feeling for the Arts : "Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain." Wordsworth's excessive praise of "Christabel," joined in by Cary, far beyond my comprehension.

DINNER GOSSIP.

June 6, 1823. — Dined at Lord Lansdowne's : company, Lord and Lady Cawdor, Sir J. Mackintosh, etc., etc. Hume lately, at some meeting, in referring to allegations made by some one who preceded him, called him the "honorable allegator." A notable receipt for *raising* Newtons in France, suggested by Beyle (the author of "*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*," etc., etc.) ; *Pour avoir des Newtons, il faut s  mer des Benjamin Constants*. Conversation about French words expressing meanings which we cannot supply from our own language, *verve* given as an instance. Whether the vagueness may not (instead of their definiteness) be the great convenience we find in them ; just as Northcote, in looking at a picture, said "Yes, very good, very clever ; but it wants, it wants (at last, snapping his fingers), damme, it wants *that*." May not our use of *verve*, and such other words, be from the same despair of finding anything to express exactly what we mean ? Suggested this, which amused them ; but they stood up for *verve*, as more significant than the snap of the fingers. Mackintosh's test of what is more excellent in art, "That which pleases the greatest number of people," produced some discussion ; differed with him ; may

be true, to a certain degree, of such a sensual art as music, but not of those for the enjoyment of which knowledge is necessary — painting, for instance, and poetry. In the latter, he adduced as examples, Homer and Shakespeare, which certainly for *universality* of pleasing are the best, and perhaps the only ones he could mention. Mackintosh quoted in praise what Canning said some nights before, in referring to Windham, “whose *illustrations* often survived the subjects to which they were applied.” If he had said *stories* instead of illustrations, it would be more correct, though not so imposing: illustrations can no more survive their subjects than a shadow can the substance or a reflection the image; and as Windham’s chief merit was *applying* old stories well, to remember the story without reference to its application, might be a tribute to Joe Miller, but certainly not to Windham. Instanced Sheridan’s application of the story of the drummer to the subject of Ireland, when remarks were made upon the tendency of the Irish to complain. The drummer said to an unfortunate man, upon whom he was inflicting the cat-o’-nine-tails (and who exclaimed occasionally, “a little higher,” “a little lower”), “Why, do what I will, there is no such thing as pleasing you.”

A STORY OF CURRAN’S.

July 25, 1823. — Curran, in speaking of Baron Smith’s temper, and the restraint he always found himself under in his company, said, “I always feel myself, when with Smith, in the situation of poor Friday when he went on his knees to Robinson Crusoe’s gun, and prayed it not to go off suddenly and shoot him.” Story of an Irish fellow refusing to prosecute a man who had beaten him almost to death on St. Patrick’s night, and saying that he let him off “in honor of the night.” Of his overhearing two fellows talking about Lord Cornwallis when he was going in state to the theatre of Dublin; and accounting for his not going early by the fear of being pelted. “True enough,” says one of them, “a two year old paving-stone would come very nately to *compose* his

other eye" (Lord C. having a defect in one of his eyes). Assistant barrister keeping an old woman in jail, and having her up now and then (always sending her back again upon some excuse or other), in order to prolong the commission, and continue his pay. Examination of a witness: "What's your name?" etc., etc. "Did you vote at the election?" "I did, sir." "Are you a freeholder?" "I'm not, sir." "Did you take the freeholder's oath?" "I did, sir." "Who did you vote for?" "Mr. Bowes Daly, sir." "Were you bribed?" "I was, sir." "How much did you get?" "Five guineas, sir." "What did you do with it?" "I spent it, sir." "You may go down." "I will, sir." Bowes Daly, upon being told this, said it was all true except the fellow's having got the money. Of an aide-de-camp, during an expedition of the lawyers' corps into the county Wicklow, riding up to ask the reason of a halt; they made answer by some one, "It is the law's delay;" and upon the corps being ordered to take ground to the right, one of them saying, "Here now, after having aired my mud, I am obliged to go into damp wet."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

June 17, 1824. — Took Irving after dinner to show him to the Starkeys, but he was sleepy and did not open his mouth; the same at Elywn's dinner. Not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal. Walked him over this morning to call on Lord Lansdowne (come down in consequence of Lord King's illness), who walked part of the way back with us. Read me some parts of his new work "Tales of a Traveller." Rather tremble for its fate. Murray has given him 1,500*l.* for it; might have had, I think, 2,000*l.* Told him the story which I heard from Horace Smith about the woman with the black collar, and the head falling off; thought it would do well for his ghost stories; but mentioned H. Smith having told me he meant to make use of it himself; probably *has* done so in the "New Monthly Magazine."

VERSES ON LENDING A LANTERN.

August 28, 1824:— Wrote before I got out of bed, a parody on Horace's "*Sic te Diva potens Cypri*," addressed to the *lantern* that I lent Luttrell last night : —

So may the Cyprian queen above,
The mother of that link-boy Love ;
So may each star in Heaven's dome, —
Those *patent Smethursts* of astronomy, —
That light poor rural diners home,
After a dose of bad gastronomy ;
So may each winter wind that blows
O'er down or upland, steep or level,
And most particularly those
That blow round corners like the devil ;
Respect thee, oh ! thou lantern bright,
By which for want of chaise and Houhwynter,
I trust my Luttrell home to-night,¹
With half a poet's larder in him.²

That bard had brow of brass, I own,³
Who first presumed, the hardened sinner,
To ask fine gentlemen from town
To come and eat a d—d bad dinner ;
Who feared not leveret, black as soot,⁴
Like roasted Afric, at the head set
(And making tow'rds the duck at foot,
The veteran duck, a sort of dead set) ;
Whose nose could stand such ancient fish
As that we at Devizes purvey —
Than which I know no likelier dish⁵
To turn one's stomach topsy-turvy.
Oh ! dying of an indigestion,
To him was *quite* out of the question,⁶
Who could behold unmoved, unbothered,
Shrimps in sour anchovy smothered ;⁷

¹ Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium —

² Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.

³ Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat.

⁴ Nec timuit præcipitem Africum.

⁵ Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.

⁶ Quem mortis timuit gradum, —

⁷ Qui fixis oculis monstra natantia.

Who, venturous wight, no terror had
 Of tart old pies, or puddings *sad* ;
 Who could for eatables mistake,
 Whate'er the cook had messed up blindly ;
 And e'en like famished Luttrell, take
 To infamous Scotch collops ¹ kindly.

Sent off this to L. ; and dined at the Phippses ; company, Estcourts, Lockes, Fishers, etc., etc. Sung for them in the evening.

29th. — Went to Luttrell's room ; and found he had written the following answer to my parody, with which he seemed pleased, particularly with the *serves animæ dimidium*, and *Quo non arbiter Adriæ* : —

A fine feast is a farce and a fable,
 As often, dear Moore, we have found it ;
 Prithee, what is the farce on a table
 To the Fair who sit sparkling around it?

I see not what you 'd be to blame for
 Though your cook were no dab at her duty ;
 In your cottage was all that we came for,
 Wit, poetry, friendship, and beauty!

And then, to increase our delight
 To a fullness all boundaries scorning,
 We were cheered with your lantern at night,
 And regaled with your rhymes the next morning.

H. L.

Company, only Captain Basil Hall, Luttrell, and Nugent, and an *ad interim* tutor of Kerry's. Hall mentioned a good phrase of some American, to whom Sir A. Ball had been very civil at Malta, "most grateful for all the kindness shown to himself and his wife ; and hoped some time or another to have an opportunity of *retaliating* upon Lady Ball." Luttrell mentioned some Irish member (Crosbie, I believe) who in speaking of some one in the house, said, "Sir, if I have any partiality for the Hon. gentleman, it is *against* him."

¹ *Infames scopulos* ; or, as it ought evidently to be read, *collopos*. N. B. Luttrell eat only of a dish of this kind at dinner.

THE SPEAKER'S REMINISCENCES.

September 18, 1825.— Called at Mrs. Purvis's : found she was in town, and left word I would dine with her. No one there but the Speaker, who told some amusing anecdotes about himself when a boy. His stopping to dine at Hatchett's on his way, alone, to school ; begging of the waiter to dine with him, and offering to send out for a pineapple to bribe him to do so. Talked of fagging : the horror he has had ever since of the boy to whom he was fag : once bought a horse which he liked very much till he knew that it had last belonged to this man, and then took a dislike to it. Mrs. P. mentioned that, in the same way, there has been a deadly feud between Lord Blessington and his fagger all through life ; lawsuits, etc., etc. The Speaker told also of the Duke of York's stupidity in reporting Bobus's joke about Vansitart and Hume, "penny wise and pound foolish ;" "It was so good, you know," said the Duke, "calling Hume 'pound foolish,' and Van 'penny wise !'" Mentioned Canning's having met Lord Stowell one day on the road with a *turtle* beside him in the carriage which he was taking down to his country house ; Canning, a day or two after, said to him, "Was n't that your *son* that was with you the other day ?" I told in return a story of Jekyll's. Sir Ralph Payne begged of Jekyll to take him to see Philip Thicknesse's library, etc., which J., after cautioning him against saying anything to offend Thicknesse's *touchiness*, consented to do. Sir Ralph behaved very well, till just as they were leaving the house, he saw on the library door the original sketch of the print that is prefixed to Thicknesse's *Travels*, in which Thicknesse is represented in an odd sort of a travelling carriage, and his monkey with him. Sir Ralph having asked what it was, Thicknesse said it was a representation of the way in which he had travelled on the Continent. "Poor Master Thicknesse," exclaimed Sir R., "he must have been greatly fatigued with the journey."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

October 27, 1820. — Wordsworth came at half-past eight, and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of "*Childe Harold*" founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed, not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. "*Tintern Abbey*" the source of it all; from which same poem too the celebrated passage about Solitude, in the first canto of "*Childe Harold*," is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him, has been worked by Byron into a labored and antithetical sort of declamation.¹ Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them; common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on forever; his "*Sir Charles Grandison*" was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, etc., etc. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty; sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen. Spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now; so few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning; one could hardly select a cleverer man; and yet, what did Mr. Canning know of poetry? What time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante,

¹ There is some resemblance between *Tintern Abbey* and *Childe Harold*; but, as Voltaire said of Homer and Virgil, "When they tell me Homer made Virgil," I answer, "Then it is his best work:" so of "Wordsworth" it may be said, "If he wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold*, it is his best work." — ED.

Homer, etc., as they ought to be studied, in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius. Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life, made leisure for himself, and took to improving his mind; and, accordingly, all his later public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men: by far the greatest man of his age; not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries; assisting Adam Smith in his "Political Economy," and Reynolds in his "Lectures on Painting." Fox, too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned from books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke. I walked with Wordsworth to the Tuileries: he goes off to-morrow.

Bessy and I called upon Lady Davy at half-past two, and drove about with her till it was time to go to dinner at Grignon's. Told me that Sir Humphry has mentioned in a letter she has just received from him, that he has at present some important discovery in his head; bids her not breathe a word of it to any Frenchman; and says, "the game I aim at is of the highest sort." Another discovery, such as that of the lamp, is too much to expect from one man. We talked of Wordsworth's exceedingly high opinion of himself; and she mentioned that one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without anything having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, "Davy!" and, on Davy's putting forth his head in awful expectation of what was coming, said, "Do you know the reason why I published the 'White Doe' in quarto?" "No, what was it?" "To show the world my own opinion of it."

February 20, 1835. — Wrote my letters at Brookes's, and from thence to Rogers's; a good speculation, as it turned out. His servant, on opening the door, asked eagerly, "Are you come to dine here, sir? Mr. Wordsworth is coming." Found that Rogers, though engaged out himself, had asked Wordsworth and his wife, who are just arrived in town, to dinner.

Mrs. Wordsworth not well enough to come, but Rogers, W., and myself sat down to dinner at half-past five, and our host having done the honors of the table to us till near seven o'clock, went off to his other engagement, and left us *tête-à-tête*.

My companion, according to his usual fashion, very soliloquacious, but saying much, of course, that was interesting to hear. In one of my after-dinner conversations with the people of the Row lately, they had told me that they were about to publish a new volume of poems for Wordsworth, and that an interest was evidently excited by their announcement, which showed that the public were still alive to the claims of good poetry. They then expressed a strong wish that I would undertake a new poem; and on my saying, that I doubted much the power of any poet at this moment to make an impression upon the public, dosed as they had been with rhymes so *usque ad nauseam*, they all agreed, to my surprise, in declaring that a poem from me would be as successful a speculation just now as any they could name, and all concurred in urging me to think of it. This, of course, was agreeable to me to hear; though I confess I am not the less skeptical as to the soundness of their opinion, men of business being (from their speculation, I suppose) the greatest of all castle-builders: we poets are nothing to them. Told as much of this to Wordsworth as he himself was concerned in, sinking or softening down my own share in the honor, though Rogers (who was by part of the time) *would* try and fasten upon me some little self-ostentation on the subject. This led to Wordsworth's telling me, what certainly is no small disgrace to the taste of the English public, of the very limited sale of his works, and the very scanty sum, on the whole, which he had received for them, not more, I think, than about a thousand pounds in all. I dare say I must have made by my writings at least twenty times that sum; but then I have written twenty times as much, such as it is. In giving me an account of the sort of society he has in his neighborhood in the country, and saying that he rarely went out to dinner, he

gave a very intelligible picture of the sort of thing it must be when he *does* go out. "The conversation," he said, "may be called *catechetical*; for, as they do me the honor to wish to know my opinions on the different subjects, they ask me questions, and I am induced to answer them at great length till I become quite tired." And so he does, I'll warrant him; nor is it possible, indeed, to edge in a word, at least in a *tête-à-tête*, till he *does* get tired. I was, however, very well pleased to be a listener.

Spoke of the immense time it took him to write even the shortest copy of verses, — sometimes whole weeks employed in shaping two or three lines, before he can satisfy himself with their structure. Attributed much of this to the unmanageableness of the English as a poetical language: contrasted it with the Italian in this respect, and repeated a stanza of Tasso, to show how naturally the words fell into music of themselves. It was one where the double rhymes, "*ella*" "*nella*," "*quella*," occurred, which he compared with the meagre and harsh English words "she," "that," "this," etc., etc. Thought, however, that, on the whole, there were advantages in having a rugged language to deal with; as in struggling with words one was led to give birth to and dwell upon thoughts, while on the contrary, an easy and mellifluous language was apt to tempt, by its facility, into negligence, and to lead the poet to substitute music for thought. I do not give these as at all *his words*, but rather my deductions from his sayings than what he actually said. Talked of Coleridge, and praised him, not merely as a poet, but as a man, to a degree which I could not listen to without putting in my protest. . . . Hinted something of this in reply to Wordsworth's praises, and adverted to Southey's opinion of him, as expressed in a letter to Bowles (saying, if I recollect right, that he was "lamented by few, and regretted by none"), but Wordsworth continued his eulogium. Defended Coleridge's desertion of his family on the grounds of incompatibility, etc., between him and Mrs. Coleridge: said that Southey took a "rigid view" of the whole matter; and, in short, made out as

poor a case for his brother bard (and proser), as any opponent of the latter could well desire.

In speaking of Byron's attacks upon himself, seemed to think they all originated in something Rogers told Byron of a letter written by him (Wordsworth) to a lady who applied to him for contributions to some miscellany. Being in a little fit of abstraction at the moment, I did not well attend to the particulars of this anecdote ; but it seemed to imply such gratuitous mischief-making on the part of Rogers, that, imperfectly as I had collected the facts, I pronounced at once that Wordsworth must have been misinformed on the subject. He said he would ask Rogers about it, and I intended to do the same, but it went out of my mind. In remarking upon the causes of an author's popularity (with reference to his own failure, as he thought, in that respect), he mentioned, as one of them, the frequent occurrence of quotable passages, — of lines that dwelt in people's memories, and passed into general circulation. This, he paid me the compliment of saying, was the case very much with my writings ; but the tribute was a very equivocal one, as he intimated that he did not consider it to be the case with his own, — and one knows well what he considers the standard of perfection. I did not like to appear to bandy compliments, otherwise I could have contradicted his notion, that there were not many lines of his widely and popularly remembered. And here I do not allude to those which are remembered only to be laughed at, such as —

“ I ’ve measured it from side to side,
’T is three feet long and two feet wide ; ”

or the doggerel of Peter Bell, etc., etc., but to such touching things as, “ Thoughts that lie too deep for tears,” and the imaginative line, “ Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,” as well as several others of the same character that have spread beyond the circle of his devoted admirers, and become universally known. The night desperately wet ; and Wordsworth, having to go but as far as Jermyn Street, while my destiny was the Row, very good-naturedly undertook to send me a hackney-coach (there being no servant to go for one),

which he luckily succeeded in, and I got snug home. On the subject of Coleridge, as a writer, Wordsworth gave it as his opinion (strangely, I think), that his prose would live and deserved to live ; while, of his poetry, he thought by no means so highly. I had mentioned the "Genevieve" as a beautiful thing, but to this he objected : there was too much of the sensual in it.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

November 30, 1821.—Dined at Lord Bristol's to meet Madame de Genlis : a large party, Charlemonts, Templetons, Granards, etc. Sat next Madame de Genlis : much conversation with her ; some things she told me of the "olden time" rather interesting. Upon my mentioning Mickle's detection of Voltaire's criticisms on the "Lusiad," she told a similar thing of some criticisms of Marmontel upon the same poem, which she traced in the same manner to an old French translation. Spoke of his "Tales" as in such *mauvais ton* of society ; that he certainly met men of fashion at Mademoiselle Clairon's, but only knew them by the manners they put on there (which were, of course, different from what they would be in correct society), and painted from them accordingly. Mentioned some man of rank whom she had heard praising the manner in which Marmontel had sketched some characters, saying that it was to the very life ; and on her expressing her astonishment at this opinion, he added, "Yes, life such as it is *chez Mademoiselle Clairon.*" The same person, too, in praising any touch of nature in Marmontel, always subjoined, *la nature, comme elle est chez Mademoiselle Clairon.* Told me that she once intrusted to Stone between thirty and forty volumes of extracts which she had made during a most voluminous course of English reading, and which she never afterwards could recover : supposes that they are in the possession of Miss Helen Maria Williams.

JOSEPH JEKYLL.

December 28, 1822.—Jekyll more silent than he used to be, but still very agreeable. In talking of cheap living, he men-

tioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, for "on Sunday," said he, "I always dine with my old friend —, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more till Sunday again." Said that when the great water-works were established at Chelsea there was a proposal for having there also a great organ, from which families might be supplied with sacred music, according as they wished, by turning the cock on or off; but one objection he said was, that upon a thaw occurring after a long frost, you might have "Judas Maccabeus" bursting out at Charing Cross, and there would be no getting him under. He said that it was an undoubted fact that Lord (?), the proprietor of Lansdowne House before the old Lord Lansdowne, had a project of placing seven and twenty fiddlers, hermetically sealed, in an apartment underground, from which music might be communicated by tubes to any apartment where it was wanted. Lord L. bore witness to the truth of this (with the exception of its being an organ instead of Jekyll's hermetically sealed fiddlers), and said that the pipes which had been already laid for this plan were found during some repairs that took place at Lansdowne House.

January 6, 1823. — After breakfast had a good deal of conversation with Jekyll. Quoted those lines written upon John Allen Parke, by a man who never wrote any verses before or since: —

" John Allen Parke
Came naked stark
From Scotland;
But now has clothes,
And lives with beaus
In England."

Mentioned Lord Cranley having been caught up, curricule and all, by a crane, in Thames Street, and the verses to him which he (Jekyll) wrote on the occasion. A joke about the "Pigmies warring with the Cranes." Told of the actor saying by mistake, —

“How sharper than a serpent’s *thanks* it is,
To have a *toothless* child ;”

and old Parker who used always to say the “coison’d pup” instead of the “poison’d cup ;” and one night, when he spoke it right, the audience said, “No, no !” and called for the other reading.

September 5, 1829. — Dined at Lady D.’s. Jekyll the only company, and very agreeable company he is still in spite of his deafness. Gave me an account of Lord Erskine’s strange history. First, an officer in the Royals ; marrying for love ; writing a sermon at Malta, which he himself read at the head of the regiment ; taking to the law on his return to England, his whole means consisting in 300*l.*, which some relation had given him, and 100*l.* of which he laid out with a special pleader, having a wretched lodging near town, and a string of sausages hanging in the fire-place, to which they resorted when in want of food. After he was called to the bar, was asked one Sunday to dine with Welbore Ellis, but preferred walking out some miles to dine with an old half-pay friend of his. Caught in a violent shower of rain, and kept for hours under a gateway, till it was too late for his friend’s dinner. Bethought him then of Welbore Ellis, and went there to dinner, which proved the making of him. Among the company was Captain Bailey, brother to the Colonel Bailey against whom an information had just been granted for a libel on Greenwich Hospital, and Lord Sandwich ; struck with Erskine’s eloquence, and when he went away said to W. Ellis, that he had a great mind to employ him on his brother’s trial that was coming on. Did so. Jekyll, who at this time had seen Erskine but once, met some eminent lawyer, who said, “We had a most extraordinary young man at our consultation yesterday evening, who astonished us all,” and added, that this young man (who was Erskine) had given it as his opinion, contrary to that of all the rest, that the rule against Bailey would be discharged. Then came the day of trial. Jekyll returning into court (having been called away during Erskine’s speech) and finding the whole court, judges and all, in a sort of trance of astonish-

ment. Next day Erskine's table was crowded with retainers, and from that moment he flourished both in fame and fortune. He immediately moved to handsome lodgings in town, and the string of sausages was no longer resorted to. As Erskine began life without a sixpence, so he ended it. What became of his money no one can tell. He had made in the course of his practice, 150,000*l.*, and had besides his pension as ex-chancellor; yet all vanished. Erskine showed Jekyll the guinea he had got from Bailey, which he had had fixed in a little box, in which you saw it by peeping in. Story of Jekyll going to the chemist in some country town, and telling him, if he should bring a tall, good-looking gentleman (describing Erskine) to ask for laudanum, not to give him any, as he meant to commit suicide. The scene between Erskine and the apothecary; the former asking for "Tinctura sacra;" the significant looks exchanged between Jekyll and the shopman, and the surprise and anger of Erskine on being told that there was no such thing to be had. His revenge on Jekyll for this trick, having him called up in the middle of the night at the inn where they both lived, by an ostler, who came into Jekyll's room, saying, that his friend was dying, and wanted him in a hurry to come and make his will; his finding Erskine sitting up in bed looking very melancholy, with papers, etc., before him. E.'s dictation of the will. "Being of sound mind, etc., etc., do bequeath the pond in my garden at Hampstead to the Newfoundland dog; my best beech-tree to the macaw, with full liberty to bark it as he pleases; but for my friend who, etc., etc." Erskine's fun afterwards about this one day in court during the state trials; imagining the validity of the will discussed before Lord Kenyon. Lord Kenyon's inquiries as to "who was this Colonel Macaw (Erskine's name for the bird), etc., etc." Erskine always as frolicsome as a boy. Canning's joke about Lord Sidmouth's house; calling it the *Villa Medici*; lately applied to Lady Lyndhurst on her dining at Sir Henry Halford's with a party of physicians — the *Venus de Medicis*. Jekyll's story about "Honest John" (Sheridan's servant). Kemble making him bring wine after all the rest of the party had gone

to bed, and sit down with him ; taking him to see him home, and bidding him strike him if he saw him getting into a row. Kemble quarreling with the coachman, and "Honest John" obeying him ; upon which Kemble turned to and gave him a desperate licking.

MRS. PIOZZI.

January 14, 1823. — Company at dinner, Miss Emily Napier, and her two nieces, the Miss Bennetts, natural daughters of the Duke of Richmond (the reforming duke), and Stanley. Dinner very agreeable. Miss N. mentioned a French lady, of whom she inquired, by way of compliment, "in what manner she had contrived to speak English so well?" and the answer was, "I begun by *traducing*." Lord L. in the evening, quoted a ridiculous passage from the preface to Mrs. Piozzi's "Retrospections," in which, anticipating the ultimate perfection of the human race, she says she does not despair of the time arriving "when Vice will take refuge in the arms of Impossibility." Mentioned also an Ode of hers to Posterity, beginning, "Posterity, gregarious Dame ;" the only meaning of which must be, a Lady *chez qui* numbers assemble, — a Lady *at home*. I repeated what Jekyll told the other day of Bearcroft, saying to Mrs. Piozzi, when Thrale, after she had called him frequently Mr. Beercraft, "Beercraft is not my name, madam ; it may be *your* trade, but it is not *my* name." Dr. Currie once, upon being bored by a foolish Blue, to tell her the precise meaning of the word idea (which she said she had been reading about in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it), answered, at last, angrily, "Idea, madam, is the feminine of Idiot, and means a female fool."

COLERIDGE AND LAMB.

April 4, 1823. — Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before), on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party ; Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero, at present, of the "London Magazine") and his sister (the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on the

way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes, the host himself, a Mecænas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly; but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him; and his friend Robinson mentioned to me not a bad one. On Robinson's receiving his first brief, he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. "I suppose," said Lamb, "you addressed that line of Milton's to it, 'Thou *first* best *cause*, least understood.'" Coleridge told some tolerable things. One of a poor author, who, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, "Cellerage, 3*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*," and thought it was a charge for the trouble of *selling* the seven hundred copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but on inquiry he found it was for the *cellar*-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence. He told, too, of the servant-maid where he himself had lodged at Ramsgate, coming in to say that he was wanted, there being a person at the door inquiring for a poet; and on his going out, he found it was a pot-boy from the public-house, whose cry, of "any *pots* for the Angel," the girl had mistaken for a demand for a *poet*. Improbable enough. In talking of Klopstock, he mentioned his description of the Deity's "head spreading through space," which, he said, gave one the idea of a hydrocephalous affection. Lamb quoted an epitaph by Clio Rickman, in which, after several lines, in the usual jog-trot style of epitaph, he continued thus:—

"He well performed the husband's, father's part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart."

COLERIDGE'S TALK.

November 9, 1833.—Was too far from Coleridge, during dinner, to hear more than the continuous drawl of his preaching; moved up to him, however, when the ladies had retired. His subjects chiefly Irving and religion; is employed

himself, it seems, in writing on Daniel and the Revelations, and his notions on the subject, as far as they were at all intelligible, appeared to be a strange mixture of rationalism and mysticism. Thus, with the rationalists, he pronounced the gift of tongues to have been nothing more than scholarship or a knowledge of different languages ; said that this was the opinion of Erasmus, as may be deduced from his referring to Plato's "Timæus" on the subject. (Must see to this.) Gave an account of his efforts to bring Irving to some sort of rationality on these subjects, to "steady him," as he expressed it ; but his efforts all unsuccessful, and, after many conversations between them, Irving confessed that the only effect of all that Coleridge had said was "to *stun*" him, — an effect I can well conceive, from my own short experiment of the operation.

Repeated two or three short pieces of poetry he had written lately, one an epitaph on himself ; all very striking, and in the same mystical religious style as his conversation. A large addition to the party in the evening, and music. Duets by Mrs. Macleod and her sister, which brought back sadly to my memory an evening of the same kind, in this same room, with poor Sir Walter Scott, before he went abroad for his health. One of the duets, in which the voices rose alternately above each other, Coleridge said reminded him of *arabesques*. With my singing he seemed really much pleased, and spoke eloquently of the perfect union (as he was pleased to say) of poetry and music which it exhibited : "The music, like the honeysuckle round the stem, twining round the meaning, and at last over-topping it." This "over-topping the meaning" not a little applicable to his own style of eloquence. After singing a good many songs, and hearing Moscheles play variations to the "Last Rose of Summer," made my escape with some difficulty amidst a general demand for more songs. In the course of his oratory to-day Coleridge said, "It is in fact the greatest mistake in the world to rest the authority of an ancient church upon any other basis than tradition ;" upon which Dr. Ferguson turning round to me said, "That falls in with *your* views, Mr. Moore."

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

September 1, 1818. — My Sheridan task in the morning : interrupted by Bowles, who never comes amiss ; the mixture of talent and simplicity in him delightful. His parsonage-house at Bremhill is beautifully situated ; but he has a good deal frittered away its beauty with grottoes, hermitages, and Shenstonian inscriptions : when company is coming he cries, " Here, John, run with the crucifix and missal to the hermitage, and set the fountain going." His sheep bells are tuned in thirds and fifths ; but he is an excellent fellow notwithstanding ; and, if the waters of his inspiration be not those of Helicon, they are at least very *sweet* waters, and to my taste pleasanter than some that are more strongly impregnated.

October 3d. — Bowles showed me a part of his library, in which was collected, he told me, all the books illustrative of the divines of the times of Charles I., and the theology of that period. The first book I put my hand on in this sacred corner was a volume of Tom Brown's works, etc. Bowles was amused in the midst of all his gravity by this detection. What with his genius, his blunders, his absences, etc., he is the most delightful of all existing parsons or poets. In talking of Miss Gayton, the pretty little dancer, marrying Murray, a clergyman, Joy applied two lines well, saying they might now, in their different capacities,

" Teach men for heaven or money's sake,
What *steps* they were through life to take."

4th. — Bowles, speaking of the toleration of the English Church, gave two or three instances ; among others Bonner, after all his burnings, being left unmolested. He took down Hooker, and turned to the protest of Travers against some tolerating expressions of Hooker's about the Catholics. I remarked to him, however (what rather seemed to contradict his assertion of the general toleration of the English Church), the passage where Travers says, in his memorial, " Such language has never before been used," etc., or words to that effect : meaning, such mild language as Hooker's had not *been* ventured on by any other Protestant divine.

September 4, 1827. — Bowles all rapture about an article in his dearly beloved "Blackwood" on my "Epicurean," of which he had already written me an account, and which he says is the perfection of eloquence, cordiality, fun, and God knows what! Suspect the cause of all this admiration to be, the said "Blackwood" having quoted him (Bowles) as one of the living examples in support of their position — that poets always write the best prose. Bowles very amusing and odd at dinner; his account of his shilling's worth of sailing at Southampton, and then *two* shillings' worth, and then three, as his courage rose. One of the boatmen who rowed him had been with Clapperton in Africa, and told Bowles of their having one day caught a porpoise, and, on opening it, finding a black man, perfect and undissolved, in its belly, the black man having been thrown overboard from some slave-ship. After for some time gravely defending this story against our laughter, he at last explained that it was a shark he meant, not a porpoise.

July 28, 1831. — Never saw Bowles in more amusing plight; played for us on the fiddle after dinner a country dance, which forty years ago he heard on entering a ball-room, to which he had rode, I don't know how many miles, to meet a girl he was very fond of, and found her dancing to this tune when he entered the room. The *sentiment* with which he played this old-fashioned jig beyond anything diverting. I proposed we should dance to it; and taking out Mrs. Bowles, led off, followed by the Powers, Bessy, Mulvany, etc., etc. Our fiddler soon tired, on which Hoyle volunteered a scrape, and played so dolefully slow as to make us laugh in far quicker time than we danced. However, we briskened up his old bow; and Mrs. Moore taking Bowles for a partner, we got through one of the most laughing dances I have seen for a long time. In the course of the evening I sung "Ally Croker," accompanied by Bowles on the violin, much to the amusement of the whole party.

SYDNEY SMITH.

April 6, 1823. — Company at dinner, Vernon and Lady Elizabeth, Lord Grey, Lord Howard de Walden, and Sydney Smith. Smith told some stories of Judge Park: his addressing the young woman in the court, "Young woman, don't stand so close to Mr. Donellan; it isn't to the credit of any young woman to be so close to Mr. Donellan;" Mr. Donellan's demand for an explanation, etc., etc. In the evening, Lord Holland assisted me to consult some books of Heraldry, in the library, for the exact number of the pearls on the different coronets, which I wanted to ascertain for my "Epitaph on a Tuft-hunter." My lady catechised me very kindly about my health; wondered I could go to such a savage fellow as Astley Cooper; cautioned me against the shower-bath; said that Willis had declared he owed to it more patients than to any other cause. Sydney Smith very comical about the remedy that Lady H. is going to use for the bookworm which is making great ravages in the library. She is about to have them washed with some mercurial preparation; and Smith says it is Davy's opinion that the air will become charged with the mercury, and that the whole family will be salivated. "I shall see Allen," says Smith, "some day, with his tongue hanging out, speechless, and shall take the opportunity to stick a few principles into him."

April 10th. — Dined at Rogers's. A distinguished party: S. Smith, Ward, Luttrell, Payne Knight, Lord Aberdeen, Abercrombie, Lord Clifden, etc. Smith particularly amusing. Have rather held out against him hitherto; but this day he conquered me; and I now am his victim, in the laughing way, for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each other's lips highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith, very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are

always painful, made still more so by their contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrell, too, considerably extinguished to-day ; but there is this difference between Luttrell and Smith — that after the former, you remember what good things he said, and after the latter, you merely remember how much you laughed.

September 16, 1834. — Sydney at breakfast made me actually cry with laughing. I was obliged to start up from the table. In talking of the intelligence and concert which birds have among each other, cranes and crows, etc., showing that they must have some means of communicating their thoughts, he said, "I dare say they make the same remark of us. That old fat crow there (meaning himself) what a prodigious noise he is making ! I have no doubt he has some power of communicating," etc., etc. After pursuing this idea comically for some time, he added, "But we have the advantage of them ; they can't put us into pies as we do them ; legs sticking up out of the crust," etc., etc. The acting of all this makes two thirds of the fun of it ; the quickness, the buoyancy, the self-enjoying laugh. Talking of Bayle after breakfast, was surprised at Sydney's low opinion of him. Said that you found everything in Bayle but the thing you wanted to find. Spoke of Servetus ; Sydney evidently ignorant of his history, and asked me afterwards whether it was Calvin or Luther that had him burned.

Walked with him about the grounds ; his conversation, as is usually the case in a *tête-à-tête*, grave and sensible. Discussed O'Connell's character, and though, for the pleasure of the argument (which Sydney delights in) questioning most of my opinions, yet upon the whole I found he agreed with my views. Mentioned his first interview with Dan, who had called upon him, and he went to return the visit. Found some people there, to whom O'Connell presented him, saying, "Allow me to introduce to you the ancient and amusing defender of our faith ;" on which Sydney laughingly interrupted him, saying, "of your *cause*, if you please, *not* of your faith."

Walked a little with Luttrell afterwards. Talked of prosody ; whether the ancients themselves did not, even in *prose* attend more to accent than to quantity. Mentioned the *dactylic* passage quoted from "Demosthenes" by Longinus, which Luttrell remembered and quoted. Sydney, at dinner, and after, in full force ; sometimes high comedy, sometimes farce ; both perfect in their ways. Describing a dinner at Longmans' ; Rees carving *plerumque secat res*. Talking of the bad effects of late hours, and saying of some distinguished diner-out, that there would be on his tomb, "He dined late" — "and died early," rejoined Luttrell.

Sydney asked me whether he was likely to find a good account of Servetus in Bayle, and I said, most assuredly ; it was just the sort of subject on which Bayle would be quite *at home*. "Very well," he answered, "I shall make that the test of my judgment of him."

17th. — Sydney triumphing in the confirmation he had found of his opinion of Bayle ; there was no *article* on the subject of Servetus in the Dictionary. This is quite true, and certainly singular. There is not even any mention of Servetus, that I can find, except once, briefly, in an article on Ochinus. I had said, I believe, to Sydney, "at all events you will find plenty about him in the 'Œuvres de Bayle,'" and there I was right. In the "Réponse du Nouveau Converti," tom. ii., Bayle is as I had answered for, quite at home on the subject. I remember, years ago, Dumont praising Castalion as one of the first, if not the first advocate for religious liberty ; but assuredly his silence on Servetus's case told badly for his sincerity in the cause.

18th. — At breakfast Sydney enumerated and acted the different sorts of hand-shaking there are to be met with in society. The *digitary* or one finger, exemplified in Brougham, who puts forth his forefinger, and says, with his strong northern accent, "How *arrre* you ?" The *sepulchral* or *mortemain*, which was Mackintosh's manner, laying his open hand flat and coldly against yours. The *high official*, the Archbishop of

York's, who carries your hand aloft on a level with his forehead. The *rural* or *vigorous* shake, etc., etc. In talking of the remarkable fact that women in general bear pain much better than men, I said that allowing everything that could be claimed for the superior patience and self-command of women, still the main solution of their enduring pain better than men was their having less physical sensibility. This theory of mine was immediately exclaimed against (as it always is whenever I sport it) as disparaging, ungenerous, unfounded, etc., etc. I offered to put it to the test by bringing in a hot tea-pot, which I would answer for the ladies of the party being able to hold for a much longer time than the men. This set Sydney off most comically, upon my cruelty to the female part of the creation, and the practice I had in such experiments. "He has been all his life (he said) trying the sex with hot tea-pots; the burning ploughshare was nothing to it. I think I hear his terrific tone in a *tête-à-tête*. 'Bring a tea-pot.'"

THOMAS BARNES.

March 23, 1824. — Dinner at Rogers's to meet Barnes, the editor of "The Times;" company, Lords Lansdowne and Holland, Luttrell, Tierney, and myself. Barnes very quiet and unproductive; neither in his look nor manner giving any idea of the strong powers which he unquestionably possesses. Dinner very agreeable; Lord Holland, though suffering with the gout, all gayety and anecdote. A number of stories told of Lord North. Of the night he anticipated the motion for his removal, by announcing the resignation of the Ministry: his having his carriage, when none of the rest had, and saying, laughingly, "You see what it is to be in the *secret*;" invincible good humor. Fox's speech on the Scrutiny, one of his best, and reported so well, that Lord Holland said, "In reading it I think I hear my uncle's voice." Lord H.'s story of the man stealing Mr. Fox's watch and General Fox laughing at him about it, etc., etc. Lord H., too, told of a gentleman missing his watch in the pit one night, and charging Barrington

ton, who was near him, with having stolen it. Barrington, in a fright, gave up a watch to him instantly; and the gentleman, on returning home found his own watch on his table, not having taken it out with him; so that, in fact, *he* had robbed Barrington of some other person's watch. Went to the opera with Lord Lansdowne; Mrs. Baring (whose box I sat in some time) renewed very kindly her invitation to me and Mrs. Moore for the summer, and begged we should bring the two little ones with us. Barnes, this evening, asked me to dine with him on Sunday next, and Rogers advises me to get off my engagement with Miss White, and go with him, as he is a person well worth cultivating; have refused Lord Lansdowne also for Sunday, but rather think I shall take Rogers's advice.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

January 12, 1825. — Wilberforce's good remark about the Catholics, that they were "like persons discharged from prison, but still wearing the prison dress." Mentioned an advertisement that appeared in 1792, "Wanted for a King of France, an easy good-tempered man, who can bear confinement, and has no followers." Wilberforce was made a citizen by the French Convention, and Courteney, who was in Paris at the time, said, "If you make Mr. W. a citizen, they will take you for an assemblage of negroes, for it is well known he never favored the liberty of any white man in all his life." Dr. Thomson said of Godwin (who in the full pride of his theory of perfectibility, said he "could educate tigers"), "I should like to see him in a cage with two of his pupils."

MRS. LEIGH.

September 4, 1825. — In the evening, to my great surprise and pleasure, Mrs. Leigh appeared. Could not help looking at her with deep interest; though she can hardly be said to be like Byron, yet she reminds one of him. Was still more

pleased, when evidently at her own request, Lady Stanhope introduced me to her : found her pleasing, though (as I had always heard) nothing above the ordinary run of women. She herself began first to talk of him, after some time, by asking me "whether I saw any likeness." I answered, I did : and she said it was with strong fears of being answered "No," that she had asked the question. Talked of different pictures of him. I felt it difficult to keep the tears out of my eyes as I spoke with her. Said she would show me the miniature she thought the best, if I would call upon her.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

November 3, 1825. — Craigcrook about three miles off ; no one at dinner but Mrs. Jeffrey, a Mrs. Miller, and Cockburn, the celebrated barrister. Cockburn very reserved and silent ; but full, as I understand, of excellent fun and mimicry when he chooses. A good deal of chat with Jeffrey before going to bed ; cannot bear to stir without his wife and child ; requires something living and breathing near him, and is miserable when alone. Slept in a curious bedroom, with two turrets for dressing-rooms. This house was once a madhouse, and it was a common saying of any one that was flighty, "He is only fit for Craigcrook."

4th. — After breakfast, sitting with Jeffrey in his beautiful little Gothic study (from which he looks out on grounds sloping up to a high-wooded hill), he told me, at much length, his opinion of my life of Sheridan. Thinks it a work of great importance to my fame : people inclined to depreciate my talents have always said, "Yes, Moore can, it is true, write pretty songs, and launch a smart epigram, but there is nothing solid in him." Even of Captain Rock, they said, "A lively, flashy work, but the style not fit for the subject." "Here, however," added Jeffrey, "is a convincing proof that you can think and reason solidly and manfully, and treat the gravest and most important subjects in a manner worthy of them. I look upon the part of your book that relates to Sheridan himself as comparatively worthless ; it is for the historical and political views

that I value it: and am, indeed, of opinion, that you have given us the only clear, fair, and manly account of the public transactions of the last fifty years that we possess." Walked up to the wooded hill opposite the house, and caught some beautiful views of the Forth and its islands, as well as of Edinburgh. Went into town in a hackney coach with Jeffrey and Mrs. Miller: walked about with Jeffrey: called upon Lady Keith.

JOHN WILSON.

November 6, 1825. — Wilson an odd person, but amusing; his imitation of Wordsworth's monologues excellent. Spoke of my "Sheridan"; thinks the *bon mots* I have reported of his very poor; told him I agreed with him in this, but was obliged to put them in, both from the outcry there would have been, had I not given anecdotes, and the value in which most of those I have given are held by Rogers, Lord Holland, etc., particularly the reply to Tarleton about the mule and the ass, which I saw no great merit in myself, but which Lord H. and Rogers always quote with praise. All agreed in thinking it not only poor, but hardly intelligible.¹ Wilson praised my book warmly, and said that it was only so far unfair that the biographer had in every page outshone his subject. Seemed not to think very highly of Sheridan's genius; and in speaking of his great unreported speech, said it appeared to him utterly impossible that, with such powers as his, he should ever have produced anything deserving of such high praises. In comparing prose with poetry, remarked, in order to prove the inferiority of the former, that there have been great schools of poetry, but no school of prose. Sat drinking till rather late, and sat again with Wilson after supper, till past one.

¹ Sheridan's joke to Tarleton. Any one might think the wit poor (although I do not agree with them), but the joke is clear enough. "I was on a horse, and now I'm on an elephant," *i. e.*, "I was high above others, but now I am much higher." "You were on an ass, and now you're on a mule," said Sheridan; *i. e.*, "You *were* stupid and now you're obstinate." For quick repartee in conversation, there are few things better. — J. R.

JAMES HOGG.

November 8, 1825. — I went to sup at Wilson's. An odd set collected there; among others, the poet Hogg. We had also Williams, the rector of the Academy, the person to whom Lockhart addressed "Peter's Letters;" said to be an able man; some ladies, too, one of whom sung duets with an Italian singing-master: a fine contrast between this foreigner and Hogg, who yelled out savagely two or three Scotch songs, and accompanied the burden of one of them by laboring away upon the bare shoulders of the ladies who sat on each side of him. He and I very cordial together; wanted me to let him drive me to his farm next day, to see wife and bairns. I was much pressed to sing, but there being no pianoforte could not; at last, in order not to seem fine (the great difficulty one has to get over in such society), sung the "Boys of Kilkenny."

MOORE AND SCOTT AT THE THEATRE.

November 12, 1825. — Went to the courts after breakfast: found out Jeffrey and walked about with him to see everything, being myself the greatest show of the place and followed by crowds from court to court. Had the pleasure of seeing Scott sitting at his table, under a row of as dull-looking judges as need be. Jeffrey asked him to dine to meet me, and though I had already refused Jeffrey (in order to dine with the Murray's), I could not resist this temptation: begged of Jeffrey to dine pretty early, in order that I might see the theatre. Met Scott afterwards, and told him this arrangement. "Very well," he said, "I'll order my carriage to come at eight o'clock, and I'll just step down to the playhouse with you myself." Company at Jeffrey's, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Thomson, etc. Sir Walter a different man from what he was at Abbotsford; a good deal more inert, and when he did come into play, not near so engaging or amusing. When the carriage came, he and I and Thomson went to the theatre, and I could see that Scott anticipated the sort of reception I met with. We went into the front boxes, and the moment we ap-

peared, the whole pit rose, turned towards us, and applauded vehemently. Scott said, "It is you, it is you; you must rise and make your acknowledgment." I hesitated for some time, but on hearing them shout out "Moore, Moore," I rose and bowed my best for two or three minutes. This scene was repeated after the two next acts, and the "Irish Melodies" were played each time by the orchestra. Soon after my first reception, Jeffrey and two of the ladies arrived, and sat in the front before us, Scott and I being in the second row. He seemed highly pleased with the way I was received, and said several times, "This is quite right. I am glad my countrymen have returned the compliment for me." There was occasionally some discontent expressed by the galleries at our being placed where they could not see us; and Murray told me afterwards, that he wondered they bore it so well. We had taken the precaution of ordering that we should be shown into one of the side boxes, but the proper box-keeper was out of the way when we came.

CRABBE AND BURKE.

October 26, 1827. — Recollecting what Mackintosh once said to me, that it would be a shame for me, an Irishman, to let Crabbe go out of the world without leaving on record some particulars of his intercourse with Burke, I took this opportunity of questioning him, and am so far glad I did so, as it satisfied me he has nothing to tell. Having kept no notes of Burke's conversation, he has only a vague and general impression of its variety and power, and the recollection uppermost in his mind is that of Burke's great kindness to him. It was in consequence of his having written to B. (without any previous introduction) that he was first noticed by him. B. then asked him whether he was known to any one in London, and on Crabbe mentioning Dudley North, inquired about him from this gentleman, and then asked him to Beaconsfield, where he passed, he says, three months at a time. Crabbe not liking his profession, which was the medical (apothecary?), Burke recommended him to the Duke of Rutland, who

brought him into the Church. Burke criticised some of the thoughts of his poem, but did not (as has been sometimes said) suggest any lines or changes of lines. It was Johnson did this, and Boswell has preserved them (?).

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

January 26, 1828. — Forgot to mention that Montgomery the poet was asked to come (from Sheffield) yesterday to dinner, with a Dr. —, who dined here, but refused, from rather an over-delicate scruple with respect to me. It appears he once wrote a very violent attack either on myself or my poetry, which, though he is quite sure I knew nothing about it (as is really the case), makes him feel not altogether justified in meeting me till I am apprised of the circumstance. Anxious as I had been before to make his acquaintance, this, of course, increased my desire, and we were in great hopes, from the messages sent, that he would have come to-day, but he did not. It seems he writes all those imaginative (and, some of them, beautiful) things of his in one of the closest and dirtiest alleys in all dirty Sheffield. Has lately, they say, issued some rather absurd speech or writing, in which he upholds this said Sheffield as little less than the Athens of England. This is what it is to be the *Coryphée* of a set of provincial blues !

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

July 26, 1829 — Brougham not in his usual feather, but still very agreeable. In talking of Junius was glad to find that he considers this writer much overrated ; said that he had declared this opinion once in the House of Commons, in making some reference to Lord Mansfield (*quære*, in his long speech on the Reformation of the Law ?). Francis's handwriting a very strong part of the evidence in favor of his being Junius : his feigned hand (of which there were specimens on one or two occasions ; particularly in some contributions he sent to Lady Miller's "Batheaston poetry") agreed perfectly with the feigned hand of Junius. It was singular

enough, too, that the first present which he made to his wife, on their marriage, was a splendidly bound copy of "Junius," *not*, however, the famous vellum-bound copy that Junius had bound for himself. Brougham was by when Francis made the often quoted answer to Rogers — "There is a question, Sir Philip (said R.), which I should much like to ask, if you will allow me." "You had better not, sir (answered Francis); you may have reason to be sorry for it (or repent of it)." The addition to this story is, that Rogers, on leaving him, muttered to himself, "If he *is* Junius, it must be *Junius Brutus*." Brougham himself asked him one day, "Is it a thing quite ridiculous to suppose that you might be the author?" "Why, sir," he replied, "if the world is determined to make me out such a ruffian, I can't help them." He never, Brougham thinks, actually denied the charge, but at all times, in this sort of angry way, evaded it. To Lady Holland, too, who tried him with the question, he answered, "Now that I am old, people think they may with impunity impute to me such rascality, but they durst not have done so when I was young." Francis's vanity, it appears, led him to think that it was no great addition to his fame to have the credit of "Junius," having done, according to his own notion, much better things. This gets over one of the great difficulties in accounting for the concealment; and it must have been, at all events, either some very celebrated man who could dispense with such fame, or some very vain man who *thought* he could.

ROBERT EMMET.

September 1, 1830. — In talking with Peter Burrowes this morning, got on the subject of Robert Emmet, whose counsel I found Burrowes had been. Told me that Emmet, on his apprehension, had confided some money he had about him (together with a letter) to somebody he thought he could trust, to be delivered to Miss Curran. The person, whoever it was, pocketed the money, and carried the letter to the government; on hearing which Emmet, in despair at the thought of having committed the girl by anything he might have said in the let-

ter, addressed, through some channel or other, the most earnest entreaties to the government that they would suppress the letter, engaging himself, if they would do so, not to say a word in his own defense, but to go to his death in silence. This latter offer he made, knowing how much it was an object with the authorities that he should not address the people. Burrowes told me, too, that during the trial, whenever he was endeavoring to disconcert any of the witnesses in his cross-examination, Emmet would check him, and say, "No, no ; the man's speaking truth." This was, however, only on points bearing against himself ; for whatever testimony was likely to involve or criminate others, he showed the utmost anxiety that the truth should not appear. When Burrowes, too, was about to avail himself of the privilege of reply (wearied to death with anxiety, and feeling both the painfulness and inutility of what he was about to do), Emmet said, "Pray do not attempt to defend me ; it is all in vain ;" and Burrowes accordingly desisted. Nothing could be more warm and unqualified than Burrowes's praise of him and his feeling for his memory.

T. B. MACAULAY.

June 26, 1831. — Went (Lord John and I together, in a hackney-coach) to breakfast with Rogers. The party, besides ourselves, Macaulay, Luttrell, and Campbell. Macaulay gave us an account of the state of the *Monothelite* controversy, as revived at present among some of the fanatics of the day. In the course of conversation, Campbell quoted a line, "Ye diners out, from whom we guard our spoons," and looking over at me, said significantly, "*You* ought to know that line." I pleaded not guilty ; upon which he said, "It is a poem that appeared in 'The Times,' which everyone attributes to *you* ;" but I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said, to our general surprise, "That is *mine* ;" on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still better, on the

subject of William Bankes's candidateship for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. "That was mine also," said Macaulay ; thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess. He is certainly one of the most remarkable men of the day.

BARRY CLOSE.

December 30th. — Sir J. Mackintosh told of "*Barry Close*," the well known East Indian officer, that not having learned anything previous to his going to India, he got everything he knew through the medium of *Persian* literature ; studied logic in a translation (from Arabic into Persian) of Aristotle ; and was a most learned and troublesome *practician*, as well as theorist, in dialectics. Some one brought him a volume of Lord Bacon (of whom he had never heard) and said "Here is a man who has attacked your friend, Aristotle, tooth and nail." "Who can the impudent fellow be?" said Close. "Lord Bacon." "Who the devil is he? What trash people do publish in these times!" After reading him, however, he confessed that Lord Bacon had said some devilish sensible things. Music in the evening ; all but Mackintosh and the elder Macdonald attentive. They talked the whole time : I did not mind Macdonald ; but I was sorry for Mackintosh. I said, when I got up from singing, "I see those two gentlemen like to talk to accompaniment," which brought the rest of the company upon them, and they were put to the blush. Mackintosh soon atoned by the agreeableness of his conversation, and I was too selfish to follow the example of his *not listening*. Mackintosh quoted two lines from Dryden's "*Cymon and Iphigenia*" as *perfection* : —

"Love first taught Shame ; and Shame, with Love at strife,
Taught all the sweet civilities of life."

PRINCESSE TALLEYRAND.

May 9, 1821. — Dined with the Villamils, to meet the Princesse Talleyrand, and a comtesse and marquise, whose names I could not make out. It is said of Madame Talleyrand that one day, her husband having told her that Denon was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however, and Madame upon going into the study, found a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which having read very attentively, she was not long on opening upon Denon at dinner, about the desert island, his manner of living, etc., etc., to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant: at last, upon her saying, *Eh puis, ce cher Vendredi!* he perceived she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe. There are various stories of her *niaiserie*. Upon being asked once what part of the world she came from, she said, *Je suis d'Inde* (Dinde), meaning *des Indes*. Sat next her at dinner. She talked much of "Lalla Rookh," which she had read in French prose. Mentioned her having passed three months with the King of Spain and his brother and uncle at Valençay: said it was all a story about Ferdinand's embroidering the petticoat, and that it was the uncle who did it. Seemed to remember nothing curious about them, except her having eaten, one day, a dish of little fish caught expressly for her by the uncle; and that Ferdinand, who had been always accustomed to wear uniform, said to her, upon his putting on a new suit of velvet, "I think I look like a *bourgeois* to-day!" She seemed to think this very interesting. Praised Bessy's beauty to me.

WM. SCHLEGEL.

May 21, 1821. — Company at the Duc de Broglie's, Lord and Lady Bessborough, Duc and Duchesse Dalberg, Wm. Schlegel, Count Forbin, M. de Lafayette, Auguste de Staël,

the Swedish ambassador, and, to my surprise, Madame Durazzo, of whom I have been hearing so much in all directions. A fine woman ; must have been beautiful ; not at all like an Italian. Sat next Miss Randall, and had much talk about Lord Byron. She said Lord B. was much wronged by the world ; that he took up wickedness as a *subject*, just as Châteaubriand did religion, without either of them having much of the reality of either feeling in their hearts. Had much talk with Schlegel in the evening, who appears to me full of literary coxcombry : spoke of Hazlitt, who he said, *l'avait dépassé* in his critical opinions, and was an ultra-Shakespearian. Is evidently not well inclined towards Lord Byron ; thinks he will outlive himself, and get out of date long before he dies. Asked me if I thought a regular critique of all Lord B.'s works, and the system on which they are written, would succeed in England, and seems inclined to undertake it. Found fault with the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" for not being sufficiently European (in other words, for not taking notice enough of M. Schlegel and his works). Auguste de Staël, in praising these works, said that if there came a being fresh from another planet, to whom he wished to give a clear and noble idea of the arts, literature, philosophy, etc., of this earth, he would present to him the "Edinburgh Review." M. Schlegel seemed to think that this planetary visitant had much better come to *him* for information. Sung in the evening. Madame Durazzo perfectly acquainted with all my "Melodies," Irish and National. All seemed much pleased with my singing ; the Duchesse de Broglie exclaiming continually, *Oh Dieu, que c'est joli !* M. Schlegel said I made the English language sound as soft as the Italian.

April 2, 1832. — Had some talk with Schlegel after dinner ; asked me if a man conscientiously, and without any intentional levity, published a book in England expressive of his disbelief in the Scriptures, and giving the reasons of his disbelief, how such a book would be received ? Answered, that as to the *book*, I did n't know, but I knew well how the *man* would be received ; and I should not like to be in his place.

In speaking of Pope, whom I, of course, praised, but whom he seemed not to have much taste for, he exclaimed, "Yes, to be sure, there are some fine things in him; that passage, for instance, 'Upon her neck a sparkling cross she wore,' charming!" So much for the German's appreciation of Pope. Intimated that Goethe was jealous of him in consequence of some Indian poem that he (Schlegel) wrote or translated. Rogers and I in doubt whether we should go to Lady Grey's or Lord Burghersh's music; decided for the latter. Told me, that on his asking Schlegel, in allusion to Goethe's death, "Are there any German poets now left?" Schlegel blurted out, "*I am a German poet;*" throwing his arms open pompously as he said it. Lord Lansdowne, by the bye, told me a curious mistake Charles Grant had made on his introducing Schlegel to him. Lord L. had told the latter beforehand, that Charles G. was very much versed in Indian learning; and the first thing Schlegel said to him when they were presented to each other was, "*On m'a dit monsieur, que vous vous occupez de la littérature Sanscrite.*" "*Mais toute l'Europe sait cela,*" answered Grant; thinking that Schlegel had said he was himself so occupied.

SARAH SIDDONS.

May 6, 1828. — Dined at Rogers's: company, Lord Clifden, Lord and Lady Gage, the Lubbocks, C. Fox, Lady Davy, Jekyll, etc., etc. Sat next to Jekyll, and was, as usual, amused. In talking of figurative oratory, mentioned the barrister before Lord Ellenborough. "My lord, I appear before you in the character of an advocate from the city of London; my lord, the city of London herself appears before you as a suppliant for justice. My lord, it is written in the book of nature" — "What book?" says Lord E. "The book of nature." "Name the page," says Lord E., holding his pen uplifted, as if to note the page down. An addition to our party in the evening, among whom was Mrs. Siddons; had a good deal of conversation with her, and was, for the first time in my life, interested by her off the stage. She talked of

the loss of friends, and mentioned herself as having lost twenty-six friends in the course of the last six years. It is something to *have had* so many. Among other reasons for her regret at leaving the stage was, that she always found in it a vent for her private sorrows, which enabled her to bear them better; and often she has got credit for the truth and feeling of her acting when she was doing nothing more than relieving her own heart of its grief. This, I have no doubt is true, and there is something particularly touching in it. Rogers has told me that she often complained to him of the great *ennui* she has felt since she quitted her profession, particularly of an evening. When sitting drearily alone, she has remembered what a moment of excitement it used to be when she was in all the preparation of her *toilette* to meet a crowded house and exercise all the sovereignty of her talents over them. *Apropos* of loss of friends, somebody was saying the other day, before Morgan, the great calculator of lives, that they had lost so many friends (mentioning the number) in a certain space of time, upon which Morgan, coolly taking down a book from his office shelf, and looking into it, said, "So you ought, sir, and *three more*."

LANZA THE COMPOSER.

June 18, 1821. — Kenny and his wife supped with us. He told some very amusing stories about Lanza the composer and Reynolds, who was about to write an opera for him. "Have you done some oder littel tings, Mr. Reynolds?" "Oh, yes, several." "Vat is one, *par exemple*?" "Oh, it was I who wrote 'Out of Place,' last winter." "God d——, I hope dis will be better than dat." The scene, too, at the rehearsal oi the music, where, to Lanza's despair, they were cutting it by pages-full in the orchestra, and when little Simons, imitating Lanza's voice out of a corner, said, "You may cut dere," — "Who de devil say dat? no, no, — cut! cut! nothing but cut! You will cut my troat at last."

· LADY CORK.

August 15, 1818. — Stories of Lady Cork. I mentioned her assailing me one morning with a pitch-plaster at a rehearsal we had of a reading of "Comus," when I had alleged cold as my excuse for not taking a share in it ; her proceeding to unbutton my waistcoat for the purpose of putting on the plaster ; and my flying from her and taking refuge among the Bacchanals, she following with the plaster in her hand. Lord L. told of his calling upon her one morning, and finding her whole establishment assembled and in a state of bustle and important discussion. "Come in," said she, "Lord Lansdowne, come in ; I am so glad you arrived at this moment ; only think ! the gray parrot has just laid an egg."

BERKELEY CRAVEN.

September 7, 1818. — Davies told me that Berkeley Craven called the permission the Jews gave him to come over from Paris and try his chance at Newmarket for a month, "the Jews' Pass-over." A good story of B. Craven and Lord Alvanley, when an accident happened to their carriage : the former getting out to thrash the footman, saw he was an old fellow, and said, "Your *age* protects you : " while Alvanley, who had advanced towards the postilion with the same intention, seeing he was an athletic young fellow, turned from him, saying in his waggish way, "Your *youth* protects you."

CHARLES MACKLIN.

August 26, 1820. — Walked in the evening. Kenny was of the party. Told me rather a good story of Macklin. When Reynolds and Holman were both in the first dawn of their reputation, the latter wrote to Reynolds from some of the provinces, to say that he had heard Macklin had seen him one night in "Werter" (a play of Reynolds's), and had expressed himself highly delighted with the performance. "If you should meet him," continued Holman, "pray tell him how much flattered I feel, etc., etc., and how proud I shall be to

continue to merit," etc., etc. Reynolds accordingly took the first opportunity to address Macklin when he met him ; but he had not gone far with "his friend Holman's" rapturous acknowledgments, when Macklin, interrupting him, said, "Stop, stop, sir ! before you go any farther, have the goodness to tell me *who* are *you*, and who is the fellow you're talking of."

SCOTT'S INACCURACIES.

June 14, 1821. — Went to breakfast with Lord John. Has brought me a copy of his last book, "On the English Government and Constitution," which is already going into a second edition. Was bearer of a letter from the Longmans, which makes me even more downhearted than I have been for some days, as it shows how dilatory and indifferent all parties have been in the Bermuda negotiation, and how little probability there is of a speedy, or indeed *any*, end to my exile. Mentioned Scott having shown a letter from him acknowledging a copy "from the author" of "Kenilworth." I expressed my doubts as to the possibility of one man finding time for the research (to say nothing of the writing) necessary for accuracy in the costume, etc., etc., of such works ; but he says they are only superficially or apparently correct ; that, if looked closely into by one conversant in antiquities and the history of the respective periods, they abound in errors ; that Charles Wynne detected some gross ones in "Ivanhoe," besides others very trivial, which the orthodox Charles was as much horrified at as the more serious ones. For instance, "only think what an unpardonable mistake Scott has fallen into about the Earl of Leicester" (this must have been in "Kenilworth") ; "he has made him a Knight of St. Andrew, when he was in reality a Knight of St. Michael !" or, *vice versâ*, for I forget which way it was.

DINNER STORIES.

July 26, 1821. — Abundance of noise and Irish stories from Lattin ; some of them very good. A man asked another to come and dine off boiled beef and potatoes with him.

"That I will," says the other; "and it's rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, *barring the beef*." Some one using the old expression about some light wine he was giving, "There's not a headache in a hog's-head of it," was answered, "No, but there's a belly-ache in every glass of it." In talking of the feeling of the Irish for Bonaparte, Lattin said, that when he was last in Ireland, he has been taken to a secret part of the cabin by one of his poor tenants, who whispered, "I know *you'll* not betray me, sir; but just look there, and tell me whether that's the *real thing*," pointing to a *soi-disant* portrait of Bonaparte, which was neither more nor less than a print of Marshal Saxe, or some such ancient. Denon told an anecdote of a man, who having been asked repeatedly to dinner by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the dinner so meagre and bad, that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing, the host said, "Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day." "Most willingly." "Name your day, then." "*Au-jourd'hui, par exemple*," answered the dinnerless guest. Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologize for the wretchedness of the dinner. Luttrell told of a good phrase of an attorney's in speaking of a reconciliation that had taken place between two persons whom he wished to set by the ears, "I am sorry to tell you, sir, that a compromise has *broken out* between the parties."

ANECDOTE OF GIBBON.

September 21, 22, 1844. — Here is an anecdote of William Spencer's which had just occurred to me. The *dramatis personæ* were Lady Elizabeth Foster, Gibbon, the historian, and an eminent French physician, whose name I forget; the historian and doctor being rivals in courting the lady's favor. Impatient at Gibbon's occupying so much of her attention by his conversation, the doctor said crossly to him, "*Quand mi*

lady Elizabeth Foster sera malade de vos fadaises, je la guérirai." On which Gibbon, drawing himself up grandly, and looking disdainfully at the physician, replied, "*Quand mi lady Elizabeth Foster sera morte de vos recettes, je l'im-mor-tali-serai.*" The pompous lengthening of the last word, while at the same time a long sustained pinch of snuff was taken by the historian, brought, as mimicked by Spencer, the whole scene most livelily before one's eyes.

ANECDOTES.

November 28, 1818. — Tierney mentioned two bon mots of Mr. Pitt: one was his adding to Sir W. Curtis's toast ("A speedy peace and soon"), "soon, if possible;" and the other, his answer to some militia or yeomanry commander, who reminded him that they had stipulated never to quit the country, — "Never," said Pitt, "*except in case of actual invasion.*" I also mentioned Sir W. Curtis's conundrum, "Why is a towel like a serpent? — Because it's a *wiper*." A blunder told of some Irishman, whose wife's brother was heir to a large fortune, saying, "If my wife had been her brother, what large fortune," etc., etc. Talked of the Whig feeling that prevailed among the officers of the navy; their idea that the navy is the parliamentary force, while the army belongs to the king. The navy offended by having the crown put over the anchor some years ago. This, I think, not true. The Prince, at one time, thought of giving red waistcoats and breeches to the navy; at another time he is reported to have said, upon some consultation for a change of their costume, "D—n them; dress them how you will, you cannot make them look like gentlemen."

December 30. — I mentioned Lord Holland's imitation of poor Murat, the King of Naples, talking of Virgil, "Ah Virgile, qu'il est beau! C'est mon idole; que c'est sublime, ça, — *Tityre tu patulæ recubans*," etc., etc. Lord L. mentioned a translation of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" by a foreigner, whom I remember in London called the Commandeur de Tilly and the line, "As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away," was

done "Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la taupe." I told an anecdote mentioned to me by Lord Moira, of a foreign teacher of either music or drawing at Lady Perth's in Scotland. As he was walking round the terrace with Lord M., the latter said "Voilà le Château de Macbeth." "Maccabée, milor," said the artist. "Je crois que c'est Macbeth," modestly answered Lord M. "Pardon, milor, nous le prononçons Maccabée, sur le Continent; Judas Maccabéus, Empereur Romain!" Talked of the egotism of foreign writers. The Abbé de Pradt begins one of his books "Un seul homme a sauvé l'Europe; c'est moi." The best of it is, he read this in a company where the Duke of Wellington was; and, on the Abbé making a pause at the word "l'Europe," all eyes were turned to the Duke; but then came out, to their no small astonishment, "C'est, moi!"

January 8, 1819. — Mr. Longlands, an usher of Westminster, told me that the late Dr. Vincent had introduced a wrong mood into the epitaph he wrote for himself, "In moribus," etc., etc., "qualis fuit lapis sepulchralis taceat." Nares suggested the alteration of *fuit* into "fuerit," which was, of course, adopted. I mentioned that I believed Vincent was the name of the head master of Westminster, and that it was said of him, "he had been killed by false Latin." "I am drinking the Bath waters for it now," said Mr. L. We then spoke of Sir Robert Walpole; that himself and George I. had governed England by bad Latin; for as Sir R. could not speak French nor George English, they were obliged to confer in Latin. A good thing of Madame de Staël's about the Duke of Wellington, that "there never was so great a man made out of such small materials." Mr. Joy mentioned that Woodfall (I suppose, of the "Chronicle") told him that he was in the House the first night that Sheridan spoke; and that, after the speech, S. came up to the gallery to him and asked him with much anxiety what he thought of his success. Woodfall answered, "I think this is not your line; no, Sheridan; you had better stick to those pursuits you are so much more fitted for." Upon which S., after leaning his forehead upon his hand for a

few seconds, exclaimed, "It is *in* me, and, by God, it shall come out." Reminded of a good thing said, I believe, by Kelly, the Irish barrister (my godfather, by the bye), on some man, whose children bore not the most respectable characters, asking him one day, "Have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No," said Kelly; "who did he rob?" On my mentioning the story of Sheridan stealing a joke from Delpini, Mr. L. said it was certainly an infringement upon the "Opera in usum Delpini."

February 22, 1821. — Dined at home: Williams of our party: Mrs. Story, her cousins, and Kenny came in the evening, and supped with us. Kenny told a story of an outside passenger of a stage-coach, whom his fellow-travellers called "the gentleman in black" ("Won't the gentleman in black have some breakfast?" etc.). When the coach was overturned, and the coachman was collecting his passengers, he saw one of them sitting in a rut, powdered over with dust, and said, "And pray who are you, sir?" "I am the gentleman in black," was the answer.

March 31, 1821. — Dined with Chenevix. Some agreeable conversation after dinner: talked of the rage for constitutions now; the singularity that it is no longer the English constitution which is proposed as a model, but the Spanish or French; said that I supposed it was because they knew the English constitution took time to form it, and those they wanted must be like *cotelettes à la minute*. The notion of being able to have a perfect constitution at once, *per saltum* as it were, reminded me of a circumstance mentioned by Sir Gore Ouseley, that, once on his telling the King of Persia, to his great astonishment, that the revenue of the post-office alone in England amounted to more than that of his whole dominions, the King, after a few moments' thought, exclaimed, "Then I'll have a post-office," forgetting the few preliminaries of commerce, etc., etc., and, indeed, the first necessary *sine-quâ-non* of his people being able to write letters. They mentioned Ali Pacha having, some time ago, sent a messenger to Corfu to look for a constitution for him, and his once wearing his three tails of the three

revolutionary colors. A Frenchman there spoke of the Languedocian language : said it was the old Roman language, and still exists ; that the common people of the country all speak it, and that they say of any one who does not, *Il se donne des airs ; il parle Français*. He quoted a passage from one of their ancient songs, in which the lover says, " You ask me for your heart again ; I would willingly return it if I could, but, having placed it beside my own, I no longer know one from the other." The idea, it seems, inculcated and believed among the French is, that the Duke of Orleans and English gold produced the Revolution.

April 1, 1821. — Dined at Lord Ranccliffe's : company, the Duc de Guiche, Warrender, Lord Alvanley, and Lady Adelaide. The talk at dinner all about horses and birds, but in the evening we had something better. Alvanley mentioned a book, called "*L'Histoire du Système*," giving an account of Law's money plan, and full, he said, of curious anecdotes about that whole transaction. There was a hump-backed man, who made a good deal of money by lending his hump as a writing-desk in the street, the houses and shops being all occupied by people making their calculations. The story about the Irish chairman whispering to Sheridan on the night of the fire at Drury Lane, " Don't make yourself uneasy, Mr. S. ; in about ten minutes the devil a drop more water there will be to be had ! " Sir A. C — once telling long rhodomontade stories about America at Lord Barrymore's table, B. (winking at the rest of the company) asked him, " Did you ever meet any of the Chick-chows, Sir Arthur ? " " Oh, several ; a very cruel race." " The Cherry-chows ? " " Oh, very much among them : they were particularly kind to our men." " And pray, did you know anything of the Totteroddy bow-wows ? " This was too much for poor Sir A., who then, for the first, perceived that Barrymore had been quizzing him.

April 16, 1821. — Had to dine with us, Harry Bushe, Douglas, and Irving. Bushe told of an Irish country squire, who used, with hardly any means, to give entertainments to the militia, etc., in his neighborhood ; and when a friend expostu-

lated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to these fellows when whiskey punch would do just as well, he answered, "You are very right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the *lemons*?" Douglas mentioned the son of some rich grazier in Ireland whose son went on a tour to Italy, with express injunctions from the father to write to him whatever was worthy of notice. Accordingly, on his arrival in Italy, he wrote a letter beginning as follows: "Dear Father, the Alps is a very high mountain, and bullocks bear no price." Lady Susan and her daughters, and the Kingstons, came in in the evening, and all supped. A French writer mentions as a proof of Shakespeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!" — *Grêle, grêle, toute grêle*.

September 12, 1822. — Abbot mentioned two or three legal anecdotes. Judge Fletcher once interrupted Tom Gold in an argument he was entering into about the jury's deciding on the fact, etc., when Gold, vexed at being stopped in his career, said, "My lord, Lord Mansfield was remarkable for the patience with which he heard the counsel that addressed him." "He never heard you, Mr. Gold," was Fletcher's reply, given with a weight of brogue, which added to the effect of the sarcasm. The same judge, who, it seems, is a very surly person, once said to an advocate, "Sir, I'll not sit here to be baited like a bear tied to the stake." "No, *not* tied to the stake, my lord," interrupted the counsel. He mentioned the excellent joke of Curran's upon a case, where the Theatre Royal in Dublin brought an action against Astley for acting the "Lock and Key." "My lords, the whole question turns upon this, whether the said 'Lock and Key' is to be a *patent* one, or of the *spring* and *tumbler* kind." Talking of jokes, there is a good story of Lattin's which I doubt if I have recorded. During the time of the emigrants in England, an old French lady came to him in some country town, begging, for God's sake, he would interfere, as the mob was about to tar and feather a French nobleman. On Lattin's proceeding with much surprise

to inquire into the matter, he found they were only going to *pitch a marquee*.

May 11, 1824. — Dined at the Wiltshire Anniversary. Sir F. Burdett was to have been in the chair, but detained at the House. Gordon, M. P. for Cricklade, took it. My health given and drunk with great cordiality; indeed it was almost the only toast that seemed to rouse the party to anything like enthusiasm. Made them a speech; said that the possession of a thatched cottage and half an acre of garden was the only claim I had to being accounted a Wiltshire gentleman. Irishmen, however, could take many disguises. An Irish colonel, once, upon meeting a man whom he thought he recognized in the uniform of the Forty-second Regiment, said, "How's this? you are an Irishman, ar'n't you?" "Faith I am, your Honor." "And in the uniform of a Scotch regiment?" "Yes, your Honor, I am what they call a lamb in wolf's clothing." I should have said that Gordon, in proposing my health, alluded to "Captain Rock," saying that I had lately appeared in a new character, that of a writer of statistics.

May 18, 1824. — Dressed in a hurry, having been invited this week past to meet the princesses at Lady Donegal's at two o'clock. Found there Colonel Dalton, the attendant of the Princess Augusta; and soon after their Royal Highnesses came, namely, Augusta, Mary (the Duchess of Gloucester), and Sophia of Gloucester. The rest of the party were Jekyll, and Lady Poultenev and her daughter. Sung for them, and then the Princess Augusta sung and played for me; among other things, new airs which she had composed to two songs of mine, "The wreath you wove" (rather pretty), and "The Legacy!" She played also a march, which she told me she had "composed for Frederick" (Duke of York), and a waltz or two, with some German airs. I then sung to her my rebel song, "Oh, where's the slave!" and it was no small triumph to be *chorused* in it by the favorite sister of his Majesty George IV. . . . We then sat down to luncheon; and it was quite amusing to find how much at my ease I felt myself; having consorted with princes in my time, but not knowing much

of the female gender of royalty. A good deal of talk about Lord Kenyon. Jekyll said that Kenyon died of eating apple pie crust at breakfast, to save the expense of muffins ; and that Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded to the Chief Justiceship in consequence, always bowed with great reverence to apple pie ; "which," said Jekyll, "we used to call apple pie-ty." The princesses also told of how "the King" used to play tricks on Kenyon, sending the dispatch box to him at quarter past seven, when he knew Kenyon was snug in bed ; being accustomed to go to bed at that hour to save candle-light. Altogether the repast went off very agreeably.

September 8, 1824. — Walked over to Bowood to dress, and went with Lord L. to the Book Club dinner at Chippenham. About fourteen or sixteen people. Made to follow Lord L. out of the room, and sat next him. Mentioned Sir B. Roche saying energetically in the House, "Mr. Speaker, I'll answer boldly in the affirmative, No." Joy (who was President) told us he was by at the memorable scene between Fox and Burke. Said that there were a number of people in the House affected to tears. In proposing new books after the dinner, a member from the bottom of the table said, "There is a book called 'Rock Detected,' which I should like to propose ;" upon which I said immediately, "Mr. President, I second that motion." I added, however, that they need not go to the expense of buying a copy, as I had one quite at their service. Left between nine and ten. In talking of neatness of execution being the *sine quâ non* in epigrams, Lord L. mentioned one as rather happy in its structure. I forget the exact words, but it was something like

(The hearer) "Perplexed

'Twixt the two to determine :

'Watch and pray,' says the text,

'Go to sleep,' says the sermon."

September 15, 1824. — Bowles called. Asked him to return to dinner with us, which he did. Is going pell-mell into controversy again ; Roscoe has exposed a carelessness of his with regard to one of Pope's letters, which he is going to write a

pamphlet to explain. Mentioned an acquaintance of his, of the name of Lambert, who took a fancy to go to Egypt. When he came back, some one said to him, "Well, Lambert, what account of the Pyramids?" "The Pyramids! what are they? I never heard of them!" Was called, ever after, Pyramid Lambert.

December 29, 1824. — Mentioned Gilbert Wakefield's taking Pope's "Gently spread thy purple pinions" as serious, and saying that it was not in Mr. Pope's happiest style. Sung in the evening. In talking of my own compositions, mentioned the tendency I had sometimes to run into consecutive fifths, and adding, some time after, that Bishop was the person who now revised my music, Lord Auckland said, "Other bishops take care of the tithes, but he looks after the fifths." A good story of a man brimful of ill-temper, coming out of a room where he had lost all his money at play, and seeing a person (a perfect stranger to him) tying his shoe at the top of the stairs; "D—n you (says he), you're always tying your shoe," and kicked him down-stairs.

August 15, 1825. — Story of Lord W—— saying in one of his speeches, "I ask myself so and so," and repeating the words, "I ask myself." "Yes," said Lord Ellenborough, "and a damned foolish answer you'll get." Frere's beautiful saying, that, "Next to an old friend, the best thing is an old enemy."

August 26, 1825. — Told the anecdote of the Prince pitching the Abbé St. Phar (half-brother to the Duke of Orleans) into the water at Newmarket. The Abbé had some method of making the fish lie still by tickling (or some such manœuvre), and proceeded to exhibit his skill, having first made the Prince and all the rest give their honors that they would not push him into the water. He then bent down to the river or pond, when the P., not being able to resist the temptation, pitched him head over heels into the middle of it. The Abbé was so enraged, that when he got out, he ran after the Prince, and but that the company favored the escape of the latter, would have treated him rather roughly. The Prince once having applied, in speaking of Sumner (now member for Surrey), a cant phrase he was much in the habit of using, some one told Sumner,

who, meeting Jack Payne afterwards in the street, said to him, showing a large stick he had in his hand, "Tell your master he had better keep out of my way, as, if I meet him, I shall fell him to the earth." When Fox questioned the Prince about the loan from the Duke of Orleans, and the bonds which the Prince had given for the purpose, the Prince denied most solemnly having ever given any bonds; upon which Fox produced them to him out of his pocket, thus convicting him of a lie to his very face. Errington was the person supposed to have been present at the marriage of the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert. When Lord Essex returned once from France, the Prince said to him, "I am told, but cannot believe it, that when at Paris you wear strings to your shoes." "It is very true, sir, and so do the Duke of Orleans, etc., and so will your Royal Highness before six months are over." "No, no, I'll be damned if ever I do such an effeminate thing as that." Story of the P. Attempted once to shoot himself on account of Mrs. Fitzherbert; only fired at the top of the bed, and then punctured himself with a sword in the breast.

August 31, 1825. — Mentioned that on some one saying to Peel, about Lawrence's picture of Croker, "You can see the very quiver of his lips;" "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Croker himself was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered, "He meant *Arrah*, coming out of it."

September 4, 1825. — Lord H. told at breakfast of the old Lady Albemarle (I think) saying to some one, "You have heard that I have abused you, but it is not true, for I would not take the trouble of talking about you; but if I *had* said anything of you, it would have been that you look like a blackguard of week days, and on Sundays like an apothecary." Lord H. full of an epigram he had just written on Southey, which we all twisted and turned into various shapes, he as happy as a boy during the operation. It was thus at last: —

"Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus."

"Our Laureat Bob defrauds the King,
He takes his cash and does not sing:

Yet on he goes, I know not why,
Singing for us who do not buy."

February 26, 1827.—Rogers told some anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington; of his saying to him (Rogers), speaking of Waterloo, "It was a battle of giants." His mentioning the effect that the intelligence of Bonaparte's escape from Elba had at Vienna. When told to all the personages there assembled in congress, they burst out a-laughing. The Duke sent off a dispatch to the Emperor of Austria with the news, and the person who was the bearer of it said afterwards, "What could there have possibly been in that dispatch; for the moment the Emperor read it, he burst out a-laughing." R. mentioned that, after the affair of Cintra, the Duke of Wellington said to Sir J. Moore, "There is now only you and me left, and if you are appointed chief, I will serve under you."

June 13, 1827.—Dined with Lady Donegal, or rather with Mary and Barbara, poor Lady D. not being well enough to see me yet. Drove a little in the Park afterwards, and they then set me down at the theatre, where I saw the "Hundred Pound Note" and "Peter Wilkins;" much pleased with both: Corry in the next box to me; joined and went, of course, to sup afterwards: this finishing of the night always necessary to him as it used to be to me, but it now disagrees with me much. Told me a good deal about Plunket, of his amiableness and even playfulness when one comes to know him, notwithstanding that repulsive look and manner of his. Described a merry day with him and the Chief Justice (Bushe) at the Pigeon House: their endeavors to out-pun each other, "Well, that's as bad as his, is n't it?" "No, no; mine was the worst, I appeal to all round." Con Lyne was one of the party, and, on his undertaking to recite something, Plunket said, "Come, come, Lyne, stand up while you do it; stand up, man, and nobody at least can say that you are *Con-seated* (conceited)." Mentioned Plunket's joke on some one saying, "Well, you see —'s predictions have come true." "Indeed!" said Plunket, "I always knew he was a *bore*, but I did n't know he was an *augur*."

September 12, 1827. — A good deal of talk at breakfast about Lord Dudley ; his two voices ; squeak and bass ; seems, as some one said, “like Lord Dudley conversing with Lord Ward ;” his manner of rehearsing in an under voice what he is going to say, so that people who sit near can overhear what he is about to utter to the company. Somebody who proposed to walk a little way with him heard him mutter, in this sort of consultation with himself, “I think I may endure him for ten minutes.” Oakden told me not a bad joke of the old Chancellor’s. Old Bond (the clergyman, whom I met in Dorsetshire) having said, in conversing with Lord E., “You are now then, my lord, one of the Ex’s.” “Yes, Mr. Bond,” answered Lord E., “and, in this last instance, I must confess the X’s were not Y’s” (wise). Oakden heard of me from the Bonds, and of my enjoyment of their magnificent coast. Mentioned that at the little watering-place, Swanage, which used annually to be the great resort of *parsons* coming to put themselves in the way of Lord Eldon, there is now but a single shovel-hat to be seen. The Fieldings to dinner. Talked of Porson ; one of his *scherzi*, the translation of “Three blue beans in a blue bladder :” *τρεις κυανοι κυανοι*, etc. The coolness with which he received the intelligence (which Raine trembled to communicate to him) of the destruction by fire of his long labored “Photius ;” he merely quoted “To each his sufferings, all are men,” adding, “let us speak no more on the subject,” and next day patiently began his work all again. At some college dinner, where, in giving toasts, the name was spoken from one end of the table, and a quotation applicable to it was to be supplied from the other, on the name of Gilbert Wakefield being given out, Porson, who hated him, roared forth, “What’s Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba ?” Said one night, when he was very drunk, to Dodd, who was pressing him hard in an argument, “Jemmy Dodd, I always despised you when sober, and I’ll be damned if I’ll argue with you now that I’m drunk.”

February 26, 1828. — Told of Lord Coleraine’s coolness one night in coming into his bedroom at an inn, which he found

had been occupied, after he had bespoke it, by some one else. On his coming to the side of the bed, an angry Irishman put his head out, and said, "What the devil do you want here, sir? I shall have satisfaction for this affront; my name is Johnson." At the same moment a little wizened-faced woman popped her head from under the clothes. "Mrs. Johnson, I presume?" said Lord Coleraine dryly, pointing to the lady.

April 10, 1828. — Bowles (between whom, by the bye, and Hobhouse there was a peace-making to-day, both shaking hands) told me that the house near Devizes with the ridiculous image of Apollo in the garden, naked and as large as life, is always pointed out by the stage coachmen as mine, the passengers exclaiming, "And an Apollo in the garden; how very appropriate!" This is too good. Company at Methuen's, Hobhouse, Joy, and Scott (Lord Eldon's son); the day very agreeable, laughing *with* some, and *at* others; the latter falling to the lot of Joy and his friend. He mentioned the French lady accusing a fair neighbor of waylaying her beaux, "*Quoi, Madame, vous volez mes attentifs!*" Scott told of a Jew in some small theatre, saying at the very moment when the whole audience was in still and breathless attention to the sorrows of Mrs. Beverly, "I should like mosh to know who dat was dat spat in my eye."

May 22, 1828. — Breakfasted at Rogers's. Luttrell and Lady Sarah Lyttleton the party. Luttrell told of an Irish fellow saying (in speaking of the dullness of the town of Derry on the Sabbath), "Well, to the devil I pitch a Protestant town of a Sunday." L.'s idea of the English climate; "On a fine day, like looking up a chimney; on a rainy day, like looking down it." Sydney Smith saying to Rogers when R. praised the gentleness of his (S.'s) horse, "Yes, a cross of the rocking-horse." After breakfast Sydney came in; sent a message by me to Rogers last night to say that he must ask him to meet me some morning at breakfast, which R. now did for Tuesday next. Smith spoke of Cooper, the American writer, whom he had been lately visiting. Cooper's touchiness; his indignation against Lord Nugent for having asked him to

walk to some street with him, and on being admitted where he went to visit, leaving the republican to return alone ; his rage with the Duke of Devonshire for not returning his visit, etc., etc. ; said that "the world should hear of these things !" Sydney joking with me as to the way I should proceed with Cooper, which was, as he advised, to call him out the first thing I did, for, as it must come to that, I might as well begin with it.

May 27, 1828. — Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet Cooper the American : Littleton and Lady Sarah, and Luttrell, also of the party. Cooper very agreeable. Anecdote of the disputatious man : "Why, it is as plain as that two and two make four." "But I deny *that* too ; for 2 and 2 make twenty-two." Cooper said one thing which, more from his manner than anything else produced a great effect : mentioning some friend of his who had been well acquainted with Lady H. Stanhope abroad, and who told him of his having, on some particular occasion, stood beside her on Mount Lebanon, when Cooper came to the word "Mount," he hesitated, and, his eyes being fixed on me added, "I was going to say Mount Parnassus, looking at *you*." When Rogers, too, in talking of Washington Irving's "Columbus," said, in his dry significant way, "It's rather *long*," Cooper turned round on him, and said sharply, "That's a *short* criticism."

May 4, 1830. — Lord Dudley, upon being asked whether he had read some new novel of Scott's, said, "Why, I am ashamed to say I have not ; but I have hopes it will soon *blow over*." It is, I believe, in Murphy's "Apprentice," that the fellow who is to act Ghost asks "Whether he is to bow to the audience ?" and the other answers, "Why, yes, if you are the ghost of a gentleman, certainly."

6th. — Breakfasted with Jeffrey to meet Sydney Smith, W. Irving, etc. Smith very amusing. In talking of Sir T. Lawrence's death, he said he had heard that it was entirely owing to his bandage (after bleeding) coming off, and the ignorance of his servant in not binding it on again, that he lost his life. On my remarking the additional ill-luck, after such a death, of

falling into the hands of such a biographer as Campbell, he started up, and exclaimed theatrically, "Look to your bandages, all ye that have been blooded ; there are biographers abroad !"

February 18, 1831. — Anglesey told me not a bad anecdote of Lord Cloncurry, who, in coming to town the other day, was upset in the snow, and some fellows on the road lending their assistance, he was quickly set right again, on which he said to them, "Thank you, my lads. Now I shall treat you as O'Connell does." "Oh long life to your honor for that," they exclaimed, with great joy, but were rather taken aback when Lord Cloncurry, holding out his empty hand to them said, "I'll trouble each of you for half a crown. O'Connell takes more from you ; but, as you have been such good fellows, I'll only ask half a crown." The fellows felt the fun of this, and, of course, got something else into the bargain.

May 1, 1831. — Alvanley said he believed that there was no such thing as a Swedish grammar, and mentioned a man at Paris who, intending to pay a visit to that country, was anxious to learn the language, but could neither find a grammar nor any person capable of teaching it. At last he was waited upon by a man whom his inquiries had brought to light, and who undertook to instruct him, and being very assiduous he learned, as he thought, sufficient for his purpose, and set off with it to Sweden. On his arrival there, however, he found that not a creature could comprehend a single word he said, and it turned out that what his friend, the language-master, had, with so much expense of time and money, been teaching him, was *Bas-Breton* !

June 18, 1831. — Sydney S. told of a young officer in his first battle, who, having been for some time fighting without well knowing where he was, at last, seeing the party he was immediately engaged with giving way, took off his cap and began roaring enthusiastically, "Victory ! Victory !" on which some veteran near him cried out, "Hold your tongue, you foolish fellow ; we have been retreating these two hours." Luttrell quoted from "Henry VI.," "Knowest thou the Lord

of Salisbury?" "Right well, and oft have shot at him ;' which Sydney parodied, "And oft have preached at him.' On looking at the play itself I find the fun of the quotation vanishes, as what the gunner says to his son is as follows : —

"Sirrah, thou knowest how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won ;"

to which the other answers, "Father, I know, and oft have shot at them." (1st part Hen. VI. act I, sc. 4.) Kirk, the Irish sculptor, came with a cast of his bust of me. Introduced him to Lord John and Rogers ; they did n't like it. Walked with Sydney Smith ; told me his age ; turned sixty. Asked me how I felt about dying. Answered that if my mind was but at ease about the comfort of those I left behind, I should leave the world without much regret, having passed a very happy life, and enjoyed (as much, perhaps, as ever man did yet) all that is enjoyable in it ; the only single thing I have had to complain of being want of money. I could therefore die with the same words that Jortin died, "I have had enough of everything."

March 24, 1832. — Luttrell quoted *à propos* to something from the "Trip to Scarborough:" "If he gives me 500*l.* to buy pins, what will he give me to buy petticoats?" Stories of instinct in animals, carrier pigeons, etc. "I am told," says Luttrell, "a man who buys a flock of Welsh sheep never sees them again ; they're all off to Carnarvonshire that night." Story of a man putting a crown piece under a stone, and sending a dog back a great distance to fetch it ; delay of the dog ; returned at last with the crown in a purse. A man had seen him turning up the stone, and took the piece from him ; but the dog saw him put it in his purse, and never left him till he had it back again. Story of the man in the Highlands who buried his wife, and, as was the custom, read the funeral service over her himself ; the same night as he was sitting lonely by his fire, heard a knock. "That's Mary's knock ; go and open the door." His opening it himself, and finding it *was* his wife ; who had been brought to life (according to the old story) by the sexton endeavoring to cut the ring off her finger.

27th. — Breakfasted at R.'s ; found there Barry Cornwall and Charles Murray. Proctor's stories of Charles Lamb. His excluding from his library the works of Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, etc., and substituting for them the heroes of the "Dunciad," of whose writings he has made a collection. His saying to —, in his odd, stammering way, on —'s making some remark, "Johnson has said worse things than that ;" then after a short pause, "and *better*." R.'s story of the parson who was called upon suddenly to preach to some invalid establishment ; poor, maimed creatures, hardly one of them able to get over a stile ; and the only sermon he happened to have with him, and which he preached, was one against *foreign* travel. Grattan's saying to a lady, who asked him what was the subject of some letter he was reading, "It is a secret." "Well, but tell it now." "No ; I would trust my life in your hands, but not a secret."

April 6, 1832. — Breakfasted at Lord John's : company, Lady Hardy and one of her daughters, Lord William, Sydney Smith, and Luttrell : Sydney delightful. When the horse guards were passing the windows, said to Lord W., "I suppose now you must feel the same in looking at those that I do at looking at a congregation." Talking of the feelings people must have on going into battle, Lord William appealed to. Said it was, at first, always a very anxious and awful feeling, but soon went off. I mentioned my having been on board a frigate when she was cleared for action ; and Luttrell said he had been in the same situation aboard a post-office packet, and had a musket put into his hands. This set Sydney off on the ingloriousness of such a combat ; drawing a penny-post cutlass, and crying, "Freeling forever !" Spoke of the knowledge sailors have of ships at a great distance ; took them off, saying, with a telescope to the eye, "Damn her, she's the *Delight* laden with tallow."

September 11, 1832. — Corry at breakfast ; speaking of the theatricals at Blessington's. A set of mock resolutions drawn up, one of which was the following, chiefly leveled at Crampton, who was always imperfect in his part : "That every

gentleman shall be at liberty to avail himself of the words of the author in case his own invention fails him." P. F., who acted the King in Warwick, saying, in his affected way, with a twist of the mouth, "Gracious heavens ! what am I ?" and Humphrey Butler, who was one of the lords sitting round him, and was rather tipsy, answering, in an under tone, "By — you're the ugliest fellow and the worst actor that I ever saw !" Grattan saying to Corry, about the head of John Crampton, which is given in the "Kilkenny Theatricals," "How very unkind to give Mr. Crampton without his legs !" "It would be hard to manage it," said Corry. "Why no ; I would put one leg there, and the other there," pointing to each side of the head.

September 26, 1832. — To Lacock to dinner : company, Luttrell and Count Zamoiski ; slept there. Luttrell telling of Sir F. Gould, on some one saying to him, "I am told you eat three eggs every day at breakfast ;" "No ;" answered Gould, "on the contrary." Some of us asked, "What was the contrary of eating three eggs ?" "Laying three eggs, I suppose," said Luttrell.

October 8, 1832. — Rogers told an anecdote of the Empress Catherine, which Lord St. Helen's had related to him. At one of her private parties, when she was as usual walking about from card-table to card-table looking at the players, she suddenly rang the bell for her page, but he did not come ; she looked agitated and impatient, and rang again, but still no page appeared. At length she left the room, and did not again return ; and conjecture was of course busy as to what might be the fate of the inattentive page. Shortly after, however, some one having occasion to go into the ante-chamber of the pages, found a party of them at cards, and the Empress seated playing along with them. The fact was, she had found that the page she rung for was so interested in the game he was engaged in, that he could not leave it to attend to her summons ; and accordingly she had quietly taken his hand for him, to play it out, while he went on the errand. So meekly can they who have the power of life and death over

those around them sometimes deal with their slaves ! Lord St. Helen's himself was one of the Empress's company on the occasion.

August 4, 1833. — Drove to Regent's Park ; told of Coleridge riding about in a strange shabby dress, with I forget whom, at Keswick, and on some company approaching them, Coleridge offered to fall behind and pass for his companion's servant. "No," said the other, "I am proud of you as a friend ; but, I must say, I should be ashamed of you as a servant."

October 14, 1833. — In talking of Frere, Smith told me a *mot* of his I had not heard before. Madame de — having said, in her intense style, "I should like to be married in *English*, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frere, "What language, I wonder, was *she* married in ?" "*Broken English*, I suppose," answered Frere.

November 21, 1833. — Allen told me some anecdotes of Burns ; his saying at some public dinner, during the feverish times of Jacobinism, on being asked for a toast, "I'll give you a Bible toast ; the last verse of the last chapter of the last Book of Kings."¹ On another occasion, having to give a toast before some high Tories, he said to the chairman, "You agree that lords should have their privileges ?" "Yes, certainly." "Well, then, I'll give you the privileges of the lords of the creation."

August 12 to 30, 1835. — An anecdote of Dr. Barnes, who is now about ninety-five years of age, rather amused me. Being sometimes (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked with him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted he had been awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about ?" "Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about half an hour too long." It is possible this joke

¹ (2 Kings xxv. 30. "And his allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life.") The meaning of Mr. Allen evidently was that Burns wished to see an end of kings ; but it is curious that this last *verse* should be susceptible of a totally different interpretation. — Ed.

may be even older than Barnes himself, but I don't remember ever hearing it before.

August 10, 1837. — Dinner at Rogers's. Almost over when I arrived. Company: Wordsworth, Landseer, Taylor, and Miss R. A good deal of talk about Campbell's poetry, which they were all much disposed to carp at and depreciate, more particularly Wordsworth. I remarked that Campbell's lesser poems, his sea odes, etc., bid far more fair, I thought, for immortality than almost any of the lyrics of the present day; on which they all began to pick holes in some of the most beautiful of these things. "Every sod beneath their feet shall be a soldier's sepulchre."¹ A *sod* being a sepulchre! (this, perhaps, is open to objection.) The "meteor flag braving the battle and the *breeze*," another of the things they objected to. Then his "angels' visits, few and far between," was borrowed from Blair, who says: —

"Or, if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between."

Taylor remarked that "The coming events cast their shadows before," was also borrowed, but did not so well make out his case. "Iberian were his boots," another of the blots they hit; altogether very perverse industry.

March 10, 1838. — Talked of Irishmen's unwillingness to pay ready money, their notions of the *ready* being always a bill at sixty-one days' date. Somebody saying that one would think every Irishman was born sixty-one days too late, from their being always that space of time behind the rest of the world; and Luttrell described the process of purchasing a horse between one Irish gentleman and another: "Price sixty pounds, for which you have no occasion to pay down cash — only *commit your thoughts to paper*."

¹ I have heard that the word was originally "cemetery." — J. R.

SCRAPS.

November 10, 1818. — Some tolerable conundrums mentioned by the ladies: "Why does n't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet? Because it always comes after T." "What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes? A and B, because A B C (see) D." I mentioned one or two of Beresford's (author of the "Miseries of Human Life"), most ludicrously far-fetched. "Why is a man who bets on the letter O that it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a man asking for one sort of tobacco and getting some other? Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco)."

January 23, 1819. — Read some of Wycherly's "Plain Dealer." Did Burns ever read the following passage: "I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier?" In his fine song, "For a' That," there is something very like it: —

"The *title's* but the guinea's *stamp*,
The *man's* the gold for a' that."

30th. — Sharpe mentioned the "Iter subterraneum," or "Klinius," of Baron de Holberg, in imitation of "Gulliver:" in one of the places he visits there is an ecclesiastic, whose appointment to some great place depends on his thinking the sun triangular in its shape. He looks and looks through his telescope, but in vain; he cannot think it otherwise than round; another of more accommodating vision gets the place, and on being questioned by the unsuccessful gentleman, who asks him how it was possible it could appear to him triangular; as for himself, he confessed, let him look at it how or when he might, it always seemed to him round. The other answers, "Certainly, it must be confessed that, for a triangular body, it *is* very round." This is the only good thing, Sharpe said, in the work.

May 27, 1819. — What the Prince de Ligne said to a person, who had been trying unsuccessfully to make a piece of water in his grounds, and who told him there had been a man

drowned in it, *C'était un flatteur*. In talking of dogs a case mentioned, where a man in going to bathe, left his clothes in care of his dog, but on his returning out of the water, the dog, not knowing him, would not give them up again. Spoke of "Boswell's Johnson:" Boswell asking him about some passage in Pope, "What does he mean by it?" "I don't know, sir; I suppose he meant to vex some one."¹ Boswell complaining of the noise of the company, the day before, making his head ache. "No, sir; it was not the noise that made your head ache, it was the sense we put into it." "Has sense that effect on the head?" "Yes, sir, on heads not used to it." Boswell mentions Johnson saying to him one night when they were sleeping in the same room and conversing, "If you don't stop talking, sir, I will get up and tie you to the bed-post." "I mention this (adds Boswell) to show the faculty he had of placing his adversary in a ridiculous position."

28th. — Cannon (one of the Regent's chaplains) told some good stories of his master during dinner. "Alarming times; I receive some dreadful anonymous letters; don't I, Bloomfield? You remember that one which I did n't like to send to the Secretary of State, beginning, 'You damned old fellow, I'll pull you out of the coach.'" Mentioned also the *gracious* answer sent by Bloomfield to an application of Mrs. Murray's, to be allowed to remain in her chambers: "Madam, his R. H. was most feelingly gracious in the expression of his decision, which was — unfavorable to your request," etc., etc.

July 25, 1819. — Mentioned that George Dyer, in despair of getting any one to listen to him reading his own poetry, at last, when Dr. Graham came into the neighborhood with his plan of burying people up to the neck in the earth, and leaving them there some hours (as a mode of cure for some disease), took advantage of the situation of these patients, and went and read to them all the while they were thus stuck in the earth.

August 2, 1819. — Bowles called in the morning. Much

¹ The passage was. I think,

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excell
Ten metropolitans in preaching well."

delighted with an article in "Blackwood's Magazine" concerning his controversy with Campbell. Told me of his having advised the poor psalm-writer (that comes to him for charity) to turn Dissenting preacher; of his rigging him out with an old black coat and breeches of his own, and saying, "There, now you are fit to preach before any one." Excellent this in a minister of the Establishment.

December 28, 1820. — In talking of people who had a sort of *non sequitur* head, there were two or three ridiculous instances mentioned. A man, who being asked did he understand German, answered, "No, but I have a cousin who plays the German flute." Another, going into a book-shop to ask if they had the "Whole Duty of Man," and receiving for answer, "No, sir, but we have Mrs. Glasse's Cookery," etc., etc.

July 6, 1821. — Luttrell in good spirits, and highly amusing: told of an Irishman, who, having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving sixpence from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence, then at him, and at last exclaimed, "By Jasus, I'm *over-paid* for the job." Lord John told us that Bobus Smith one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, T. said, *C'étoit donc votre père qui n'étoit pas bien.*

October 13, 1821. — Story of a man asking a servant, "Is your master at home?" "No sir, he's out." "Your mistress?" "No sir, she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come." "Faith, sir, that's out too." When Lord Castlereagh was at Belfast, a common fellow was asking him for money, and when some one remonstrated with him upon it said, "Why, bless your soul, for a tenpenny I'd engage to entertain all his friends in Belfast."

21st. — One of my companions mentioned that an old woman said, upon the regiment of the Enniskilleners lately entering that town, "Well, boys, you look mighty well, considering it is now a hundred and nine years since you were here before."

October 8, 1822. — Byrne's story of the priest, saying to a

fellow who always shirked his dues at Easter and Christmas, and who gave as an excuse for his last failure, that he had been very ill, and so near dying that Father Brennan had anointed him : " Anointed you, did he ? faith it showed he did not know you as well as I do, or he would have known you were slippery enough without it." The Irishman's defense of the palavering reception given to the King in Ireland : " Well, faith, after all, you know the only way to deal with a humbugger is to humbug him."

January 7, 1823. — Jekyll told of some one remarking on the inaccuracy of the inscription on Lord Kenyon's tomb, *Mors janua vita* ; upon which Lord Ellenborough said, " Don't you know that *that* was by Kenyon's express desire, as he left it in his will, that they should not go to the expense of a diphthong ?" He mentioned Rogers's story of an old gentleman, when sleeping at the fire, being awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons all tumbling down, and saying, " What ! going to bed without one kiss," taking it for the children. Talked of General Smith, a celebrated nabob, who said, as an excuse for his bad shooting, that he had " spoilt his hand by shooting peacocks with the Great Mogul." Lord L. told of the same having written to put off some friends whom he had invited to his country-seat, saying, " I find my damned fellow of a steward has in the mean time sold the estate."

June 11, 1823. — Witticisms of Foote. His saying to a canting sort of lady that asked him, " Pray, Mr. Foote, do you ever go to church ?" " No, madam ; not that I see any harm in it."

July 31, 1823. — Mrs. S. told some Irish stories. One, of a conversation she overheard between two fellows about Donnelly, the Irish champion : how a Miss Kelly, a young lady of fine behavior, had followed him to the Curragh, to his great battle, and laid her gold watch and her coach and six that he would win ; and that when Donnelly, at one time, was getting the worst of it, she exclaimed, " O Donnelly, would you leave me to go back on foot, and not know the hour ?" on which he rallied, and won. How the Duke of Wellington

said to Donelly, "I am told you are called the hero of Ireland ;" "Not the hero, my lord, but only the champion."

October 23, 1824. — Clutterbuck's story of the old lady (his aunt) excellent. Being very nervous, she told Sir W. Farquhar she thought Bath would do her good. "It's very odd," says Sir W., "but that's the very thing I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars of your case to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of." The lady, furnished with the letter, sets off, and on arriving at Newbury, feeling as usual, very nervous, she said to her confidant, "Long as Sir Walter has attended me, he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician." In vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter, and read, "Dear Davis, keep the old lady three weeks, and send her back again."

June 15, 1825. — During Smith's visit to the Observatory, said to the man, "Mr. —, it must be very interesting to observe the progress of comets." "No, indeed, sir," answered the astronomer, "comets are very foolish things, and give a vast deal of trouble."

January 9, 1826. — Difficulty of avoiding mistakes in advertisements and notes. Example of the former: "To be sold a gig, the property of a gentleman without a head ;" of the latter, a note to Crampton with an hospital patient, "I beg to recommend to your care John —, the coachman of Lord Howth, who is my friend and dropsical."

25th. — Story of Lord Ellenborough's saying, when Lord — yawned during his own speech, "Come, come, the fellow *does* show some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province." Lord Ellenborough being once met going out of the House of Lords, while Lord — was speaking, "What, are you going?" said the person to him, "Why, yes," answered Lord E., "I am accountable to God Almighty for the use of my time." Talked of Sir David Baird, his roughness, etc. His mother said, when she heard of his being taken prisoner

at Seringapatam, and of the prisoners being chained together two and two, "God help the mon that's tied to my Davie."

July 19, 1826. — A conceited man of the name of D'Oyley having said that he wished to be called De Oyley, somebody at dinner addressed him thus, "Mr. De Oyley, will you have some de-umpling?" Story of an Englishman giving a *carte* of a restaurateur (which he happened to have in his pocket) instead of his passport, and the *gend'arme* maliciously reading it and looking at him, "*Tête de veau ; pied de cochon ; ça suffit, Monsieur, c'est vous.*" A French bookseller told Benson, speaking of two books that he had in his hand, "This is bound in mutton, sir, and this in veal."

October 8, 1826. — After luncheon Luttrell walked part of the way home with me. J——'s saying to him that in going circuit "there was always a floating balance of shirts among us, and I contrived to leave the party one morning when this balance happened to be particularly in my favor." Told him of some one saying Miss ——'s father and mother were "afraid to let her off the premises;" "for fear, I suppose (said Luttrell), that she should come to the *conclusion*."

February 23, 1827. — R. mentioned Lord Erskine saying of some man who died immensely rich, "A fine sum to begin the other world with." Fuseli one cold day, in standing at the fire at Rogers's, said, with his peculiar accent, "Hell fire, kept within proper bounds, is no bad thing."

January 18, 1828. — Anecdote of Newton, showing his extreme absence: inviting a friend to dinner and forgetting it: the friend arriving, and finding the philosopher in a fit of abstraction. Dinner brought up for *one*: the friend (without disturbing Newton) sitting down and dispatching it, and Newton, after recovering from his reverie, looking at the empty dishes and saying, "Well, really, if it was n't for the proof before my eyes, I could have sworn that I had not yet dined."

June 7, 1829. — Lord H.'s story of the man in Spain with a basket of vipers proclaiming their freshness and liveliness to a large party of travellers who slept in the same room with him.

At night somebody awaked by feeling something cold passing over his face ; and at the same moment the viper-merchant exclaiming aloud in the dark, " My vipers have got loose, but lie still, all of you ; they will not hurt you, if you don't move," etc., etc.

September 22, 1829. — Mentioned an anecdote told by Croker as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fénelon, who had often teased Richelieu (and ineffectually it would seem) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture. " And did you ask it for a subscription," said Richelieu sneeringly. " No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other ; " it was so like you."

October 5, 1829. — Bannister's melancholy at finding himself sixty-five, exactly the number of his own house. Looking up at the plate on the door, and soliloquizing, " Aye, you need n't tell me, I know it ; you told me the same thing yesterday."

January 4, 1830. — Dean Ogle a very absent man ; has been known more than once at a strange table, where there happened not to be a very good dinner, to burst out with, " Dear me, what a very bad dinner ! I am so sorry not to have given you a better," etc., etc., thinking himself at home. Story of a sick man telling his symptoms (which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful) to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, " Charming ! " " Delightful ! " " Pray go on ! " and, when he had finished, said with the utmost pleasure, " Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct ? "

April 4, 1830. — Rogers quoted the following good epigram : —

" ' See the justice of Heaven,' America cries,
 ' George, loses his senses, North loses his eyes ! '
 But before they attacked her, ' t was easy to find
 That the monarch was mad and the minister blind."

Mentioned also the following upon Mrs. Cowley's tragedy of " The Fate of Sparta " (or some such name) : —

“ When in your mimic scenes I viewed
Of Sparta’s sons the fate severe ;
I caught the Spartan fortitude,
And saw their woes without a tear.”

S. quoted Charteris’s saying, “ I ’d give at any time ten thousand pounds for a character, because I know I could make twenty by it.”

August 27, 1830. — Lady Morgan’s story of her telling Lady Cork, on the morning of one of her assemblies, that she had just seen Sir A. Carlisle, who had been dissecting and preserving the little female dwarf Crachami. “ Would it do for a *lion* for to-night ? ” asked Lady Cork. “ Why, I think, hardly.” “ But surely it would if it’s *in spirits*.” Their posting off to Sir A. Carlisle’s, and Lady C. asking the servant for the little child. “ There ’s no child here, ma’am.” “ But I mean the child in the bottle.” “ Oh, this is not the place where we bottle the children, ma’am ; that ’s at master’s workshop.”

June 14, 1831. — S. Smith amusing before dinner ; his magnanimity (as he called it) in avowing that he had never before heard of Lamartine (of whom Miss Berry and I were speaking). “ Was it another name for the famous blacking man ? ” “ Yes.” “ Oh, then, he’s Martin here, La-Martine in France, and Martin Luther in Germany.” He never minds what nonsense he talks, which is one of the great reasons of his saying so much that is comical.

March 6, 1833. — Bryan told of — one of the new Irish members, that having, at his election, bantered a butter merchant who came to vote against him, asking him at which side of the firkin of butter he put the stone as a make-weight, the fellow, after giving him some answer, said, “ And now, Mr. —, let me ask you a question ; which was it, the leaders or the wheelers you held that night when your father robbed the mail ? ”

June 1 to 8, 1833. — Talking of strange texts for sermons, the following were mentioned : “ Take it by the tail,” from Exodus (“ Put forth thine hand and take it by the tail ”) ; the argument founded upon it being that we must judge of God’s providence by the event ; “ Old shoes and clouted ” (Joshua

ix.), which I forget what the preacher made of ; and “ Top not come down,” from Matthew (“ Let him which is in the house-top not come down ”), which was taken as a text for a sermon against ladies’ top-knots.

October 24, 1833. — In talking of Baron de Rolle (a follower of the exiled Bourbons), whom I met a good deal at Donnington Park, told of De Rolle when on a visit at the Staffords’, Lady Stafford wishing, one day, to get rid of him, pointing to a mountain at a distance which she told him was very curious, and advising him to go and see it : “ *Vous aurez un petit cabriolet, et cela sera fort agréable !* ” “ *Ah ! Miladi,*” replied De Rolle, holding up his hands in a supplicatory posture, “ *Je suis Suisse : j’ai tant vu de montagnes !* ”

November 3, 1833. — Luttrell’s story of some Irish lady who had been travelling with her family, and on being asked whether they had been at *Aix* answered, “ Oh, yes ! indeed ; very much at our *ase* everywhere.” Dedel told of the wife of some ambassador (I forget her name) coming to dinner, and on her passing through the ante-room where Talleyrand was standing, he looked up and exclaimed significantly, “ Ah ! ” In the course of the dinner, the lady having asked him across the table why he had uttered the exclamation of oh ! on her entrance, Talleyrand, with a grave, self-vindictory look, answered, “ *Madame, je n’ai pas dit oh ! j’ai dit ah !* ” Comical, very, without one’s being able to define *why* it is so.

February 19, 1835. — M’N—— was lame (having a dislocated hip), and Lord Plunket told the story of a limping man asking Keller (I think) one day, in the court, “ Did you see M’N—— go this way ? ” “ By G——, I never saw him go otherwise,” answered Keller. It is said to have been in a duel that M’N—— received the wound in the hip that lamed him ; and, on a subsequent occasion, when he was again going out to fight, a friend of his, when he was on the way to the ground, called him back and said gravely to him, “ I ’d advise you, Mac, to turn the other hip to him ; who knows but he may shoot you straight.”

June 1 to 9, 1835. — Was reminded by Corry the other day

of a few old jokes and stories, some of them not bad. Among other happy sarcasms of Redmond Barry on John Crampton, he said once in answer to Corry, who was praising Crampton's performance of some particular character a night or two before, "Yes, he played that part pretty well ; he *had n't time to study it !*"

November 8, 1835. — Bobus gave a new and better reading of Jekyll's joke respecting the day the ceiling fell down, during dinner at Lansdowne House ; Jekyll himself having escaped dining there by an engagement to meet the judges. "I had been asked," he said, "to *Ruat Cælum*, but dined instead with *Fiat Justitia*." Talking of Kean, I mentioned his having told me that he had eked out his means of living before he emerged into celebrity, by teaching dancing, fencing, *elocution, and boxing*. "Elocution and boxing ! (repeated Bobus) a word and a blow."

May 19, 1838. — Story of the lady who wrote to Talleyrand informing him, in high-flown terms of grief, of the death of her husband, and expecting an eloquent letter of condolence in return ; his answer only, "Hélas, Madame. Votre affectionné, etc., Talleyrand." In less than a year, another letter from the same lady, informed him of her having married again ; to which he returned an answer in the same laconic style : Oh, oh, Madame ! Votre affectionné, etc., Talleyrand."

WILLIAM JERDAN.



Yours. ever.

W. Jordan

[From MacLise Gallery.]



WILLIAM JERDAN.

GEORGE COLMAN.

QF the King's Bench I remember George Colman giving a vivid description, and sketching characters of much dramatic interest: A prison optimist, who maintained that everything in gaol was superior to aught on the outside, exposed to the persecutions and troubles of society. A celebrated vocalist, ever unconsciously, by fits and starts, humming or whistling airs, the links of which were chained to melancholy reflections, such as —

“Ye mind me of departed joys,
Departed never to return” —

and “Home, Sweet Home,” and similar ditties. Captain K—ne, a lunatic, who, after his examination, being asked by one of the solicitors, “Do you know me?” answered, “Yes, by nature you are an honest man — by profession a rogue.” He was consequently found to be insane. An old man, who lived three weeks after his committal, praying for nothing but that they would carry him once more outside the walls, in order that he might die happy, but which could not be. An imbecile, from long confinement, imagining that he had succeeded to a large fortune, building a magnificent château in Spain, paying all his debts with cent. per cent. interest, and making everybody rich and joyous. A reckless spendthrift officer, of good family, so drunk on the appointed morning, that he could not be taken up to the Insolvent Court to receive his discharge. All these, and more, and scenes in which they figured, did the

admirable dramatist sketch and impersonate with striking effect ; but I have a yet fresher recollection of his description of four gigantic moonlike circles chalked on the high walls for ball-play, which, whilst walking forth on a gusty night, he likened to huge glistening demon eyes, from the reflected light of the dim lamp below, glaring on the prisoners lodged in the opposite buildings, and affecting them variously according to their situations and feelings. Some of the captive tenantry, occupied in revels, cared nothing for the ominous inspection upon their deeds ; others, starving and wretched, gazed on the fancied fiend with an intensity of suffering nearly allied to madness. And then the whole was wound up with a ludicrous account of Marshall Jones, the keeper, wheeled round in a chair of state, like the celestial emperor, dreaded by his subjects ; though with far less reason than since his rule, when the greater strictness of the laws enforcing prison discipline, has led to more severity in the treatment of debtor prisoners, whilst criminal prisoners are, in many cases, petted and promoted by spurious benevolence, to their inmost gratification and hopeful delight.

My intimacy with Colman was rather desultory ; but still, on numerous occasions, I had the pleasure of meeting him in friendly society, and enjoying the piquant raciness of his conversation. I remember sitting in trio with him after dinner, at my friend Mr. Robert Clarke's, when he entertained us with his idea of the tale, entitled, "The two Parsons and One Shirt," which he afterwards wrote in such humorous verse ; and so lame and absurd did the story seem, that Clarke and I agreed that even George Colman could make nothing of it. At the same time, he related an anecdote of a French gentleman, whose purse was in the last stage of *émigré* vacuity, but who had succeeded in gaining the affections and hand of a young English lady of some fortune. The wedding-day was appointed at St. James's Church, and poor Monsieur was *au désespoir* for the means of getting over the ceremony, and whisking off his bride, "accorden to de Anglaise costume," from the church door for the ex-urban honeymoon. He could not

ask for any of the bride's portion before their union, and in his trouble he consulted the wag of the day ; who represented that he could only accommodate him with a small supply for the post-chaise, et cetera, and consequently advised a very short excursion on the very short resources. And whither does the reader think he sent the deluded Frenchman ? To the Elephant and Castle, which he quitted the next day, as "one most noisy and troubled hotel, all de night, dat he never did sleep at !"

Having fallen into the train of Colman reminiscences, I may as well finish this chapter with a few more examples of his facetious humors, and other anecdotes, after the manner of "Moore's Memoirs," edited by Lord John Russell, and exceedingly lauded by critics, who have so justly censured my poor work for its want of sequent connection. But fifty years of literary life, mixed up with "all the world," defies system. Of the fair sex George was a fervent admirer, and embodied in the first place, Byron's verbal creed, though not his practical faith, when he finely says that women are our nurses in youth, our mistresses at a riper age, our companions in old age, and at all ages our comforters and friends.

Walking up the Haymarket one day, with his handkerchief hanging out of his pocket, a good-natured fellow gave him the hint, "You 'll lose your handkerchief, sir." "Not," retorted George, "if you 'll pass on." The bitter dispute between him and his brother-in-law and partner was wont to explode in violent altercations. In one of these, Mr. Morris accused him of "taking away his name ;" and the following dialogue ensued : C. "How did I take away your name ?" M. "By vilifying me with other odious epithets." C. "What ?" M. "You called me a scoundrel, sir." C., with a forced grin, "Keep your name !"

His ridicule of the methodistic legends of special providences, was pointed with the story of a chestnut-tree struck by lightning, so that the nuts fell down ready roasted to save trouble ; and the attachment of perfect friendship was exhibited in the instance of a loving pair of cronies staggering

home from the tavern, when one tumbled into the kennel and besought his comrade to help him up. "Ah, no," hiccuped the true friend, "I am too drunk to do that, but my dear boy, I will lie down by you ;" which was no sooner said than done.

I conclude these scraps of Colmaniana, with a Shakesperian reading by a provincial performer. Hamlet meditates on the ghost that perhaps

" The devil ——
 Out of my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me."

which the actor, *rotundo ore*, pronounced,

" The devil ——
 Out of my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits !)
 Abuses me too, damme! "

A DAY WITH HOOK.

I never saw Hook, often as I have seen him in his hours of exuberant humor, in such glorious "fooling" as on this occasion. From his entrance to his departure his countenance beamed with overflowing mirth, and his wonderful talent seemed to be more than commonly excited by the company of Coleridge, whom, I think, he had never met—at any rate never met with his legs under the same mahogany before.

Our host had replenished his sideboard with fine wines from his father's cellars and wine merchants in town ; but having, unluckily, forgotten port, a few bottles of black-strap had been obtained for the nonce from the adjacent inn at Highgate ; and sooth to say it was not of the first quality. To add to this grievance, the glasses appertaining to the lodgings were of a diminutive capacity, and when they came to be addressed to champagne and hock, were only tolerable and not to be endured. Thus, in the midst of dinner, or rather more towards its close, we were surprised by Hook's rising, and asking us to fill bumpers to a toast. It was not difficult to fill these glasses, and we were pledged to follow

the example of our leader in draining them. In a brief but most entertaining address he described the excellent qualities of Reynolds, and above all his noble capacity for giving rural dinners, but, — there was always a but, not a butt of wine, but a but, a something *manqué*. On this occasion it was but too notorious in the size of these miserable pigmies, out of which we were trying to drink his health, etc., etc., etc. The toast was drunk with acclamation, and then followed the exemplary cannikin clink, hob-nobbing, and striking the poor little glasses on the table till every one was broken save one, and that was reserved for a poetical fate. Tumblers were substituted, and might possibly contribute their share to the early hilarity and consecutive frolic of the night ; for ere long Coleridge's sonorous voice was heard declaiming on the extraordinary ebullitions of Hook : "I have before in the course of my time met with men of admirable promptitude of intellectual power and play of wit, which as Stillingfleet tells

‘ The rays of wit gild wheresoe’er they strike ; ’

but I never could have conceived such amazing readiness of mind, and resources of genius to be poured out on the mere subject and impulse of the moment." Having got the poet into this exalted mood, the last of the limited wine-glasses was mounted upon the bottom of a reversed tumbler, and, to the infinite risk of the latter, he was induced to shy at the former with a silver fork, till after two or three throws, he succeeded in smashing it into fragments, to be tossed into the basket with its perished brethren. It was truly hang-up philosophy, and, like all such scenes, may perhaps appear somewhat wantonly absurd in description (for the spirit which enjoyed them cannot exist in the breasts of readers) ; but this exhibition was remembered for years afterwards by all who partook of it ; and I have a letter of Lockhart's alluding to the date of our witnessing the roseate face of Coleridge, lit up with animation, his large gray eye beaming, his white hair floating, and his whole frame, as it were, radiating with intense interest, as he poised the fork in his hand, and launched

it at the fragile object (the last glass of dinner), distant some three or four feet from him on the table ! —

“ So full of shapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.”

Grave folks wonder at those who are, as Shakespeare hath it, “ wise enough to play the fool,” and it is to be hoped the party here met might plead some share of that foundation for their apology. Be that as it may, Hook, after dinner, gave us two of his usual extemporized songs, one of them characterizing all the “ present company,” no one excepted, and few, if any, were spared the satirical lash ; so cleverly applied, that Captain Harris could not credit that the whole was not preconcerted by Mr. Lockhart, Hook, and I (Hook and Eye !) Piqued by the suspicion, Hook dared him to name a subject for an impromptu song, and of all the impracticable subjects that could be imagined, he gave him “ *Cocoa-nut Oil !*” I must notice that it was suggested by the refusal of a lamp, charged with that material (just then being publicly puffed, as the best of all flame-feeders), to burn, and its having been sent from the table to liquify before the kitchen fire whilst candles took its duty ; and upon these untoward incidents the song instantly proceeded. Having heard

“ When I was a maiden of bashful fifteen ”

improvised on a somewhat similar occasion, such as not unfrequently occurred at the jocund board of Mr. Fred. Hodgson, it is high praise to state that Hook never excelled this effort — effort ? they never seemed efforts to him. He commenced with a landscape of the Mauritius with the cocoa-tree as its principal feature ; he painted the natives dancing by moonlight beneath its beautiful foliage ; he described the various uses of its fruits, wood, fibres, and sap, and out of the latter extracted *his* oil. Then came the lampooned lamp, with all its ludicrous pretensions and mishaps, the impudence of trading puffery, and the weakness of the individual who had been taken in by it. And all this in versification, which might have been taken in short-hand, and published verbatim.

"Think of that Master Ford," and your astonishment and admiration will be nearly as great as were the astonishment and admiration of Captain Harris, largely shared even by those who were best acquainted with the improvisatore's most successful displays of that marvelous faculty. Coleridge was in the seventh heaven, and varied the pleasures of the evening by some exquisite recitation, as well as humorous stories of Southey, Wordsworth, and other brother bards.

In due season the feast of souls and the flow of tumblers told their tale ; and it must be confessed that some of us were a trifle uproarious. It so happened that the name of the gardener was M'Pherson ; and his busy wife, plying her utmost care in getting the dinner up from the kitchen below (we had an experienced waiter from Brompton for the dining-room) had been rather frightened by the catastrophe of the glasses and the festive cheering and shouting of the hilarious party. Towards the close, Mistress M'Pherson was the topic assigned to Hook for his last song, and he sung it ! Now I have mentioned that it was a shell of a cottage, and consequently Mrs. Mac was an astonished auditress of this unique composition, which had such an effect upon her nerves, that she bolted from her domicile to seek her sister to stay with her, and (together with the foresaid waiter) take care of her till her husband came home. Of this, however, I was not aware till later in the night, when it cost me a threat of watch-house ; for Lockhart, Hook, and I returned in the same carriage, and after leaving my companions in the Regent's Park and Cleveland Row, I resolved on walking home, attended by my neighbor the waiter, who had availed himself of the coach-box ; and as we wended our way up Piccadilly, amused me by describing the scenes in the inferior regions whilst we were at high jinks above. His account of the terror which seized Mrs. M'Pherson so tickled my diaphragm that I burst into laughter more uncontrollable than any previous fit, and laid hold of the iron railing to support me in having my cachinnation out, when lo and behold, I was pulled up by a Charley, with "Hollo, sir, you must not laugh in that way there at this time

of night " (it was morning), and it showed great self-possession that I managed to steer safely home at last, and live to record this day of memorable enjoyment.

A friend has reminded me of another lesser dining-bout, and, as his note is very short, I add it.

The merry party assembled at Hook's, in Cleveland Row. It consisted of the gifted Wilson Croker, the eccentric Dean of Patcham — Cannon, the versatile C. Mathews, the laughter-loving F. Yates, the gentle Allan Cunningham, the — Jerdan, (I modestly suppress the epithet), and a sprightly noble lord, William Lennox, who has since, as a novelist, hit off the characters of the host on that occasion, and Edward Cannon, as well, perhaps better than any other writer. The dinner in the "Tuft Hunter," in which Hook figures as a principal character, and the scene at Newbury with Hook and Cannon, in "Percy Hamilton," prove that his lordship was studying the peculiarities of those he has since so cleverly portrayed in the above-mentioned novels. But to our dinner, or, as the French say, "*revenons à nos moutons*." At first the conversation was quiet, no one liked to break the ice ; Hook squibbed off a few pleasantries, and Cannon attempted a joke which flashed in the pan. But as the well-iced champagne went round, a thaw followed. Mathews told a story, which told, Yates followed, and was tolerably successful ; still no "keen encounter of wit" had taken place, and we all began to fear there was too great a concentration of talent for any one to take the lead. Cannon, sitting next to Lord W. Lennox, whispered aloud, "Dead slow." "Slow — sloe-juice, you mean," responded Hook ; "no reflections on my wine ; Dean, a glass of portums." "Delighted." Another pause. Cannon again tried a joke. We must here premise that the Dean's jests will not, in many cases, bear printing ; it was the knowing way in which they were uttered that made them tell. The conversation turned on the Duke of Cumberland, and a question asked who he had married. "Don't you know ?" said Cannon. "The Princess de *Psalms* (Salms), good enough for *Hymn* (him)." A small laugh. It was rather odd that amongst the company present,

the one not the most likely to say the best thing should have carried off the *éclat*. We mean no reflection on the noble lord ; his powers of conversation were great, he was quick at repartee, but as a jester he was not so high up. Hook had placed some crape round the print of Peel, for some vote he disapproved of ; at dinner some one appealed to him to take it off ; he consented, and, amidst a dead silence, a voice which had scarcely been heard during dinner exclaimed, " Nothing like a tory for getting a brother tory out of *his crape* (his scrape)." " Who's the chiel ?" asked Allan Cunningham. " Lord W. Lennox," I responded. " Happy idea," said Croker ; " a glass of wine, Lord William."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth seldom visited London, and I had only once an opportunity of seeing him at his home, when I went by invitation from Tabley House to the Lakes and Rydal Mount. On this occasion, a lovely summer afternoon, as I sauntered towards his residence, I discovered the poet picturesquely disposed for the interview. He was seated at an oriel window opening upon the lawn, and perusing, or seeming to peruse, a huge folio volume, which rested upon his knee. No portrait-painter could have devised a finer subject for the pencil. It was Wordsworth *se ipse*, just on such a scene as the intense lover of nature would wish to select, and in delicious harmony with all the feelings which his genius inspired. I passed a few hours of calm delight at his tea-table and in his conversation, a contrast, I may say, to the few hours I have been describing as passed in the society of his brother bard, Coleridge ! The ideal was complete, and I might have saluted him from Burbidge, in language which has always struck me as very typical of him and his muse.

" Give me the man who can enjoyment find
In brooks and streams, and every flower that grows ;
Who in a daisy can amusement see,
And gather wisdom from a floating straw :
His soul a spring of pleasure might possess
Quite inexhaustible."

But Wordsworth in town was very different from Wordsworth in the country, or rather, perhaps, he was not the same person in mixed company as when *tête-à-tête*, or with a couple of friends. In the former case he was often very lively and entertaining. I recollect meeting him at breakfast after his being at the Italian opera the preceding night, and his remarks on the limning of the limbs of the dancers were as replete with shrewdness and pleasantry as anything I ever heard from the most witty and graphic lips. I was so charmed both with the matter and manner, that I wrote immediately to offer *carte blanche* for his correspondence, from the Continent, whither he was then on his way, for the "Literary Gazette," which he declined for the reasons assigned in the following letter : —

" RYDAL MOUNT, NEAR AMBLESIDE, *October 7th.*

" DEAR SIR, — "Your letter of the 23d August I did not receive till my arrival here, several weeks after it was written. My stay in London was only of a few days, or I should have been pleased to renew my acquaintance with you.

" I really cannot change my opinion as to the little interest which would attach to such observations as my ability or opportunity enabled me to make during my ramble upon the continent, or it would have given me pleasure to meet your wishes. There is an obstacle in the way of my ever producing anything of this kind, viz. idleness, and yet another which is an affair of taste.¹ Periodical writing, in order to strike, must be ambitious ; and this style is, I think, in the record of tours or travels, intolerable ; or, at any rate, the worst that can be chosen. My model would be Gray's Letters and Journal, if I could muster courage to set seriously about anything of the kind ; but I suspect Gray himself would be found flat in these days.

" I have named to Mr. Southey your communication about Mr. Percival's death ; he received them and wrote you a letter

¹ Mr. Orme wrote me to be earnest, as he thought Mr. W. "only wanted a little poetical pressing ;" but I could not succeed. — W. J.

of thanks, which by some mishap or other does not appear to have reached you.

"If you happen to meet with Mr. Reynolds, pray tell him that I received his prospectuses (an ugly word !), and did as he wished with them.

" I remain, dear sir,

" Very sincerely yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

" W. JERDAN, ESQ., Grove House, Brompton."

Had he complied with my wish, and written letters in the tone and spirit of the criticisms on the opera, I am sure the public would have had a variation in the style of Wordsworth which would greatly have surprised it, little anticipating that the tender poet could also be the grotesque delineator of individual peculiarities, and humorous caricaturist of social anomalies. I shall only relate one of his remarks as a sample, and I choose that most unlike his other self (*i. e.*, the bard of simplicity and the lakes), as a contrast to a style both in writing and conversing, which was always decorous and refined. We had gone together to the exhibition in Somerset House, in the year when Turner hung up a little picture of Jessica, decidedly the most worthless and extravagant whim with which he ever amused himself (as I am convinced from his own mouth he frequently did, laughing in his sleeve) by foisting on these walls. "Did you ever see anything like that?" said my companion; "it looks to me as if the painter had indulged in raw liver until he was very unwell," and it was a perfectly applicable and just critique. The picture was yellow ochre, with dabs of dirty clotted brownish-red upon it; and Jessica (oh, how unlike a pretty young Jewess!) was leaning out of a casement quite in keeping with the other colors.

PETER PINDAR.

Peter Pindar was a comical animal, and not easily to be over-reached, however clever he might be in the way of over-reaching; of which a notable instance is related when he "took in" all the astute combination of London publishers. A

meeting was convened (as I have heard described) at which Dr. Wolcot was to treat for the sale of his copyrights to this united body, which in those days acted in concert with regard to important new productions, and the joint purchase of established publications. This was "the Trade;" a name of wealth and might. The Doctor had previously been unwell, but the booksellers had received no intimation how extremely ill he was. They were almost shocked to negotiate with a person who had one foot, if not both, in the grave. Peter was pale and worn, and afflicted with a cough so dry and hollow that it went to the heart to hear it. It was of little consequence to him what bargain was struck; in his dying condition he would prefer a considerable sum down at once, to dispose of as he thought proper: on the other side an annuity was suggested, they hoped he would speedily recover, and enjoy it for many years to come in ease and independence. Peter had no idea of what possible value an annuity could be to him; but, to cut the business short, after a good deal of haggling and a great deal more of fearful coughing, which threatened to choke him on the spot and put an end to the treaty, he consented to take an annual allowance more apportioned to his evanescent state than to the real worth of the wares he sold. The contract was engrossed and signed, and the forlorn recipient no sooner put it in his pocket than he wiped the chalk off his face, dropt all practice of his hectic and killing cough, and in a lively manner wished his customers good-by, as he danced out of the room, laughing at the success with which he had gulled them. Tom Campbell used to say, he greatly admired Bonaparte because he had shot a bookseller (the heroic and unfortunate Palm): had he been here in the same ironical mood, he must have worshipped Pindar.

He escaped, poor old gentleman, as well out of his famous *crim. con.* case, where it was endeavored to entrap him into damages, for doing nothing but teach the wife of his lodging-house host to spout tragedy, as he assured her she would be as great as Mrs. Siddons on the stage. To bare her breast, and throw about her arms, let down her disheveled hair, were the

natural parts of this dramatic tuition, and so the jury thought, and found a verdict for the defendant.

Of his negotiation with government I can give an authentic account, which for the sake of all poets, I am sorry to remark did not redound to the credit of the satirist. His writings had a wide range, and great popular effect ; and his absurd pictures of the King tended to make nearly the whole country believe that his Majesty was little better than a simpleton or a fool. Some of these squibs annoyed the monarch, or at any rate his family, and most attached and loyal servants ; and when it pleased God to visit him with the sore affliction of wandering reason, his ministers felt a laudable anxiety to guard against any chance of vexation from the venomous pen of this modern Thersites. I was interested enough to inquire into this matter, and the explanation I received from the most authentic source was as follows : —

“ All I can recollect of the point to which you refer is that the gentleman in question (P. P.) proposed through a friend to lend his literary assistance in support of the measures of government, at the time referred to, with the expectation of some reward for such services. He did nothing, and then claimed a remuneration for silence, and for not having continued those attacks which he had been in the habit of making. This claim was, of course, rejected, and he took his line accordingly, ridiculing and slandering as before.”

Tremendous was Gifford's denunciation of him : —

“ But what is he that with a Mohawk's air,
Cries havoc and lets slip the dogs of war?
A bloated mass, a gross, blood-boltered clod,
A foe to man, a renegade from God ;
From noxious childhood to pernicious age,
Separate to infamy in every stage.”

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

With Allan Cunningham I had been acquainted from his advent to the capital, I think about 1810, and the first poetry he published in London was under my auspices. His signature of Hid-allan was both appropriate to his name and poeti-

cal in sound ; but he had previously acquired a provincial fame in his native Dumfries, where some curious productions, covered with an incognito almost equal to Chatterton's at Bristol, as well as some sweet specimens of Scottish song, had settled the destiny of the worthy and gifted stone mason for a literary life. Nature was bountiful to Cunningham. He was a fine manly specimen of the *genus homo* ; had a massive head, with a countenance impressed with intelligence, and a softened air, fine and, when not animated, rather melancholy eye, very rarely found united to so much strength of character ; and he was what he looked, a combination of sound judgment, masculine firmness, and that gentler nature in which the feeling of simple and plaintive poetry was enthroned. His genius and his literary labors, aided by an adjutancy to Sir Francis Chantrey, to whom and to whose studio he was an invaluable ally, happily sufficed for the wants of a comfortable, unaspiring domesticity, and kept him above the severer trials, though not some of the disappointments which usually attend the class to which he pertained. The friendship of Walter Scott and Mr. Lockhart also contributed much to this fortunate result.

I remember the little piece to which I have alluded gave rise to the exhibition of a laughable trait in my stalwart countryman's disposition, and his sense of the dignity of the independent muse. There occurred in it a grammatical error, in which "that" was used instead of "who," or something of equal note, but decidedly ungrammatical. This I pointed out to Cunningham, and was proceeding to correct it, when he snatched the paper out of my hand, with "Na, na, I will allow nae man to alter ma poetry ; be it grammar or no grammar, it shall joost stand as it is !" and stand it did.

JOHN KEMBLE.

John Kemble, glorious John, was to his intimates a treasure, and though something of his sepulchral tone could generally be distinguished in his convivial hours and conversation, he was off the stage as different from John Kemble on the

stage as it is possible to imagine. This is seldom the case with eminent performers ; but in him the stately majesty of tragedy was left on the fall of the curtain, and within half an hour after Richard had been himself again, John Kemble, with some pleasant companions, was also himself again ! He had a grand gusto for the society he liked, and his enjoyment of it was contagious. Of many memorable instances, I shall give two or three to exemplify my reminiscences ; premising that his fine classical cultivation and critical acumen rendered him as oracularly instructive when in that vein as he was socially delightful in his merrier moods.

What a word it is that I have so often to repeat in this work — “ *I remember* ” — “ *I remember.* ” I remember John Kemble in his happiest hours. I remember one night being in the front seat of the stage-box at the theatre, and witnessing his Coriolanus with that intense admiration which fixed and transported me from beginning to end. The next day, he happened to call, and I expressed to him the delight I had received, adding, that frequently as I had seen him in the character before, I had never thought that he played it to such absolute perfection. “ And I will tell you the secret,” he responded. “ I caught your eye, on my entering the stage ; I knew I had got you, and I performed Coriolanus to you, as if quite insensible of any other audience.” I observed, then, it was no wonder he had fascinated me ; and he explained what I dare say our greatest tragic actors would corroborate, namely, that the performer was curiously sensible of the sympathies or the negligences of his hearers, and that his temperament was often so keen and excited, that the slightest symptom of having failed in producing a desired effect, was enough to damp his efforts for a whole evening ; whilst, on the other hand, a merely vague consciousness that he had fastened, were it only one spectator to his chariot-wheels, imbued him with a strong spirit to execute his task to the utmost of his powers. According to this dramatic canon, we may account for the marked difference, as far as excellence is concerned,

between the acting of the best artists on one night and another.

In comic theatrical criticism, I remember no one superior to Kemble. The description he gave me of his Reuben Glenroy, in one scene a poor fellow in Wales, and the next a millionaire on the Royal Exchange, without the public discovering any discrepancy, was a rich and humorous treat, enough to set the table in a roar. His remarks on the *Timon of Athens* by a celebrated contemporary were no less egregious and irresistibly laughable. But there was always much fun and a spice of sarcastic humor in him which those who never met him in private circles could not imagine in the stern tragedian and noblest Roman of them all.

To generous wine he was no enemy. I remember he was one of a party of four made up by Mr. R. Clarke, Mr. Taylor (I think, or Mr. Fladgate), and myself, who hired a glass-coach to carry us to Hampstead, and dinner with Mr. Freeling, who then resided there, on account of the indifferent health of his lady. As might be anticipated, we spent a most agreeable day, and were sorry when the hour of departure (somewhat sooner than usual, on account of the invalid) arrived. The carriage was at the door, we had descended into the lobby, and hatted and cloaked ourselves, and bid "good-night" to Mr. Freeling, on the top of the stairs, when we suddenly missed our companion. No Kemble was forthcoming, and yet we waited a considerable time, whilst the servants sought him "that night" as they did the poor bride in the Old Oak Chest (so pathetically sung by Mr. Lane, the charming lithographic artist), and with no greater success. So, as we could not stop till "they sought him next day," we reluctantly gave him up, wondering what could have happened to him, resigned him to his fate, whatever it might be, and drove away. All the ensuing forenoon we were full of surmises and speculations, and not devoid of some uneasiness, now that the after dinner roseate spirits had been slept upon, when our host favored us at the office with one of his customary calls. From him we learnt that our great comrade was

alive and well, and the history of his disappearance was thus explained. When Mr. Freeling returned for a moment to the dining-room we had left, the lost Kemble stepped majestically forth from behind the door, and exclaimed, "Frank, my boy, that claret was too good for those fellows, and I have stopped behind to enjoy a cool bottle with you!" The claret was produced, the butler received conditional orders, and after sipping a glass or two, Mr. Freeling stole off to the invalid chamber, leaving his unobservant guest, who had got into a brown study, to enjoy his reverie and cool claret together as long as he liked. I am inclined to think he did not "awake, arise," in aught like a hurry. He stood the consequent bantering with much good humor, and, in return, pitied us for what we had missed.

I remember another still more entertaining expedition, wherein the soul of his good fellowship shone forth in a still more grotesque and amusing manner. We had a very pleasant trip down the river in the Admiralty barge, on the invitation and under the command of a fine old British officer, Admiral Schank. The sail was delightful, and the company assembled select, and well disposed to make the most of so pleasurable an excursion. After touching our farthest point, the prow was turned homewards, and we sat down to a splendid feast, and not the less gracious from discarding all ceremony and etiquette, and adopting the joyous hilarity of the naval service. After this fashion, we had not only toasts and speeches, but songs to enliven the jovial scene; and there is no denying the great fact, that we were nearly all in the condition which sailors denominate three sheets (or some phrase of that sort) in the wind.

The jolly old Admiral kept up the ball with the liberality of a Bacchus; and the effects of his near neighborhood, in proposing and passing bumpers, had told with certainty on Kemble, who was so close beside him, that he could not shirk the glass, if he had wished it. But the wines, like Mr. Freeling's, were not of vintages to be disregarded; and as well as I can recollect, Mr. Kemble sung a song on the occasion in a very

creditable style, though not quite so well as Braham or Inledon might have done it. But the crowning whim was, that by the time we had drunk our way, say from the Nore to off Greenwich, he had misconceived the Admiral, in his uniform and epaulettes, to be the landlord of a capital tavern; and clapping him on the shoulder, bid him never mind the disparity of rank or condition, but when he came to London, he should be very glad to see him in Great Russell Street. The invitation was repeated more than once, amid roars of laughter from the company, Kemble still clapping his fancied Boniface on the back, and assuring him that he was one of the best fellows he had ever sat down with, and that he should indeed be exceedingly happy to see him at his own house. I believe the parting toast was, "Merry days to honest fellows," and a merrier one than this it never was my good luck to enjoy.

Mr. Kemble took leave of the stage in *Coriolanus*, on the 23d of June, 1817, and the event created the strongest sensation I had ever witnessed, or thought it possible could attend a dramatic incident, however interesting. The heat of the weather was excessive, the house crammed; and every passage that could be applied to himself and the circumstances of the evening, was seized with ardor, and most vehemently applauded. When *Coriolanus* has to say —

"As soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
As quit the station they've assigned me here,"

the shouts were tremendous, and the cries, "No! No! Do not quit!" were repeated from a thousand throats. His farewell was delivered in a most touching manner, and reproduced in a few minutes, printed on white satin, and handed, with a laurel crown, to Talma, who was in the orchestra, to cast upon the stage, whence it was taken by Fawcett, to present as a mark of public respect to Mr. Kemble. It was altogether a memorable and affecting scene.

His *Essay on the characters of Macbeth and Richard III.*, in reply to Whately and Steevens (published the same week), proved him to be as fine a critic of the tragic in Shakespeare,

as I have described him to be humorous in his comic remarks upon other dramas.

On the 27th, a farewell dinner was given to him at Freemason's Tavern, when Lord Holland took the chair, surrounded by numbers of the nobility, and nearly all the eminent poets, artists, and literary men of the metropolis. A splendid vase was presented to him, and an Ode by Campbell performed. Talma spoke.

JAMES MACINTOSH.

About the time of the trial of O'Quigley, who was hanged at Maidstone, for treason, in 1798, some articles appeared in the "Morning Chronicle," apparently reflecting on Fox. Dr. Parr read them, and was much displeased. He attributed them to Macintosh (not then Sir James), because they contained some literary criticism or remark which Parr thought he had communicated to Macintosh exclusively; in point of fact, he was wrong, as it turned out in the sequel that Mackintosh had nothing to do with them; but while in the state of wrath which his belief that Macintosh was the author occasioned, he (Dr. Parr) and Macintosh dined together at the table of Sir William Milner, in Manchester Street, Manchester Square. In the course of conversation, after dinner, Macintosh observed, that "O'Quigley was one of the *greatest villains that ever was hanged*." Dr. Parr had been watching for an opening, and immediately said, "No, Jemmy! bad as he was, he might have been a great deal worse. He was an Irishman; he might have been a Scotchman! He was a priest; he might have been a lawyer! He stuck to his principles — (giving a violent rap on the table) — he might have betrayed them!"

The made-up addition to this philippic, living only "on the lip," has converted the third branch into, "He was a turncoat; he might have been a traitor!" Or, "He was a traitor: he might have been an apostate."

About this time Parr, who was in constant correspondence with the publisher, Mr. Mawman, who was present, and from

whom this accurate version of a remarkable anecdote, so much valued for its sarcastic force, as unsurpassed in language, is recorded, said, "I do not like Macintosh; he is a Scotch dog. I hate Scotch dogs; they prowl like lurchers, they fawn like spaniels, they thief like greyhounds; they're sad dogs, and they're mangy into the bargain, and they stink like pugs."

It is a curious comment upon this national charge (and would have delighted Parr beyond measure to know), that Macintosh's paramount enjoyment of a hot summer day was to lie on a sofa (in Cadogan Place, as I recollect in his latter years), and, almost in a state of Indian nudity, be manipulated from head to heel with the flesh-brush. A good new novel, to read while the operation was going on, made the luxury complete.

L. E. L.

My cottage overlooked the mansion and grounds of Mr. Landon, the father of L. E. L., at Old Brompton; a narrow lane only dividing our residences. My first recollection of the future poetess is that of a plump girl, grown enough to be almost mistaken for a woman, bowling a hoop round the walks, with the hoop-stick in one hand and a book in the other, reading as she ran, and as well as she could manage both exercise and instruction at the same time. The exercise was prescribed and insisted upon: the book was her own irrepresible choice.

A slight acquaintance grew out of neighborhood; and I was surprised one day by an intimation from her mother that Letitia was addicted to poetical composition, and asking me to peruse a few of her efforts and say what I thought of them. I read, and was exceedingly struck by these juvenile productions—crude and inaccurate, as might be anticipated, in style, but containing ideas so original and extraordinary, that I found it impossible to believe they emanated from the apparent romp, and singular contradiction of the hoop and volume. An elder cousin, who took a part in her education, seemed to me to be the real, and Letitia only the ostensible writer; and

the application made under this disguise to conceal the diffidence of a first attempt at authorship. But the bill was a true bill, and my doubts were speedily dispelled.

I hope, however, it will interest my readers to note the first steps of a career so brilliant in the fictitious, so shadowed in the real world. The first two notes from the cousin, to whom I have alluded, open the scene and indicate my opinion : —

OLD BROMPTON, *Feb. 13th.*

“Miss Landon, though not having the pleasure of personally knowing Mr. Jerdan, from the very great politeness the family have at all times received, ventures to intrude the inclosed lines. They are written by a young friend, for whom Miss L. feels most anxious solicitude. If Mr. Jerdan will, therefore, give his candid opinion whether he considers any taste or genius is expressed, or, on the contrary, if he should only call it a waste of time from which no benefit can arise. Miss L. feels the liberty she is taking; trusts Mr. Jerdan will believe it is an obligation never to be forgotten.”

OLD BROMPTON, *Feb. 14th.*

“Miss Landon feels particularly indebted to Mr. Jerdan for the trouble he has kindly taken, and more so for the very friendly and candid opinion he has given on the subject. It will prove a source of much gratification to the youthful writer that a man of Mr. Jerdan’s acknowledged talent should allow them the smallest merit; at the same time it will prove a strong inducement for further improvement, endeavoring to avoid those errors in each branch his kindness has pointed out. Miss L. cannot conclude without again apologizing for the very great liberty taken, and to assure Mr. J. it will ever be remembered with gratitude.”

The manuscripts were corrected, and some other short compositions submitted to me, from all of which I was the more and more forcibly struck with the innate genius they displayed, and the unmistakable proofs that the writer possessed the great essential elements of taste, feeling, warmth, and

imagination, without which the attempt to write poetry is but a sham. On the 11th of March, No. 164 of the "Literary Gazette," her first composition, entitled "Rome," was printed and published, under the signature of L. I copy it : —

" Oh, how art thou changed, thou proud daughter of fame,
Since that hour of *ripe* glory when empire was thine,
When Earth's *purple* rulers, kings, quailed at thy name,
And thy Capitol worshipped as Liberty's shrine.

" In the day of thy pride, when thy crest was untamed,
And the *red* star of conquest was bright on thy path,
When the meteor of death thy *stern falchion's edge flamed*,
And earth trembled as burst the dark storm of thy wrath.

" But Rome, thou art fallen, the memory of yore,
Only serves to reproach thee with what thou art now :
The joy of thy triumph forever is o'er,
And sorrow and shame set their seal on thy brow.

" Like the wind-shaken reed, thy degenerate race,
The children of those once the brave and the free —
Ah, who can the page of thy history trace,
Nor blush, thou lost city, blush deeply for thee !

" Could the graves raise their dead, and thy warriors arise,
And see thy blades rusted, thy war-banners furled,
Would they know the proud eagle that soared through the skies,
Whose glance lighted over a terror-struck world ?

" Yet, e'en in disgrace, in thy sadness and gloom,
An halo of splendor is over thee cast :
It is but the death-light that *reddens* the tomb,
And calls to remembrance the glories long past."

It is unnecessary to point out the crudities in this exercise, such as the utter mistake in the fourth line ; but I fancied there was a redeeming quality in some of the epithets and expressions, and the sentiment of the whole an evidence of thought which broods upon its subject. But the next little effusion, in the following "Gazette," set my mind at rest ; for it spoke in the same tone of touching simplicity which has adorned later productions of a similar nature : —

THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

“ Last smile of the departing year,
Thy sister sweets are flown ;
Thy pensive wreath is still more dear,
From blooming thus alone.

“ Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,
Unnoticed might have passed ;
But now thou com'st with softer claim,
The loveliest and the last.

“ Sweet are the charms in thee we find,
Emblem of Hope's gay wing ;
'T is thine to call past bloom to mind —
To promise future spring. — L.”

The “Fate of Adelaide” was published in August, 1821, dedicated to Mrs. Siddons, who was a friend of Mrs. Bishop, the grandmother of the author, and had undertaken to interest herself more for the volume than she had time or opportunity to perform. In this line of parentage there was a mystery I never understood, *i. e.*, who were the progenitors of Mrs. Bishop, herself an old lady of lady-like manners, pleasing conversation, affectionately fond of her granddaughter, and possessed of a sufficient life-income to enable her to live genteelly, and often have her pet-child to stay with her. I have a confused idea that she was the natural daughter of an aristocratic family. A contribution from her purse assisted the publication, and was the more needed, as a dissolution of the army agency partnership of Adair and Co., of which Mr. Landon was a member, and his expensive experiments in amateur model-farming, at the handsome country residence where the childhood of L. E. L., as artlessly and sweetly described by herself, was passed — not only rendered the cost an object, but even excited hopes of profitable results. That these hopes were doomed to be disappointed, I need not add ; but the popularity of the poem was so decided, that it placed the gifted author in a position to negotiate for and receive considerable sums for all her subsequent works ; of which I shall state the items when I come to that part of my memoir.

As the composition proceeded, the anxieties about it increased ; and two or three very short documents may be inserted to show the outer world some of the tribulations which young aspirants to literary fame must undergo, even when they have a popular editor, intimate with publishers, to help and cheer them on : —

“DEAR SIR, — Having now rendered my first canto as perfect as in my power, I now venture to intrude it on your notice. I am too well aware of my many defects, and the high advantages of your opinion, not to anxiously avail myself of your permission to submit it to your inspection. Of the poem itself I have nothing more to say than that your judgment will be most unobtrusively and implicitly relied on. It is quite at your option to throw it behind the fire, or allow it a little longer existence.

“But however delightful your praise may be, is it presumption to say, do not let me receive from your kindness what I would owe to your real sentiments ?

“Before I conclude, I must be permitted to express my pleasure on seeing I had been honored with a place in the “Gazette.” Pray accept my best thanks for the improvements you made.

“Believe me, dear sir,

“Ever yours most gratefully,

“LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.”

My timid and docile pupil, if I may so say of this period, did not lack my sincere stimulus of genuine admiration to finish her task ; and at length all was ready for the important launch. Still there were preliminaries and considerations.

“Wednesday, Nov. 4th.

“MY DEAR SIR, — Again I am intruding upon your time, having received the inclosed from Letitia. Your former kindness induces my taking the liberty of asking you to look them over. Need I say how very anxious she is for your opinion ? I trust you will not think her arrogant, as I believe you are

aware of her reasons for wishing to publish. I shall send to her next week. Perhaps you will do her the favor of then giving her your opinion. Need I say how very anxious she is to learn her fiat.

“In very great haste,

“Most truly yours,

“C. J. LANDON.”

The minor pieces to fill up the volume were definitely arranged, in answer to the following note, and “The Fate of Adelaide” and of the author sealed : —

“133 SLOANE STREET, Nov. 27th.

“MY DEAR SIR, — Conscious that your time is much occupied, I feel a great repugnance in intruding my present request : but Letitia’s anxiety for your opinion will, I am afraid, make you consider us both very troublesome. Without your sanction she feels herself without a hope of success, and has no resolution to go on. She has upon her list more than sufficient to defray the expenses of publication — I do not mean by subscription.

“Mrs. Siddons is shortly going to Oxford, and as we have connections there, and Mrs. S. is taking it up very warmly, we have hope that something may be done for our poetic sketches. A line from you, giving her your opinion, will settle the matter, whether she may proceed.

“I am, dear sir,

“Very gratefully yours,

“C. J. LANDON.”

The poem has not been reprinted in the two-volume edition of her poetical works, published by Messrs. Longman in 1850, with the biographical sketch by the lamented Laman Blanchard, who did all he could with his imperfect data and materials. Yet, with all its immaturity and want of polish, it is a performance of great promise, full of beautiful thoughts and glowing passages. The feeling and soul of poetry were there ; and mechanical requisites and a more chastened style, might surely

be predicted, to add another brilliant constellation to the admired galaxy of British female genius.

In the course of little more than ten years were published "The Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," "The Golden Violet," and "The Venetian Bracelet," which gave titles to as many volumes, filled up with shorter poems, though some of them, such as "The Lost Pleiad," "Erinna," "The Ancestress" (dramatic), and others were of sufficient importance to warrant separate publication. To all the popular annuals there were also numerous contributions; "The Drawing-room Scrap Book" was for several years the author's favorite task, without assistance from any hand, though a biography of Maginn erroneously claims a share in the compositions for him; "The Easter Offering" was another of her productions; and "The Literary Gazette" was in almost every number enriched by her captivating poetry, and judicious, as well as piquant, essays in criticism and original prose. "Romance and Reality," and "Francesca Carrara," novels in three volumes each, afforded further proof of genius and industry, and were thus required:—

For "The Improvisatrice" she received	£300
For "The Troubadour"	600
For "The Golden Violet"	200
For "The Venetian Bracelet"	150
For "The Easter Offering"	30
For "The Drawing-room Scrap Book," per vol.	105
For "Romance and Reality"	300
For "Francesca Carrara"	300
For "Heath's Book of Beauty"	300
And certainly from other Annuals, Magazines, and Periodicals, not less in ten or twelve years than	200
In all	£2,585

Say on an average (estimating the annual Scrap Book) 250*l.* a year, and a close approximation will be made to the literary production and the market price. On the death of her grandmother she received a legacy of 350*l.*, and I the good old lady's good old gold watch (of which my pocket was picked in the Olympic Theatre on a memorable dramatic evening, the first

appearance, I think, of Charles Mathews the younger, with Liston, his father's old friend); and would have been, in a pecuniary sense, more easy and happy, but for certain family drawbacks which her generous soul never regretted, but rather rejoiced in, whilst her genuine economic spirit, as regarded herself, never, I believe, allowed her expenditure to exceed 120*l.* a year! In truth, she was the most unselfish of human creatures; and it was quite extraordinary to witness her ceaseless consideration for the feelings of others, even in minute trifles, whilst her own mind was probably troubled and oppressed; a sweet disposition, so perfectly amiable, from Nature's fount, and so unalterable in its manifestations throughout her entire life, that every one who enjoyed her society loved her, and servants, companions, intimates, friends, all united in esteem and affection for the gentle and self-sacrificing being who never exhibited a single trait of egotism, presumption, or unkindness!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

Among my earliest coadjutors and friends in the "Literary Gazette" was Mr. Alaric A. Watts, from whom I received many valuable contributions in prose and verse; and among them a series of articles pointing out the plagiarisms of Lord Byron, which created a considerable sensation and led to much controversy at the time. The talents of this gentleman had, whilst yet young for literature, recommended him to the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," and during thirty years which have elapsed since that period, he has not only filled an eminently useful place in the periodical press, but taken a distinguished rank among the sweetest poets of the time, as well in separate publications as in the brilliant annuals which he so ably edited.

The coincidences, to say the least of them, which Mr. Watts pointed out between characters in Byron's works and characters drawn by preceding writers, and also between circumstances and language employed upon them in common, were angrily resented by the great admirers of his lordship; but

still as passion is not logic nor abuse argument, there the statements and evidence remain to be sustained or refuted, as the case may be, by future commentators. The "Giaour," for instance, is traced to Mrs. Radcliffe's *Shedoni*, in the powerful romance of the "Italian." Manfred is asserted to be a close combination of Marlowe's *Faustus* and Schiller's *Moor*. Sotheby's *Oberon* is clearly shown to have suggested much of *Gulnare*, and her action in the "Corsair." German authors, and little-known modern as well as ancient Italian poets, furnish many supplies in larger or smaller quantities; and English bards, of course, do not escape near imitation and even literal transcription. Young is laid under considerable contributions, and indeed the whole host from Dryden downwards. But perhaps the most humorous trait in Lord Byron's helping himself from others, lies in the profusion with which he has done so from those whom he satirized and nick-named with unsparing intemperance, such as *bustling* Botherby (Sotheby), *sonneteering* Bowles, *drowthy* Campbell, *raving* Montgomery, *stale* Scott, *ballad-monger* Southey, *turgid* Coleridge, *lewd* Moore, *simple* Wordsworth. It has been contended that the adoption of a thousand half-lines, single lines, and brief passages, do not amount to the piratical offense of plagiarism; but Lord Byron himself did not seem to be of this opinion, for he founded his critical charge against Lord Strangford for stealing from Moore, upon a solitary line. A few of the obvious resemblances after Scott may serve to illustrate (though very faintly) the nature of Mr. Watts's accusations:—

"A moment now he slack'd his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed."

SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

"A moment checked his wheeling steed,
A moment breathed him from his speed." — *Giaour*.

"And I the cause for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven." — *Marmion*.

"And she for him had given
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven."

Of Gulnare in the Corsair.

"The evening fell,
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm."

- *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

"Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
He bathed his brow with airy balm." — BYRON.

It were too long to revive this subject with those particular details and quotations, without which its merits cannot be understood. The French literary journals took it up, and a furious contest of *les retorsions et les répliques* ensued. Then sprung up the Bowles and Byron controversy relating to Pope, provoked, according to his lordship, by words spoken at the house of "the Nestor of our inferior race of living poets," Samuel Rogers ; and the yet more violent quarrel between the noble lord and Southey, founded on the application of the epithet "Satanic school," to him and Moore ; and *à propos* of the "Literary Gazette" Exposition, I have a letter before me from Mr. Watts, who says : "I received a very flattering letter from Southey yesterday, who alluded, among other matters, with high praise, to our plagiarism papers on Lord Byron." Mr. Watts does not mention how much Byron borrowed from D'Herbelot, which I could demonstrate ; nor how much Ivanhoe was indebted to Boccacio.

Leaving, however, these battles of the books, and their authors, to be dealt with by Prince Posterity, I may note, *en passant*, a sample or two of Byron's anachronisms, recalled to memory by the grand show of Sardanapalus, as an acting drama this season. Here we find : —

"My eloquent Indian ! Thou speakest music,
The very chorus of the tragic song
I have heard thee talk of as the favorite pastime
Of thy far father-land."

Now, as the learned and witty Maginn would remark, Sardanapalus, in whose mouth this is put, died in the year 820 before the Christian era, and his friend, Myrrha, therefore, could hardly have talked much of the chorus of the tragic song of Greece ; for this plain reason ; that Thespis, the inventor of tragedy, did not flourish until the year B. C. 537, nearly three centuries after.

Again, Sardanapalus asks the same lady : —

“ Myrrha, my love, hast thou thy shell in order?
Sing me a song of Sappho, her, thou knowest
Who in thy country threw ” —

But, as far as chronology is concerned, he might as well have asked her to “ Sing him a Song of Sixpence,” for Sappho lived about 600 years B. C. : so that Myrrha must have not only had the gift of song, but of prophecy, if she chanted the lays of her who made her appearance more than two centuries after the fair Ionian’s death — that death so gloriously sung by Croly, in the “ Gems from the Antique,” by my loved old friend and colleague, Richard Dagley, to whom and Walter Henry Watts, the arts and artists of England owe many obligations, through the pages of the “ Gazette.”

But to return to my friend Alaric Watts, with whom, during so many years, I carried on a copious literary intercourse and correspondence, always benefited by his assistance, and occasionally still more obliged to him for acting as my lord-lieutenant when temporarily absent from head-quarters, I look back on the period with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain. Mr. Watts, like myself, did not find literature the path to fortune. Yet was he exceedingly well read, full of intelligence, cultivated in taste, superior in talent, and laborious in application. In everything I found him straightforward, honorable, and kind-hearted ; if a little warm sometimes, when we happened to differ in opinion, I will venture to record it to the credit of both, that beyond asserting our own convictions of what was due to truth in criticism, we never contravened each other for an hour.

In the retrospects of life, there are too often changes to regret more distressing to the mind than the most afflicting losses. The latter are inevitable, the conditions of existence. The former are caused by ourselves. Between Alaric Watts and I no such event ever occurred to be lamented now. He sought me first, as his senior with some experience, to advise him in his literary career. His footsteps thenceforward ran parallel to mine, and we were ever ready to join hands for mutual help in the race. When offered engagements which

he thought might be prejudicial to my interests, he, like Allan Cunningham, refused them, till exhorted by me to accept the advantageous provision. I could not suffer a generous feeling to impede their prospects ; and I could only have wished that in both cases they had conducted to more crowning results. I flatter myself that what he saw of my example had some influence on Mr. Watts's course ; for only three years ago (1853), he writes to me : " No man living, I except yourself, has ever done more for authors and artists of talent than I have done." And justly may he make this boast of himself and his efforts to serve the interest of literature and art ; and I trust that he may farther follow my example, and give the public from the ample materials he must possess, an autobiographical work more worthy of its attention than it is in my power to produce — I would fain hope, without direct reference to the first verse of the heading to this chapter. It will not, I trust, be thought either too trivial or too private a trait, if I point and conclude this personal notice by quoting the pleasant manner in which my friend communicated a far more important matter to me, namely, his union with one of those women whose accomplishments and dispositions are calculated to adorn the brightest, and cheer the darkest vicissitudes of life : — " I shall call and see you directly. I have been busy since you have been from home ; and, with other whims, have taken it into my head to be married ! If you are skeptical, come and satisfy yourself as to the fact. This is, at all events, better than dying. Ever faithfully yours."

A few lines from another letter bear so much upon a good deal of the preceding, that I cannot refrain from copying them. " My dear friend, — On looking over the new monthly works last evening, I could not but observe how much your ' Gazette ' gives the tone of criticism. Many of these gentlemen are not quite certain which side of the question to take, whether to praise or abuse, until the ice has been broken by their *avant courier* the ' Literary Gazette.' With respect to Byron's tragedy, the opinions of the monthly harriers, *nemine contradicente*, is almost entirely consonant with your own. The ' Monthly Re-

view' alludes *en passant* to the plagiarisms, without giving its own sentiments, and all the other journals, except the 'New Monthly Magazine,' agree in recognizing the gross plunders from Otway. Blackwood, in weighing Byron's abuse of Cowper, compares him to Voltaire, who plundered from Shakespeare and then vilified him, or to a man that set a house on fire, and then ran away by the light of it. The other works condemn the play for its weakness and total want of originality."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Ranging among poets, I hope I may consider it opportune to cast a glance over my intimacy with the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," which also endured for many a year, and to the day of his death. Among the attendants at his funeral in Westminster Abbey, there were not many who mourned him more sincerely than I did, for I had participated in his eccentricities, regretted his little weaknesses, studied his better qualities, and admired his genius. Campbell's was a curiously mixed character, partaking of the sublime and the ridiculous in an extraordinary degree. In this respect there was a certain similarity between him and Goldsmith, as the latter is handed down to us in his social habits and high poetic mission — the

"Noll,

Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll."

Campbell's conversation was not of this absurd description, but his head was easily affected, and then a remarkable jealousy respecting any merely civil courtesies from the fair sex, bestowed on others, and a puerility of manner between boyishness and coxcombry, seemed to be the attributes of the metamorphosed bard. Generally speaking, he was rather an entertaining companion, and at droll anecdote and story-telling few could surpass him. The fact is, that his brain was frequently wool-gathering, of which I can afford an instance, with which his most attached of friends and kindest of physicians (his biographer), Dr. Beattie, was not, I dare say, acquainted. Tom accepted an invitation to dine with a friend in

the country, who had just hired a villa for the summer months, half a dozen miles from town. The address was communicated verbally, "near the *Green Man*, at *Dulwich*," which Campbell declared he could not forget. Owing to some confusion, however, he proceeded on the following Sunday and made his way to *Greenwich*, where he set about inquiring, in vain, for the sign of the *Dull Man*. It was suggested that he might mean the *Green Man*, at *Blackheath*, but here he was equally at fault, and the *Black Boy* somewhere near got into his head and was next tried. At length the proper direction flashed upon the tired poet; but it was now long past the dinner hour, he was far from the place, and he sat down to his solitary chop at the nearest inn.

Perhaps he was thinking of founding the London University, or of establishing the Association for the succor of the unfortunate Poles; in both of which he took an ardent and effective part. This ardor was constitutional, and pervaded his later years. I remember him desperately in love with a fair, *embonpoint*, and handsome lady, who published a very nice romance, and is now the wife of another, better acquainted with banking than poetical notes; and one day he was so smitten by a beautiful child in St. James's Park, that he put an advertisement in the newspaper to discover its residence, the result of which was excessively ludicrous. For some wags of the Hook and Co. clique, aware of the circumstances, answered the appeal, and not knowing what address to give, took the last name in the directory, a Z— No.—, Sloane Street. Thither Campbell hurried the next forenoon in full dress, and was shown up to the drawing-room, where he found a middle-aged lady waiting to learn his errand. It was not long in being explained, and the indignant Miss Z—, on being asked to bring in her lovely offspring to gratify the longings of the poet, rushed to the bell and rang violently for her servant to show the insolent stranger to the door!

Tom told an amusing story of having a "travelling merchant," alias a bagman, foisted upon him as a bedfellow, under a mistaken notion, in a small country inn, when travel-

ing in Scotland ; but I must content myself with a less racy preliminary. He had been stopped by the weather in the afternoon, had dined, and indulged himself with a toothpick to while away the idle after-hour. Enter chambermaid. "Sir, if ye please, are ye dune with the toothpick?" "Why do you ask? I suppose I may pick away as long as I like!" "Oh dear na, sir! for it belongs to the Club, and thae hae been met amaist an hour!" The disgust with which the instrument was thrown away may be more readily imagined than described, though he did describe it admirably.

Please ye, my worshipful readers, I think it was from Campbell, it might be from Sam Anderson or McCulloch, that I gathered the annexed characteristic Scotch facetiæ, with which I will finish this anecdotic division.

There is nothing like imitation! A baillie of Dundee, after witnessing the Lord Justice Clerk pass sentence of death very impressively upon a criminal, happening to have a fine of eighteenpence to impose on an offender, thus solemnly addressed him: "You must therefore either go to gaol or pay the money, and the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The minister of Renfrew was desired to pray for some newly-elected baillies, and thus he performed his apologetic duty: "I should ha'," said he, "to petition again for the sake of ithers; but, L—d, it is na worth while to trouble ye for such a set o' puir bodies!"

Rate of Interest. — In a conversation which happened to turn on railway accidents and the variety of human sufferings, a bank director observed that he always felt great interest in the case of a broken limb. "Then, I suppose," said —, "for a compound fracture you feel compound interest."

DINNER TO HOGG.

James Hogg, the far-famed Ettrick Shepherd, having paid a visit to London, there arose a pretty general *fama clamosa*, among the better classes of its Scottish residents, to give him a public reception, and pay a just tribute to his genius. Mr. Lockhart and I inclined to take up the call (and I will here



James Hogg

[From MacLise Gallery.]

seize the opportunity to say of my gifted colleague, that I have always, through a long sweep of years, found him warm and steady in his services to literary Scotsmen who have arisen in his day, witness Allan Cunningham, Mr. Gleig, and many more, to whose talents he has been no inefficient friend, and also in zeal to promote the best interests of his native land)—Mr. Lockhart and I were induced to take up the call, and what was much more exigent upon our capacities, undertake the arrangements for a suitable meeting with and welcome to the

“ Bard, who from Scotland's Sons of Song,
Had come to England's minstrel shore ;
Bard of the many voiced lyre,
Waking alike the smile and tear ;
Now glowing bright with patriot fire,
Now lilting songs to Nature dear.”

We had only a short time for preparation, and it was most oppressively occupied ; but the dinner, as the saying is, came off triumphantly, on the birthday of Burns, chosen as congenial with the occasion ; though in consequence of an unannounced and therefore unexpected rush of nearly two hundred guests, the tables had to be lengthened, and the feast about an hour delayed, causing a little confusion at the bottom of the hall. Sir John Malcolm admirably filled the chair, and the post-prandial enjoyments were rarely or never surpassed by any banquet of the kind I ever saw. Two sons of Burns were present, and the boy to whom he had addressed his “ Advice to a young Friend,” and the toasts brought out, in delightful and characteristic force, the Shepherd in the Doric of Tweedside ; Mr. Lockhart with interesting anecdotes of Scott, whose “ happy return ” was longed for in vain ; Lord Porchester, the poet ; Lord Mahon, the historian ; the gallant Sir Pulteney Malcolm and Sir George Murray, noble ornaments of the naval and military services, of whom Scotland was so justly proud ; Patrick Robertson, the inimitable humorous representative of the bar ; Sir Peter Laurie, than whom a more useful magistrate never sat on the London bench ; Captain Basil Hall, author ; Sir George Warrender, M. P. ; Galt, the

novelist ; and a closing set the *fnales* of which were, at a later hour, drowned in cheers and the loud notes of the festive bagpipe.

Hogg sang an original song, besides brewing sundry bowls of punch in Burns's bowl, kept sacred for such anniversaries by the convivial Archibald (*alias* Archy) Hastie, who is rich in relics of the Ayrshire bard ; and there was a good laugh at the toastmaster's proclaiming silence for the pleasure of a song from *Mr. Shepherd* — Ettrick was *terra incognita* to him ! Mr. Lockhart mentioned that Burns only met Scott once, when the latter was but seventeen years old, yet from something which then passed (no doubt Scott's exhibiting some of his early love for ballad poetry), he predicted that he would figure in his country's annals. Also that Scott while still young and ardent in his pursuit of legendary lore, found Hogg a poor peasant in a wild, sequestered valley, possessed of a larger store of what he was seeking than lived in the memory of all the province beside. A characteristic anecdote of Hogg transpired from another friend. Being at dinner at a ducal table, the duchess said to him, "Were you ever here before, Mr. Hogg?" To which the poet with his usual candor, replied, "Na, ma' laddy, I have been at the yett (the gate) wi' beasts that I was driving into England ; but I never was inside o' the house before."

My intercourse with the Shepherd during the remainder of his stay in town, was *de die in diem*, and his manners and joviality, combined with his shrewdness, discretion, and ready wit, imparted a rare degree of novelty and zest to the parties to which we went together. His simplicity and talent for entertaining a company rendered him the "Whistle Binkie," or soul of the revels, whether ruled by social sense or high jinks ; and it was all the same who were his auditors, like the musician with the magic pipe, he enchanted every one to dance after him, and English and Irish, as well as Scotch, were sure to be charmed with his quaintness and his genius. At Sir George Warrender's, whose cellar was the *ne plus ultra*, he persuaded such a tri-national assemblage of a dozen to abandon

the claret and stick to the whiskey-toddy, which he brewed with anxious particularity and ladled out with beaming goodwill. At the Chief of the Macleods he sang an anti-Whig satire, and being told, when finished, that the Duke of Argyle was at the table, he quickly cried, "Never mind, mon," and rattled out the ballad of "Donald M'Gillivray," on the other political side of the question. At this party, I remember the Shepherd himself being astonished by the effect of a message whispered to a gentleman near him, in the midst of great hilarity ; for wherever he was, after a jocund feast,

" Still the fun grew fast and furious " —

but now an ice-bolt, equivalent to an ice-berg, had suddenly fallen upon and transformed the scene. The gentleman jumped up from his chair, and laying almost violent hands upon several other gentlemen, hurried them reluctantly out of the room, with the bare assurance that there was a hackney-coach at the door, that would hold six ! That individual was Billy Holmes, the occasion an unlooked-for division and hurried whip, and the forcibly abducted convives Warrenders, Gordons, Cummings, gallant representatives of the land of the mountain and the flood.

I could recite many similar stories, but though delectable at the time, and not unpleasing on reflection, they would probably be less interesting to the reader than the writer.

" But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.

.

Nae man can tether time or tide ;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride."

Hogg's departure made quite a blank in my existence, and Grove House seemed to have lost its life, seeing his honest face look in daily no more, nor laughing at his jokes, nor listening with admiration and delight to his songs, nor hearing his most original description of all he had seen and all that had happened to him — the wonders of every twenty-four hours — in altogether novel situations, and in society of an order he had never mixed with before.

From that period I took a deeper interest than ever in the fortunes of my countryman, and corresponded with him in terms of the warmest regard, to the day of his death. I must add, however, a singular anecdote, which will strike my poetical readers as it did me. I was conversing with him about his poetry, and observed that he had put two exquisite rural images into a single line, quite equal to anything in Theocritus, or the most celebrated in Greek pastoral composition. "Hey, sir, what may thae be?" he asked; and I replied, "The delicious traits of evening-fall, — when the lark becomes a clod, and the daisy turns a pea," on which he immediately retorted, "Hey, sir, what's in that? — there's nae great poetry in that — so they do!" Was this beautiful passage suggested by unconscious inspiration? or did he think that pure invention alone, and not an actual perception of beauties in nature, was poetry — imagination, not appreciation?

THOMAS MOORE.

From the beginning of his career, or rather the portion of it contemporaneous with the "Literary Gazette," the social qualities of Moore, independently of his genius, made him ever a favorite in its pages. It felt for his misfortunes and rejoiced in his successes, with only an occasional protest against some of his personalities and opinions.

Yet with all my admiration and regard I could not bestow any praise upon the first *Life of Sheridan*, ascribed to him whilst living abroad, and upon which he bestowed about as much pains as his noble editor has bestowed upon his *Remains*: a sort of even-handed justice, yet, in a literary point of view, much to be regretted. "The Loves of the Angels," however, restored all to rights, and its sparkling brilliancy and breathing beauty were duly acknowledged; though it was critically observed that its exquisite touches of nature had occasionally their foils in fictitious sentiment, and the dazzling force of its happy imagery was sometimes attenuated into the ingenious trifling of fanciful conceit. And, finally, when the genuine "*Life of Sheridan*" appeared with his (Moore's)

name, due justice was paid to that unequal, but interesting and popular publication. Poor Sheridan ! who thought a man might surely be permitted to take "a glass of wine by his own fireside," as he remarked, enjoying that consolation at the Piazza Coffee-house, whilst the adjacent Drury Lane Theatre was burning. Moore in conversation abounded in lively anecdote, rather than in original wit or humor, as his biography exemplifies in many an instance, and recalls others to my memory, of which I may hereafter make some use. At present, I shall only allude to the whimsical story of Lord Muskerry, on his death-bed, saying, — "I have nothing to reproach myself with, for I never in my life denied myself anything ;" on account of its being, as I thought, "capped" at the time, by a similar tale of an unfortunate Manchester manufacturer, who had not stinted himself in any sensual indulgence, till he fell into circumstances which "eventuated" a meeting of his creditors. At this the poor fellow was sadly bothered by pestering inquiries and disagreeable questions, which produced that intestine effect of a guttural noise, known by the name of a grumbling. No change of position could stop the unpleasant phenomenon, when in the midst of other unpleasant queries, the sufferer struck his hand violently against his stomach, exclaiming — "Domm thee, hold thy tongue ! *thou* canst not say that ever I wronged *thee* of ought in my life !"

Till the melancholy period at which Moore's fine faculties gave way, I maintained a constant friendly intercourse with him. When he came to town and occupied his lodgings in Duke Street, St. James's, I was among the foremost summoned to his levee ; and during his stay, many of our pleasant engagements were enjoyed in unison. Among more serious circumstances I cannot forget accompanying him and his inestimable wife, though so slightly treated in his Memoirs, to see their son off for India. Both parents were extremely affected, and Mrs. Moore in particular seemed to have a presentiment of the fatal issue, for she wept even more abundantly than a fond mother does on parting with her child.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

Mr. J. R. Planché, so celebrated and popular as a dramatist, the author of more than a hundred successful pieces, and also well read, especially in heraldic and costume archæology, and who was for many years one of my valued contributors, made his *début* as a youthful author in 1813, with a small volume of poetry, which I believe he might have printed with his own hands, being then learning the art of a compositor. It would be curious to trace how many individuals, bred as printers, have risen to distinction in the arts, sciences, and literature ; they would form a brilliant phalanx, and a work devoted to their biographies, well executed, would be very interesting. Mr. Planché's first venture consisted of only forty-eight pages — dedicated with filial affection to his father, and entitled "Stanzas composed on the late glorious Victory obtained over the French on the Peninsula, by the allied forces under the command of the Most Noble Arthur Marquis and Earl of Wellington ;" and with the martial epigraph

" Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
Tremble France ! We come ! we come ! "

Smith's Odes.

The first stanza will show that, like all beginners to lisp in numbers, my friend's composition was not quite so perfect as Minerva when she leapt out of Jupiter's brain. Here it is : —

" Muse, wake the lyre !
Whether on high Parnassus's top reclined,
Inactively it lies ;
Softly reëchoing the murmuring wind,
That wanton sporting through the cordage [chords] flies ;
Or wandering through Heliconian bowers,
'Midst purling streams, and incense-breathing flowers ;
If happily thou attun'st each golden string,
Pouring sweet strains of harmony along ;
Whilst borne recumbent on soft Zephyr's wing,
Admiring Sylphs hang list'ning to thy song ;
Tune ! Tune it higher ! "

The writer's contributions to the " Gazette " were numerous, and displayed his various talent to my delight and profit for

many years. In the like manner was I indebted to Mr. Charles Dance, making the popular dramatic *Dioscuroi*, but, as his favors touch on a later date, I shall only notice my obligations to him here. Well, my next ally was also a worthy connected with the drama.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

Tom Dibdin wrote occasionally in the "Gazette," and one of his merriest squibs was a burlesque of the sentimental (called by their adverse critics, the "Cockney School") tone of writing in the "Examiner," then in full play under the brothers John and Leigh Hunt. A few lines will indicate its humor : —

"The *Writer of this article*, no other,
Had, by some sort of accident, a Mother ;
She was a woman, and 't is ten to one,
The *Writer of this Paper* was, her Son."

John and his mother stroll in tender mood, linked hand in hand, along Blackfriars Bridge Road ; and

"While walking, squeezing, sentimentalizing,
They met (which in that road is not surprising)
A sturdy beggar of terrific mien,
Be-patched, where any patch of clothes was seen,
With gray, blue, yellow, scarlet, white, and green,
And where *no* patches were, the vagrant's hide
Exhibited all colors else beside.
'Give me,' quoth she. The Writer's Mother cried,
'I've nought to give ; have you no business, say ?'
'What business is that of yours, ma'am, pray ?'
'Can you *make* nought ?' — 'No, madam, nor I sha'n't !'
'And can't you *mend* ?' 'No,' cried the Mend., "I can't !"

The result is, that the writer's mother turns up the gateway of a stable-yard with the plain-spoken beggar, and

"Her flannel petticoat
Somehow detaching from her taper middle,
She did *contrive* to drop,
Bidding the beggar stop,
And as she let the votive drap'ry fall,
Cried, while *not crying*, 'Take my little all !'"

The moral is a catch of rheumatism in consequence of stripping behind a stable door,

“ And give their clothes
 To no one knows
 Who folks may be they never saw before ! ”

HORNE TOOKE.

When Horne was about fourteen or fifteen years old, at Eton, in construing a passage in a Latin author, the master asked him *why* some ordinary construction, the rule of which was very familiar, obtained in the passage. The pupil replied he did not know, on which the master, provoked by his ignorance or perverseness, caused him to be flogged, a punishment which he received with perfect *sang froid* and without a murmur. The master then put the question to the next boy in the class, who readily gave the answer, whatever it was, as laid down among the common rules in the Eton Grammar. The master said, “ Take him down — a blockhead,” on which Horne burst into tears, which the master observing as something not readily intelligible, exclaimed, “ Why, what is the meaning of this ? ” Horne replied, “ I know the rule as well as he did ; but you asked me the reason, which I did not know.” “ My boy, I am afraid I have done you some wrong. I will make the best reparation I can,” and, taking down a Virgil from his book-case, he subscribed it as a presentation copy with his own name, and presented it to Tooke, at the same time taking him back to the class and restoring him to the place he had apparently lost.

This anecdote Sharpe received from the mouth of Horne Tooke himself, who showed the Virgil when he told the story. The boy was father to the man. The youthful logical precision of Eton, quite worthy of the author of the “ Diversions of Purley.”

PEAKE AND SHERIDAN.

Besides what I may enumerate as constant resident neighbors, there was an occasional summer occupant of a retired cottage on the other side of Cromwell House from me, and nearer town, who had a frequent visitor whom it was no small gratification to meet in the privacy of a very limited, very con-

fidential, and very social circle. The amphytrion was Mr. Peake, the father of the humorous and facetious Dick (whom much I esteemed), and treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre ; and his guest was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who, after business was got through somehow or other, or anyhow, turned about, and to old Brompton, with renovated gusto, to pleasure. It was truly delectable ; but nobody could describe what it was. It was an abandonment of self, and a charm cast on all around. There was none of the prepared wit for which Moore gives him credit, but a natural overflow of racy conversation and anecdote. The most extraordinary conversations men whom I have known were Sheridan, Sydney Smith, Canning, and Theodore Hook ; but they were all as dissimilar to each other, as if the realm of wit and humor were peopled by quite different races, "Black, White, Mulatto, and Malay," who all spoke different languages, saw with different eyes, and fancied with different imaginations and peculiarities of mind. Sheridan charmed, Canning fascinated, Sydney Smith entertained, and Theodore Hook amazed you. Sheridan threw himself into your arms and upon your heart with such apparently boundless confidence, that you could not help considering yourself at once a trusted friend ; and on many and many a trying occasion did he reap the benefit of this implanted feeling.

SHERIDAN'S LAST DAYS.

The death of Mr. Sheridan cast a gloom over many of his associates, and I may say, the public in general ; though they were amused with Yorick jests, probably invented for him, to exhibit the strength of the ruling passion. His wit was just the opposite of what I have endeavored to explain as the wit of Canning. Its highest flavor consisted of the more palpable spirit of which the other left a smaller quantity to be carried off. Thus the *mot* ascribed to him, when seated at the window a few days before his death, and seeing a hearse go by, he exclaimed, "Ah, that is the carriage after all !" was in everybody's mouth, and compared with the slow-coach joke of Rogers, who, when told that it was called the "Regulator,"

remarked, "I thought so, for all the others go by it." Another of Mr. Sheridan's, at this sad period, was more likely to be true. His complaint was understood to have arisen originally from a tumor, for which an operation was advised that might have saved his life, but to which he refused to submit, observing that he had suffered two operations in his time, and would not submit to a third. On being asked what they were, as they had not been heard of before, he replied, "that he had had his hair cut, and sat for his picture!"¹ Poor reminiscences these of the man of such marvelous talent, that it is told of him, on the same night when he made one of his brilliant speeches in Parliament, the "Duenna" was performed at one, and the "Rivals" played at the other national theatre. But there have been now five generations of his family distinguished by great and hereditary talent. Mr. Sheridan's funeral was splendid, and realized his own lines, so as to render them prophetic of himself: for there were

"The splendid sorrows that adorned his hearse,
The throng that pressed as their dead favorite past —
The graced respect that claimed him to the last!"

GEORGE HENRY HARLOW.

The loss of my friend, George Henry Harlow, was a distressing stroke to me. He landed from his Italian tour, in which he so triumphantly sustained the claim of the British school of Arts, on the 13th of January, and within a few days of his return to London, panting for the fame and glory (re-echoing the honors lavished upon him in Rome, Florence, and Naples, etc.) which certainly awaited him, he was seized by the fatal malady which, being neglected, terminated in his death, at the age of thirty-two, on the 4th of February, 1819. I deplored his death with brotherly affections; for I knew him intimately for years, and had seen under the singular affectation of almost frivolity, with which he often cloaked his

¹ I find a curious memorandum among my papers, I know not on what authority, that a Mrs. Kirkman and Miss Sheldon, who long resided at Edmonton, and kept a large ladies' boarding-school opposite the sign of the renowned "Johnny Gilpin," were the originals of two of the leading characters in the "School for Scandal."

devotion to the arts and lofty aims, as if he were ashamed of exhibiting these ennobling feelings before a world of emptiness and pretense, which he despised. These assumptions were sometimes carried to a pitch of laughable absurdity, and caused the real character of the artist to be utterly mistaken. I remember his gravely assuring some consequential goose that "Shakespeare was really a clever man. Upon my word he was ; really a very clever fellow ;" and then laughing in his sleeve at the jest he had played off, and forgetting that he had left upon his auditors a pretty strong impression of his own folly !¹ I have seen the same sort of masking in other and very able individuals. Indeed, it is not uncommon where there is extreme sensibility — more sensibility than strength of mind.

In the art his memory was almost incredible. His producing a posthumous portrait of Mr. Hare,² the friend of Mr. Fox, from seeing him only once casually in the street, was a remarkable instance ; but I can vouch for another still more astonishing. When I was sitting to him for my portrait, he one day kept me waiting some time, and on coming in made his apology and begged I would excuse him a little longer, for he had been to the British Institution and seen a Rubens landscape, which had enchanted him so much that he was desirous of having a memorandum of it. To make this whilst the subject was fresh upon his mind, he sat down, and, to my wonder, produced a landscape which he affirmed to be a tolerable copy of the original. I treated the matter as more of joke than earnest ; but I had afterwards the opportunity to compare the two works together ; and not only in every form, but in every shade of color, the copy could not have been more faithful had the copyist spent hours and days, with the Rubens before him, upon his extraordinary production. I may add the remark, that in most of the eminent artists whom

¹ He reminded me always of the character of Hamlet "putting an antic disposition on," whilst his soul was engrossed with the one great design of acquiring, as he told his mother, "not riches, but fame and glory" by his paintings.

² Respecting whom, as the story goes, the bailiff was asked, "Are you hare-hunting or fox-hunting this morning?"

I have known, this quality of memory, more or less modified, has been conspicuous in them all ; and where it is wanting, I have found the parties nearly allied to the drudge and servile school.

ANECDOTE OF TURNER.

On one occasion, Turner, our prince of landscape painters, of whom Lord de Tabley had been a most liberal patron, spent a day or two at Tabley when I was there. In the drawing-room stood a landscape on an easel, on which his lordship was at work as the fancy mood struck him. Of course, when assembled for the tedious half-hour before dinner, we all gave our opinions on its progress, its beauties, and its defects. I stuck a blue wafer on to show where I thought a bit of bright color or a light would be advantageous ; and Turner took the brush and gave a touch here and there to mark some improvements. He returned to town, and, can it be credited ! the next morning at breakfast a letter from him was delivered to his lordship, containing a regular bill of charges for “ Instructions in painting.” His lordship tossed it across the table indignantly to me, and asked if I could have imagined such a thing ; and as indignantly, against my remonstrances, immediately sent a check for the sum demanded by the “ drawing master ! ”

This was a deplorable instance of Turner’s eccentricity, and not to be excused on any imaginable ground. Yet sometimes he was lavish in the midst of his general penuriousness. On a continental trip, an intimate friend of mine, Mr Thomas Hunt, author of several valuable volumes on Tudor architecture, accidentally encountered him on a continental excursion. Turner took a fancy to so excellent a boon companion, invited him to travel together, and treated him in a princely style, without costing him a shilling through the whole of their tour.

I would fain offer this fact as a sort of balance to the human infirmity of the drawing master account : Turner was a singular compound.

MRS. HEMANS.

At this period commenced my acquaintance with Mrs. Hemans — an acquaintance which ripened into friendship and led to a delightful literary intercourse, till the gifted poetess was taken from an admiring world. My first introduction arose out of a letter from her husband, Captain Hemans, dated “Warwick Street, Cockspur Street, Thursday, 4th of May, 1819,” in which he requested “an early notice of a volume of Poems, just published (by Mr. Murray), entitled ‘Tales and Historic Scenes,’ by Felicia Hemans, and likewise a collection of ‘Translations from Camoens and other Poets by the same Author;’” and my review, in reply, entered into an examination of the poems, pointed out certain defects, and concluded that Mrs. Hemans was “truly and purely poetical.” In her earlier productions, as appears to me, there was too much of a certain coldness and correctness, allied to the marbly classic subjects of her choice, though mixed with occasional bursts of the appalling and pathetic; and that she did not impart that tone of natural warmth and powerful expression to her poetry till after she witnessed the public effect of the first publication of L. E. L. From that date a new light and glow was spread over her canvas; the suggestion of the girlish debutante was enough to kindle and inspire her genius, and whoever will bestow the pains of comparison between her first and second styles (the third and last being more of a moral and religious nature), will find the difference I have pointed out, altogether very marked and striking, and, further, readily traceable to the source I have indicated.

Mrs. Hemans having returned to Bronwhylfa, her native place, near St. Asaph, it was several years before I enjoyed the gratification of personally cementing that esteem which frequent and interesting correspondence had nourished; for I had it in my power to render her some slight services upon which she set a far too grateful value, and in acknowledgment of which she enriched the “Gazette” with some of her most beautiful compositions.

One topic of playful sadness was twice or thrice discussed between us, on my proposing an early affair of the heart for poetical treatment. Young, and as it turned out not happily, as she was married, I had discovered that a dear friend of mine, when a youthful soldier with little beyond his commission and hopes, had been desperately in love with the lovely Felicia Browne, not yet beyond her sixteenth summer ; and it was not improbable that if he had then possessed the large fortune to which he afterwards succeeded, he would have laid himself and it at the feet of his idol, and not been spurned. This boy and girl passion, for it was no older, left nevertheless an impression which was manifested through many a year in the affectionate interest which they continued to feel for each other, though they never met again ; and which sort of attachment I was too well-disposed and good-natured not to cultivate whenever opportunity offered with either for jocular rallying.

MURDER OF PERCEVAL.

I allude to the murder of Mr. Perceval, on the 11th of May, 1812, the full and exact particulars of which have never yet been laid before the public ; though the broad facts have been truly stated, and even the details, generally, communicated with so near an approach to accuracy, that were it not desirable to have so momentous a piece of history free from all error, I should hardly deem it necessary to re-write, with some additions, the narrative published from my pen, in Fisher's National Portrait Gallery.¹

About five o'clock of the tragical day referred to, I had walked down to the House to listen, in my turn, to the interminable debates in Committee on the Orders in Council, which were very briefly reported in the newspapers. On ascending the broad flight of steps which led to the folding door of the lobby, I perceived the minister, with whom I had the honor of a slight acquaintance, immediately behind me, with his light and lithsome step following in the same direction. I saluted him, and was saluted in return, with that benevolent

¹ See *Life of the Rt. Hon. Spencer Perceval*, vol. i. 1830.

smile which I was so instantly destined to see effaced forever, and pushing open and holding back the half door, to allow the precedence of entering, I of course made way for him to go in.

He did enter, and there was an instant noise, but as a physical fact it is very remarkable to state that, though I was all but touching him, and if the ball had passed through his body it must have lodged in mine, *I did not hear* the report of the pistol. It is true it was fired in the inside of the lobby, and I was just out of it ; but, considering our close proximity, I have always found it difficult to account for the phenomenon I have noticed. I saw a small curling wreath of smoke rise above his head, as if the breath of a cigar ; I saw him reel back against the ledge on the inside of the door ; I heard him exclaim, " O God ! " or " O my God ! " and nothing more or longer (as reported by several witnesses), for even that exclamation was faint ; and then making an impulsive rush, as it were, to reach the entrance to the House on the opposite side for safety, I saw him totter forward, not half way, and drop dead between the four pillars which stood there in the centre of the space, with a slight trace of blood issuing from his lips.

All this took place ere with moderate speed you could count five ! Great confusion, and almost as immediately great alarm ensued. Loud cries were uttered, and rapidly conflicting orders and remarks on every hand made a perfect Babel of the scene ; for there were above a score of people in the lobby, and on the instant no one seemed to know what had been done, or by whom. The corpse of Mr. Perceval was lifted up by Mr. William Smith, the member for Norwich, assisted by Lord Francis Osborne, a Mr. Phillips, and several others, and borne into the office of the Speaker's secretary, by the small passage on the left hand, beyond and near the fire-place. It must have been, pallid and deadly, close by the murderer ; for in a moment after Mr. Eastaff, one of the clerks of the Vote Office, at the last door on that side, pointed him out, and called, " That is the murderer ! " Bellingham moved

slowly to a bench on the hither side of the fire-place, near at hand, and sat down. I had in the first instance run forward to render assistance to Mr. Perceval, but only witnessed the lifting of his body, followed the direction of Mr. Eastaff's hand, and seized the assassin by the collar, but without violence on one side, or resistance on the other. Comparatively speaking, a crowd now came up, and among the earliest Mr. Vincent Dowling, Mr. John Norris, Sir Charles Long, Sir Charles Burrell, Mr. Henry Burgess, and, in a minute or two, General Gascoigne from a committee room up-stairs, and Mr. Hume, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Pole, and twelve or fifteen members from the House. Meanwhile Bellingham's neckcloth had been stripped off, his vest unbuttoned, and his chest laid bare. The discharged pistol was found beside him, and its companion was taken, loaded and primed, from his pocket. An opera-glass, papers, and other articles were also pulled forth, principally by Mr. Dowling, who was on his left, whilst I stood on his right hand; and except for his frightful agitation, he was as passive as a child. Little was said to him. General Gascoigne on coming up and getting a glance through the surrounding spectators observed that he knew him at Liverpool, and asked if his name was Bellingham, to which he returned no answer, but the papers rendered further question on this point unnecessary. Mr. Lynn, a surgeon in Great George Street, adjacent, had been hastily sent for, and found life quite extinct, the ball having entered in a slanting direction from the hand of the tall assassin, and passed into his victim's heart. Some one came out of the room with this intelligence, and said to Bellingham, "Mr. Perceval is dead! Villain, how could you destroy so good a man, and make a family of twelve children orphans?" To which he almost mournfully replied, "I am sorry for it." Other observations and questions were addressed to him by by-standers; in answer to which he spoke incoherently, mentioning the wrongs he had suffered from government, and justifying his revenge on similar grounds to those he used, at length, in his defense at the Old Bailey.

I have alluded to Bellingham's "frightful agitation" as he

sat on the bench, and all this dreadful work was going on; and I return to it to describe it as far as words can convey an idea of the shocking spectacle. I could only imagine something like it in the overwrought painting of a powerful romance writer, but never before could conceive the physical suffering of a strong muscular man, under the tortures of a distracted mind. Whilst his language was cool, the agonies which shook his frame were actually terrible. His countenance wore the hue of the grave, blue and cadaverous; huge drops of sweat ran down from his forehead, like rain on the window-pane in a heavy storm, and, coursing his pallid cheeks, fell upon his person, where their moisture was distinctly visible; and from the bottom of his chest to his gorge, rose and receded, with almost every breath, a spasmodic action, as if a body, as large or larger than a billiard-ball, were choking him. The miserable wretch repeatedly struck his chest with the palm of his hand to abate this sensation, but it refused to be repressed.

All the doors had by this time been locked and bolted, and all the avenues examined and scoured. Nothing of accomplices was discovered, as, in fact, there were none, and the deed was a solitary act of blood and vengeance. The disorder, however, began to be resolved into form, though the consternation and anxieties of the parties engaged in these movements seemed rather to augment than to diminish. In a few minutes when the nature of the calamity was ascertained, the murderer was conveyed to the bar of the House, escorted by messengers, and with my hold never relaxed from his collar till he stood there; and the speaker having taken the chair the proceedings were initiated and carried through. It was found that the Commons could not take cognizance of the matter, and the House was accordingly adjourned in order that the magistrates present, Mr. M. Angelo Taylor, Mr. Alderman Combe and others, might investigate the circumstances and pronounce on the course to be adopted. Before them, in a room up-stairs, Bellingham was arraigned, witnesses examined, and the prisoner, who hardly spoke, committed, with due precautions, to

Newgate to take his trial for the murder. It is my hope that the depositions and examinations on this preliminary inquiry may be preserved, *in extenso*, as they will furnish a more accurate account of the whole transaction for future history, than can be extracted from the meagre and law-shaped statements which were found to be sufficient for conviction on the trial, but by no means satisfy the plain, simple truth as it relates to the appalling tragedy I have described. And I am the more desirous of this in order to have justice done to my own individual share in the sad affair; for though there is little to boast of in having seized an unresisting man, yet as others chose to plume themselves on the courageous act (which required no courage, but which they did not perform), and to speak mysteriously of the dangers to be eschewed from the loaded pistol, I consider it due to myself to assert that no hand was laid upon the assassin in the lobby, except my own, and Mr. Dowling's for a few moments, till he relinquished it to go in front, and empty the pockets of the criminal, handing the papers to Mr. Hume, who identified them by his initials, J. H., to be produced in evidence when wanted.

The judicial ordeal in the committee-room up-stairs was attended by some accessions of eminent statesmen and members of Parliament, some of them intimate friends of the deceased, who were deeply affected by the solemn and painful proceedings. For myself I was so shaken by the awfulness of the event, that I was leaning on the stair-balluster for support, and believe I should have fainted but for the kindness of Mr. (now Sir Charles) Burrell, who procured a draught of water for me, and himself administered it to my parched lips. I have a grateful remembrance of this relief of forty years ago! Without being so revived I could not have had power to give my evidence. Mr. Boys, a solicitor from Margate, who was in the lobby with several witnesses from that place, in support of a bill for improving the pier, played a conspicuous part on the occasion, but was not called on the trial; where, indeed, other witnesses answered for him as they did for me.

The committal was formally made out about nine o'clock,

and the prisoner sent, securely guarded, to Newgate. The wonderful speed with which the intelligence spread over London and the suburbs is almost incredible — one might have supposed there were electric telegraphs, so unaccountable was the rapid diffusion of the information, and the alarm it occasioned throughout the populous circle, as if a revolution had broken out, and been commenced with a foul murder, unparalleled for national concern since Felton's assassination of the Duke of Buckingham.

On my weary return home to Old Brompton, I found that the news had penetrated that retirement, and excited great uneasiness, which was only dissipated by my arrival with the striking proofs of Bellingham's pre-determined resolution, and the mortal means by which he executed it. I had with me a manuscript copy of his petition to government, to "remunerate his losses, and give compensation for his personal sufferings:" it is written and signed "John Bellingham," in a bold mercantile hand, and marked, as I have noticed, with the initials of Mr. Hume. This document I had afterwards bound, and with a plan of the lobby and its occupants, and a fac-simile of the fatal pistol, presented to my much-valued friend Sir Francis Freeling. I had also the pair of pistols, and kept them till the day of the trial, when there was a prodigious struggle for their possession among the official persons engaged in the prosecution and the lawyers; and to whose lot they fell after I gave them up, I am ignorant. I, however, laid them down on a sheet of paper, and traced their size — not three inches in the barrel, but a rather wide bore, and very strong in every part. The only other remarkable article, which, however, I still retain, was a plain but powerful opera-glass in a red case; and it was important, as it had frequently been seen, during the fortnight before, in the assassin's hands in the gallery of the House of Commons, whence he surveyed the members below, and ascertained surely by asking the reporters which was Mr. Perceval. There can, therefore, be no doubt but that he had long fixed upon his victim; and given up the idea, if he ever entertained it, of murdering Lord

Leveson Gower, whom he accused of traversing his commercial course in Russia.

I received my subpoena on Thursday, the 14th, attended at the Grand Jury and the Old Bailey on Friday, the 15th, but was not examined ; and the wretched being expiated, as far humanly as such guilt can be expiated, his atrocious crime, in front of Newgate on Monday, the 18th ; one week having sufficed to fulfill this memorable tragedy.

CURWOOD'S JOKE.

He had a glass eye, which is connected with stories innumerable. He is supposed to be the only man that ever was *churched* (rather a comical story). He had been appointed Recorder of Maidstone, and understood he must attend church and get a certificate of his having taken the Sacrament ; so to church he went, and, having stayed through the ceremony, he asked an official for the certificate, who informed him that what he had witnessed was not the Communion, but the Churching of Women ! When he married, he concealed his transparent eye from his wife, who found it out on dining one day at a friend's, whose wife was an embodiment of indiscretion, and, somehow blurted it out that Curwood had a glass eye ! Mrs. C. stoutly denied it ; the lady as stoutly affirmed it ; Mrs. C. quarreled with her, and went home to ascertain the truth — quarreled with her husband for deceiving her, which made him go and quarrel with his friend for not keeping his wife's tongue in order ; but there the quarreling ended, for that dear friend (both yours and mine) quarreled with nobody, and, in spite of all her faults and absurdities, loved his wife as if she really had been made of one of his ribs ; but I shall never get to Curwood's joke if I go on thus. Soon after Canning's statue was put up in Palace Yard, in all its verdant freshness, the carbonate of copper not yet blackened by the smoke of London, Justice Gazelee (better known as Starelee, who tried the cause of *Bardwell v. Pickwick*) was walking away from Westminster Hall with Curwood, when the judge, looking at the statue (the size of which is heroic, if

not colossal) said : " I don't think that is very like Canning ; he was not so large a man." " No, my lord," said Curwood ; " nor so green." In like manner, the only joke I ever made was not ascribed to me, though it was not good enough to ascribe to any one else. I was one day in Gray's Inn Hall, where, in vacation, the court of exchequer sat in equity, and Chief Baron Richards was hearing causes in one corner, the rest of the hall occupied by loungers and waiters on the cause-paper ; an attorney came to me, and pointing to Chief Baron Richards, said : " Pray, sir, is that Baron *Wood* ? " " *Yes, sir,*" said I, " *but his NAME is Richards.*" Two days after, Denman told me my own *mot* as the good saying of some anonymous barrister of Gray's Inn.

MR. FLADGATE.

Mr. Fladgate, the solicitor in Essex Street, was one of the Sydney Smith species of wits (who are so rare), and was so prolific in piquant sayings, that, if all were remembered, they might fill a volume. When Elliston was in treaty to become the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, he gave way to more than his usual excitements, and consulting his legal adviser at all hours in no very proper state, Fladgate exclaimed to him, " Hang it, sir, there is no getting through any business with you, who come to me fresh drunk every night, and stale drunk every morning." Elliston, like Elia Lamb, was easily affected by wine. But to Curwood. One day, at the dinner-table, a troublesome blue-bottle fly kept buzzing about and alighting on the meats, apparently more attracted to Curwood's plate than to any other ; provoked by this, at last he started up, and, with napkin in hand, pursued the offender to the window and round the room, slashing away at it right and left. There was a call to sit down again and be still, as the chase was disturbing us all ; when Fladgate quietly observed, " Oh, for Heaven's sake let them alone ! I want to see which will beat ! " On another occasion, Curwood called upon him on a Sunday forenoon to propose a walk, and, according to the fashion of the time, when not in professional costume, **was**

dressed in a blue coat with bright gilt buttons, and all the rest of his attire, to the very stockings, of bright yellow. The moment he entered, Fladgate jumped from his seat, and pointing to a canary breeding-cage belonging to one of his children, cried, "By Jove, the canary has hatched one of her eggs without our having noticed it!" His were seldom or never puns, but savored always of the neatness of French touch and allusion.

THE BURNS COMMEMORATION.

On the 25th of May in this year (1815) the Commemoration of Burns, for which I had thrown out a signal the year before, and the "getting up" of which required much time and exertion, was brought to a gratifying issue. If there is a word or name in the language to serve as a rallying-point for Scotchmen at home or abroad, that name is Burns. But for this *sesamé* I could never have succeeded in my project. There was hardly a failure. Wherever application was made the response was cordial. Nevertheless, my office of secretary was no sinecure. I was fortunate in procuring the Earl of Aberdeen to preside; the Duke of Buccleugh having previously consented to take the chair, and only withdrawn in consequence of a remarkable request which I received from the Duchess, his mother, at Richmond, my prompt acquiescence in which led to gratifying courtesies from that truly excellent lady as long as she lived. Lord Aberdeen was admirably supported by Mr. C. Grant (Lord Glenelg), Sir John Majoribanks, Sir Neil Campbell, Mr. W. R. Keith Douglas, member for Dumfries, Mr. (Sir) Charles Forbes, Mr. Kirkman Finlay, Sir Thomas Bell, sheriff at the time, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. (Sir Peter) Laurie, and other gentlemen eminent in the mercantile world, in literature, and the arts.

Campbell wrote a poem on the occasion, which was admirably recited by Mr. Conway, and in the composition of which I met with a peculiar instance of the poet's fastidiousness in correcting his effusions, — an example, the reverse of which

entails upon us so much of the slip-slop and want of finish to which we must submit at the present time : a couple of days only before the meeting, the bard had courteously read over his Ode to me, and left the MS. with me to be printed, returning himself to his residence, then at Sydenham. I thought it was polished to perfection ; but not so the author. It rushed into his head that he had written " Which," instead of " That," in the penultimate line of the fourth stanza, where two other lines commenced with " Who," and, as I might guess from his note, in much distress at being guilty of such an inelegancy, he dispatched an express messenger from Sydenham to town to me with the important correction !¹ I am inclined to think that Campbell often weakened his first poetical ideas by over-polish, as Scott often left his with blots, in consequence of seldom taking the trouble to correct and refine.

The Earl of Aberdeen having hardly ever, if ever, been induced to preside at a festivity of this kind, gave additional interest to the Commemoration, which, I should say, was " in aid of the subscription for completing the monument over the grave of Burns, then erecting at Dumfries." Among his lordship's most apposite observations in proposing " The memory of Robert Burns," which he did with great feeling, he said : " As Scotchmen, we may well be vain of his talent and his name, for his genius was truly national. Scotland may exult in having given him birth, for he might almost be said to have sprung from her very soil ! But while, as Scotchmen, we are justly proud that it was reserved for our country to give birth to such a poet, the hard fate of Burns, while living, and the comparative obscurity in which he closed his days, prove, I am afraid, that while among us he was not sufficiently valued

¹ This poetic carefulness may be paralleled by another instance. One Friday afternoon, when I went as usual to my printer's (Bensley) to correct the last proofs, and see that all was right for the *Literary Gazette* of the morrow, and whilst waiting for slips, I happened to glance over some loose sheets lying on the desk of Rogers's *Italy* (I think). I pointed out two or three of the slightest inaccuracies or doubtful points to the reader (Mr. Barker, one of those invaluable, good printing-house allies to authors), which he communicated to the poet, and the result was the canceling of several sheets, at an expense of 50*l.* or 60*l.* The majority of writers would not have given sixpence to mend them all. Not so the fastidious Rogers.

[what genius ever was ?], and this reflection, in some sort, turns our very pride into our reproach ! We owe to his memory a long arrear of admiration. The only way in which we can now discharge this debt is by uniting to honor his tomb. [It will appear by an incident in the sequel that this was happily not 'the only way.'] This has now become the duty of his friends and admirers ; call it a vain and fruitless duty if you will, but still it is a duty which those who feel an interest in the honor of their country, and in the powers of genius being duly appreciated, will not be the less anxious to fulfill." After the applause had ceased, and the toast been drunk in silence, Mr. Conway recited the Ode in honor of Burns to which I have alluded, so effectively as to be often interrupted by enthusiastic expressions of admiration and delight.

"The living poets of Scotland, and one of the most distinguished of their number, Mr. Campbell," was the next toast drunk and acknowledged ; after which, as I had informed the chairman that a son of Burns was present, with some of his kindred, his lordship, in a handsome manner, proposed their health. Mr. Burns, then a mere youth, answered the tribute with great modesty ; and, in the course of the evening, I had the grateful office of introducing him to Mr. Charles Grant, the result of which was, his appointment as a cadet to India, whither he in due time proceeded, and, after good service, returned to his native land a respected officer and prosperous man. Such accidents are beautiful when they do happen, and very consolatory to look back and reflect upon.

An eloquent speech from Mr. Grant, comprising a fine and touching eulogy on Burns, and equally just compliment to the high classic accomplishments of Lord Aberdeen, called up the noble lord, who expressed his anxious feeling for the interest of Scotland, and especially where connected with its literature.

"Mr. Wilkie, and the Scottish Arts and Artists," was next toasted and acknowledged amid tumultuous plaudits. Sinclair sang, Gow's band played, and Macgregor, the "great piper" — I have forgot the Gaelic for it — paraded the room in full

costume with a melody only ravishing, at such close quarters, to Scotch ears.

The chairman having proposed "The health of the stewards, and the secretary, for his services in promoting the meeting," Mr. (Sir Charles) Forbes returned thanks for the former, and I had the pleasure to read over a list of subscriptions, amounting to about 350*l.*, with the remark that I trusted it would enable the committee at Dumfries to go on vigorously with the monument, and also to remind the company of the opinion of Burns, that the "Scottish poet should not sleep without a monument," when he raised one, at his own expense, to the memory of Ferguson.

After Lord Aberdeen retired, Campbell was called to the chair, whose vivacity and good humor prolonged the festival of feeling for another hour. He gave "The health of the great living bard, Sir Walter Scott, and also Mr. Mayne, the author of the charming ballad of 'Logan Waters ;' " for which Mr. Mayne (of the "Siller Gun," a sweet composition) returned his acknowledgments. Mr. Laurie (now Sir Peter) again proposed my health, with a flattering notice of me as "the individual who had originated this Commemoration, and whose exertions, for the last two years, to accomplish the interesting object, had been as great and unremitting as they had ultimately proved successful." I naturally expressed my gratitude for such a compliment ; and the night concluded in so gratifying a manner that a morning paper of the following day stated, the "entertainment had terminated, at the close of which every friend to poetical genius who was present

Might have the happiness to say,
My friends, I have not lost a day ! "

DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

On leaving Paris, it was my good fortune to meet with a fellow traveller, also bound for London, and to agree with him that we should return together. We accordingly hired a carriage, and proceeded without hurry on our destination, and I soon learnt that I could not have fallen in with a more con-

genial and agreeable companion. Mr. Douglas Kinnaird was, at the time, one of the most zealous members of the Drury Lane Committee of Management, his enthusiasm about Kean, and his anxiety about the success of the theatre excessive, and his anecdotes of Lord Byron, Whitbread, Peter Moore, and others, racy and entertaining in the highest degree. With regard to Byron he informed me of a circumstance which more nearly affected me than I had ever dreamt of in my slight intercourse with that noble lord. It appeared that the remarks I published on his unworthy lines to Mrs. Charlemont (his lady's attendant) had given him mortal offense, and, in the ebullition of his fury, he deemed it right to demand satisfaction, and intrusted the challenge to be delivered to Mr. Kinnaird. Knowing his friend, that gentleman *found* that he could not *find* me during the whole day. Newspaper folks were difficult of access, and towards evening he took occasion to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and to put it to his lordship whether it was not infinitely beneath his dignity to call out a paltry scribbler, who might even, by some awkward chance, shoot him and rob the peerage and the poetic world of one of their greatest ornaments. This and more to a similar effect my informant jocularly told me, and insisted on my owing him a deep debt of gratitude for his prudent conduct, especially as Lord Byron was a certain shot! At any rate he had dissuaded the angry bard from his desperate purpose; and all that the public may have since gained from him or me, may possibly be attributable to the sensible advice of Mr. Kinnaird. He had kept the cartel and promised it to me as an autograph, and I dare say (if not stolen or taken with hundreds of others) I shall turn it up from among the masses of papers, which (very partially examined) have sadly tried my patience and almost crazed my brain, in preparing these sheets for the press.

We slept one night on the road, in a double-bedded room, on a stone floor, and our cotelettes and omelette charmingly cooked at the wood fire in the same chamber; such was the best of the journey between Paris and the coast at that primi-

tive initiative of international intercourse. On the farther side of the channel, Mr. Kinnaird had his own light barouche in waiting, and we posted up, in all haste, from Dover. It was midnight when we stopped to change horses at Canterbury, and so intense was my companion's desire to learn something of Kean, who, I think, had performed in a new character, that he actually caused the hostlers to "knock-up the house," in order to ascertain if there was any newspaper from town, or the landlord or waiter had heard anything of the play.

During the rest of his life — for he was prematurely taken from his friends and the world — I continued my pleasant acquaintance with this gentleman, who possessed many traits well calculated to enhance his appreciation in society and companionable qualities. A portion of humor, or drollery, would be mixed up with his other attainments; and Coleridge told a piquant story of him at the time the tragedy of "Remorse" was offered to, and accepted by, the managers of old Drury.

Mr. Kinnaird, according to my authority, had invited him (Coleridge) to Pall Mall, where he resided, to read the tragedy in question for his judgment thereon. The poet attended the manager, as in duty bound, and was shown into his boudoir, or dressing-room, where he was assiduously making his toilet. Without interrupting the process of shaving, teeth-cleaning, nail-paring, and scooping, etc., etc., he desired the poet to proceed with his reading, and the poet complied; his didactic tone and sonorous voice ceasing at times, in the hope, perhaps, that the pause might allow of a compliment or expression of admiration being administered. But the critic shaved, and made no sign; dressed his nails, and spoke not. Coleridge read on, and had got through an act or more, as he related the tale — and an excellent hand he was at embellishment in such cases — when his auditor suddenly stopped him, and pulling out a drawer full of papers from his dressing-glass, said, "Now, my good friend, I have listened to enough of your nonsense; and, in return, I have to request

your attention to a little two-act piece of mine, which I think will be a hit at Drury!" And Coleridge had to listen in turn; for it will not do for dramatists to displease managers; and so Mr. Kinnaird never knew the remainder of "Remorse" till it was produced upon the boards; and Sheridan had his jest upon the cavern scene, where the percolating of the water is described — "Drip, drip, drip," said the satirist; "nothing but dripping." It is the work of a man of genius, notwithstanding; I am sorry I cannot record the fate of my esteemed fellow-traveller's "little two-act piece!"

GEORGE CHALMERS.

George Chalmers, to whom this piece is inscribed, was one of the most respectable and most comfortable of publisher's drudges. He was able, laborious, good-humored, and had a thorough enjoyment of the good things of social life, to which his conversation contributed the appendages of pleasurable intelligence and instruction. He was altogether an extremely well-informed and very agreeable companion, and consequently moved in the best literary society. In those times general good fellowship was more in fashion than now; and sometimes among publishers, booksellers, authors, and patrons, there was a nearer alliance to junketings than in our refined day! I often met Mr. Chalmers, and liked him much. He was a fine example of a rubicund Scotchman; fattened and roseated in London; and in his time did valuable service to literature, whilst he uprightly and honorably sustained the character of a literary man.

JOHN TAYLOR.

John Taylor, of the "Sun," was a singular character, and known to "all the world:" that is to say, the London world of quidnuncs, play-goers, performers, artists, literati, and the moving ranks of every-day society. He was a very amusing companion, exceedingly facetious, full of anecdote, and endless in witticisms and puns. Yet mixing, as he did, with men of great information, and hearing, of necessity, much of solid in-

telligence and instructive observation, his mind was of such a cast that he either wanted perception to appreciate the value of such intercourse, or it made too slight an impression upon him to be remembered. In fact, his whole being was entranced upon the stage, in the theatre and theatrical doings and gossip, and in the actors and actresses, with nearly all of whom he lived in intimacy. Even the foremost of these, it is well understood, are not unsusceptible of flattery, and Taylor knew how to fool them to the top of their bent, and be a mighty favorite in consequence. Of prologues and epilogues he was a most prolific writer, and for versification on all sorts of subjects, he might have said with Linnæus, "*Nulla dies sine linea*;" only for "line" reading "stanza" or "verse." His facility of composition was enormous. Tell him what you would, and suggest that it was a nice thing for a poem, and off he would rush to his room, get out his rhyming dictionary, and in a very short space of time, present you with the work done, cut and dry. generally, tolerably neat, and occasionally a successful hit. In this way was the clever and justly popular story of "Monsieur Tonson" written, and other tales, such as "Frank Hayman and the Lion," hardly less entertaining, which will make his name known to succeeding generations. A volume of these effusions was published by John Murray in 1812, and would, in my opinion, be well worthy of a reprint.

In person, my copartner was as peculiar as in intellect. His features were of a form which resembled an animated death's head, covered with thin muscles and skin; his body rather tapered from the haunch to the shoulder in the sugar loaf fashion; and below, his limbs were muscular and well built, as his casing in knee-breeches and silk stockings was properly calculated to display. This embodiment, his frequent associate, the humorous George Colman, described in his own laughable manner by nicknaming Taylor "Merry-death" (Meredith, most appropriate to his physiognomy), and declaring that "Taylor's body would do for any legs, and his legs for any body!"

It is difficult to portray the mental structure contained in this casket ; for it was a congeries of contradictions ; which I can only account for by restating that Mr. Taylor was a being of the artificial stage, not of the actual living world. He was acute, yet trifling ; experienced, yet foolish ; knowing in one sense, yet absurdly plotting as in a play ; and looking for surprises and *dénouements*, as if the game of life were a comedy or a farce. Over his passions he had no control, and though habitually good-humored, his recurrent frenzies were at once ludicrous and afflicting. At the wildest time of our differences he would cast himself down upon his knees, clasp his hands, gnash his teeth, and imprecate curses on my head for five minutes together, till some one humanely lifted him up and led him away to privacy. This incongenial merriment and outrageous outbreaks of temper alternated, and actions and effects, as in everything else, were redolent of the theatrical element, and had nothing in common with the common sense of mankind. In my case his disorder became a complete monomania. He thought of nothing, he talked of nothing, he wrote of nothing, he dreamed of nothing but my villainy and oppression ; he worried ministers with them, he distressed friends, he bored the town, he disturbed the office, and he ruined the paper. I know not if I have succeeded in conveying an intelligible idea of the individual with whom it was my luckless lot to be so closely connected. I have truly represented his smartness, his talents, and his ability ; nature had not been niggardly towards him ; but his perversion behind the foot-lights and in the coulisses, had sadly defeated nature, and made him the extraordinary compound I have tried to depict. It will hardly be believed, and I would scarcely dare to state it, but there are many living witnesses to the fact, that Mr. Taylor's ignorance of matters familiar even to uneducated persons and children was utterly astonishing, and could hardly be believed possible to exist in unison with such faculties as he was in reality blessed with. It was a psychological enigma. On one occasion when we were disputing about some political article, in the presence of Mr. Clarke (all whose efforts, as

well as those of other friends, were employed in vain to reason with Taylor, and procure a temperate compromise), I seriously offered to resign to him the exposition of the Sun politics if he could at the moment, and without reference to a book on geography repeat the names of the capitals of the principal nations in Europe. He could no more have done this, as I was quite aware, than he could have flown to them; and, of course, he did not accept the challenge. Another instance of this remarkable discrepancy occurs to me. Mrs. Taylor, an amiable and excellent lady of good family in Scotland, went on a visit to that country, by the usual mode of conveyance, a Leith smack; upon which Mr. Taylor who be-rhymed almost every incident, wrote as usual a short poem. It commenced:—

“Hail, Sister Isles!”¹

And it was with much argument in reference to the map he could be persuaded that England and Scotland were but one island, and that Mrs. Taylor might have gone by land, although she chose to go by sea.

PARIS IN 1814.

At one of the tables at Verrey's three foreign officers had dined, and were sipping their wine, when three French gentlemen arrived, and seated themselves at the adjoining table. It was evident, from the expression of their countenances, that there must have been some preceding feud, and that they had come to the place with no complimentary or civil intentions. In short, they had hardly called for a bottle of wine, when one of them, addressing his companions, and holding up several decorations on his breast, observed, in the most sneering tone and malignant manner, “This I received for Jena; this I got for Austerlitz; and this for Borodino! Aha!” No notice was taken of this bravado aside, and the chagrined

¹ Reminding me of a Cornish lady of fortune, who being desirous of poetic fame, commenced an epic with:—

“See *orient* beams the *setting* sun.”

I corrected her MS., and the poem was published; with the sunset as usual in the west, and a few other matters made more conformable to generally received notions!

hero of so many distinctions, not caring to offend the military police under which Paris was governed, by a more direct insult, called for his bill and rose with his friends to depart. To my astonishment I observed one of the foreigners, who gnashed his teeth and flashed fury from his eyes, start up and rush to the bar, where having placed himself, he waited the egress of the other party, and as soon as the speaker came within arm's length, struck him a violent blow on the cheek with his open hand, exclaiming, "that for Jena;" a second blow followed on the other cheek, and "that for Austerlitz" accompanied the stroke; a third, and "that for Borodino" finished the assault, which did not occupy ten seconds. Great confusion ensued, and the café was nearly cleared in a wild and hasty way, which I and my companions could not comprehend; but the mystery was soon explained. In less than half an hour the foreigners returned to finish their wine; a duel had been fought, behind the Palais Royal, and the unfortunate Frenchman had been run through the body, and killed on the spot!

BLUCHER IN FRANCE.

Blucher's hatred of the country and its people was so intense, that he would not use the language in conversation, and absolutely refused the illustrious honor of the Holy Ghost, with which the grateful King Louis was anxious to decorate him. The Duke endeavored to persuade the Marshal to accept the distinction, but he obstinately refused, and at last said, pettishly: "If I received it where the d—— could I hang it? I have so many stars and medals already in front, that I have no place to put it but on my *back*." "Well," replied his Grace, "put it there, and I'll be bound it will be where no enemy will ever hit it!" But the Prussians were very inveterate, and never ceased recalling the shameful conduct of Bonaparte to their Queen. Paris would have fared ill if they had had it all their own way; yet they yielded a little to the moderating counsels and wishes of their allies. The bridge of Jena was mined, and had a narrow escape from being blown into the air, as a punishment for its name; and

when the Gallery of the Louvre was criticised preparatory to the restoration of its splendid spoils to their lawful owners (now the scale was turned), it was a marvel to find what a capital judge of paintings Blucher had become, and what a memory he had of the whereabouts he had seen many of the finest ; for he claimed one after another, for Berlin, Potsdam, Sans Souci, etc., etc., and clapt a sentinel within the frames of the largest, to pace up and down on that short walk, till they could be taken away and sent to their proper homes. He was prevailed upon to relinquish some, but not one upon compulsion ; and when the regrets of the inhabitants were at their height for the dispersion of this splendid collection, he was comforted by a Calembourg bulletin in the name of the German commandant, —

“The Parisians go about, sniveling and snuffling ;
They may just as well let it alone. — BARON MUFFLING.”

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

Mr. Proby had never been out of London, never in a boat, never on the back of a horse. To the end of bag-wigs he wore a bag ; he was the last man that walked with a cane as long as himself, ultimately exchanged for an umbrella, which he was never seen without in wet weather or dry ; yet he usually reported the whole debates in the Peers from memory, without a note, for the “Morning Chronicle,” and wrote two or three novels, depicting the social manners of the times ! He was a strange feeder, and ruined himself in eating pastry at the confectioners’ shops (for one of whose scores Taylor and I bailed him) ; he was always in a perspiration, whence George Colman christened him “King Porus ;” and he was always so punctual to a minute, that when he arrived in sight of the office window, the hurry used to be, “There’s Proby — it is half-past two,” and yet he never set his watch. If ever it came to right time I cannot tell ; but if you asked him what o’clock it was, he would look at it, and calculate something in this sort — “I am twenty-six minutes past seven — four, twenty-one from twelve, forty — it is just three minutes past three !”

Poor, strange, and simple, yet curiously-informed Proby, his last domicile was the Lambeth parish work-house, out of which he would come in its coarse gray garb, and call upon his friends as freely and unceremoniously as before, to the surprise of servants, who entertain "an 'orrid " jealousy of paupers, and who could not comprehend why a person so clad was shown in. The last letter I had from him spoke exultingly of his having been chosen to teach the young children in the house their A B C, which conferred some extra accommodations upon him, and thanking me for my share in the subscription of a few pounds a year, which those who knew him in happier days put together to purchase such comforts as his humble situation could admit.

ANECDOTES OF TALLEYRAND.

Shortly after the affair of Pichegru and Moreau, a banker who had been introduced to Talleyrand, and admitted to the honor of several conferences with him, wrote to his Excellency to solicit an audience, which was granted. Talleyrand was at that time minister for foreign affairs. The report of the death of George III. had just obtained circulation throughout Paris, and was naturally suspected to produce a great sensation on the stock exchange. The banker who, like many of his financial brethren, wished to make a good hit, and thought the present a favorable opportunity, had the indiscretion to reveal to the minister the real object of his visit. Talleyrand listened to him without moving a muscle of his phlegmatic visage, and at length replied in a solemn tone : "Some say that the King of England is dead, others say that he is not dead ; but do you wish to know my opinion ?" "Most anxiously, Prince !" "Well, then, I believe — neither ! I mention this in confidence to you ; but I rely on your discretion : the slightest imprudence on your part would compromise me most seriously."

Madame Flamelin one day reproached M. de Moutrou with his attachment to Talleyrand. "Good God ! madame," replied M. de Moutrou, with *naïveté*, "who could help liking him, he is so wicked !"

Talleyrand, speaking of the members of the French Academy, observed, — “After all, it is possible they may one day or other do something remarkable. A flock of geese once saved the Capitol of Rome.”

On a certain occasion, a friend was conversing with Talleyrand on the subject of Mademoiselle Duchenors, the French actress and another lady, neither of them remarkable for beauty. The first happens to have peculiarly bad teeth, the latter none at all. “If Madame S——,” said Talleyrand, “only had teeth she would be as ugly as Mademoiselle Duchenois.”

A distinguished personage once remarked to Talleyrand, “In the upper chamber at least are to be found men possessed of consciences.” “Consciences,” replied Talleyrand, “to be sure : I know many a peer who has got two.”

Madame de Stael, speaking of Talleyrand, illustrates his character in the following happy and familiar manner : “The good Maurice is not unlike the manikins with which children play — dolls with heads of cork and legs of lead : throw them up which way you please, they are sure to fall on their feet.”

Talleyrand had a confidential servant excessively devoted to his interests, but withal superlatively inquisitive. Having one day intrusted him with a letter, the prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and with some surprise saw him reading the letter *en route*. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms : “You may send a verbal answer by the bearer ; he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previously to its delivery !” Such a postscript must have been more effective than the severest reproaches.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

He appeared to have one of the royal memories, and never to forget anybody or anything. Thus I was on the list of individuals whom, or whose names at least, he re-

membered. At a dinner-party, of between thirty and forty, given by the Lord Mayor to his Grace and the committee who superintended the erection of the city equestrian statue, near the Mansion House, he condescended to notice me at the table, together with Sir Francis Chantrey, by whom I was seated, about half a dozen chairs from him, and which I was told was a very rare compliment. At the time, Sir Francis pointed out to me the singular conformation of the Duke's ear, which he, as an artist, modeling his head, had naturally observed ; it was almost flat, and destitute of the shell-like involutions which are the usual attributes of the organ.

This committee-work obtained me another curious example of the Duke's ways. It was agreed to print fifty copies of the minutes, etc., of the proceedings, in a handsome small quarto volume, one copy as a *souvenir* of their services (and they occupied considerable time, from 1836 to 1844, and were a little arduous in consequence of competing interests), to be presented to every member, and the few remaining copies to be appropriated to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duke, and other parties interested, or who had taken a zealous part in promoting the subscription and forwarding the design. This task was devolved upon me by a resolution of the committee, and in due time I sent a copy of the book by my messenger to Apsley House, into which the packet was refused admission. I consequently wrote a letter by post to his Grace, stating the circumstance, and inquiring how I might place the volume in his hands. The answer was not an F. M., and much more amusing. He said the porter had done perfectly right, and acted according to orders, in refusing to receive the packet ; and added that, if he took in all the things that came from every part of London the house would be filled with rubbish throughout : but to insure access to the volume, the favor of which was graciously acknowledged, the Duke wrote the address of his own porter at the bottom of the note, and requested me to cut it off and paste it on the packet ! Thus vouched, the porter did me the honor to take

it from my own hands, for I was much diverted by the manœuvre devised to carry a lodgment in Apsley House.

Count D'Orsay, the accomplished and witty, painted a full-length portrait of the Duke and a companion of the Marquis of Wellesley, which adorned the drawing-room at Gore House. I was one day noticing the difference between the two, and the Count made a curious distinction in his piquant manner. "Aye," said he, "the same nest — the one is the cock-pheasant, and the other the hen!" On another occasion, in the same room, the Marquis himself was present, and the conversation turned on a politically unexpected, and it was thought a veering speech the Duke had just made in the House of Peers, when the Marquis observed, "Oh, you don't know my brother Arthur: he is the cunningest dog alive."

The only other trifle I may relate occurred on the return of Sir James C. Ross from his nobly conducted and memorable Antarctic voyage, of which the particulars were first published in the "Literary Gazette." I happened to go down on a visit to my friend, Mr. G. P. R. James, then residing close by Walmer, and appointed to call, as he frequently was, on his Grace the following morning, when the subject of Captain Ross's arrival, and my account of it, were brought out in conversation. The Duke expressed his desire to read it, and on Mr. James stating that I was with him, he said, "Oh, I know Mr. Jerdan very well; I am sure if he can send me a paper he will be pleased to do it." It put me in mind of the opera clown, Delpini, who, when told that the Prince Regent said he knew him very well, exclaimed, "Oh, he brags; he brags!"

DANDIE DINMONT AND THE FOX.

I cannot leave Liddisdale without an anecdote of Dandie, which Scott has not used, and which is eminently significant of the original character. Dandie, attended by Pepper and Mustard (one of the breed of which, by the bye, Lord Cado-gan made a prodigious pet of), had run a fox into its hole, and he set to work to dig it out. He dug, and he dug a long way, **but** found no bottom; so he thrust in his arm's-length to feel

if he might be near the end. He was nearer than he thought, for Reynard at his last retreat suddenly snapt his fingers between his sharp teeth. Anybody else would have as suddenly snatched away their hand ; but not so Dandie : he instantly closed his finger and thumb like a vice upon the doomed animal's nose, and exclaimed, "Noo sir, ye haud your grip, and I'll haud mine ; and we'll see whether ye get me in, or I get you out !" There was a brush without a fox to hang to as a tale, in Mr. Dinmont's cozy parlor on that eventful eve.

LORD ELCHO'S STORY.

I once presided over a jolly company when it was more customary than it now is, and the more's the pity, to call upon every guest in turn for a song or a tale, under the penalty, in case of refusal or non-compliance, of a strong tumbler of salt and water. I, at last, came to a contumacious chap, who protested that he could neither sing a song or tell a tale. This would not pass with me, and especially as I had had my eye upon this Billy for some time, and did not at all like his jeering leers and scoffing manners. So I said to him peremptorily, "Well, sir, if ye can do neither the one nor the other, you must oblige me by tossing off the tumbler I will now order to be brought to you." "Stop," he cried hastily, "let me try first?" Silence ensued, and he proceeded : "There was once a thief who chanced to find a church door open, of which carelessness he took advantage and stepped in, not to worship but to carry off whatever of portable he could find. He put the cushions under his arms, hid as much as he could, and impudently wrapt the pulpit cloth about him like a plaid. But lo and behold, whilst he was thus employed the sexton happened to pass by, and seeing the church door open, got the key and locked it ; so that when our sacrilegious friend thought he had nothing to do but to slip out as he slipped in, he discovered that he was a close prisoner and all egress stopped. What to do he knew not ; but at last it struck him that he might succeed in letting himself down to the ground by the bell-rope. Accordingly, with it in hand, he swung

gently off; and you may be certified set up a ringing that alarmed the neighborhood. In short, he was captured with his booty upon him as soon as he reached mother earth; upon which, looking up to the bell, as I now look up to your lordship, he remonstrated, ‘Had it not been for your long tongue and empty head, I might have escaped!’”

I have never ventured to insist upon a gentleman drinking salt and water since.

PUZZLING THE CONSTABLE.

On breaking up from a sederunt in Elm Court at a much later hour than usual one night, it so happened that my companion and myself saw a poor creature grossly maltreated in the street by Temple Bar. We interfered in vain to prevent a continuance of the injury, and finding our arguments less persuasive than some we had lately employed upon a similar occasion, we called the watch to seize the offender. Having seen the outrage, we were requested to step into the watch-house, at the entrance gate of the new church in the Strand as we passed, and state the case to the dignitary of the locale, the worshipful constable of the night, an officer elected from among the *élite* of the parish. On entering we discovered a laughable Dogberry and Verges scene, and listened for a while, till our turn came, to proceedings almost as amusing as Shakespeare himself could have represented. The whim, I suppose, was infectious, for on being invited by the Rhadamanthus to state the particulars of the assault, my friend began to address him in a set speech. He insisted on the sanctity which ought to shield a woman’s person, on the duty of every man to protect her from harm, and on the brutality of the wretch who could dare to violate every principle of humanity by insulting female weakness, and abusing female trust. “You, Mr. Constable,” he exclaimed, “must be too well versed in the classics not to know what Homer has so nobly put into the mouth of his gallant hero —

Νεστορα δ’ οὐκ ἔλαθεν ἰαχῇ, πίνοντά περ ἔμπη,
 ‘Ἄλλ’ Ἀσκληπιάδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

Φράζεο, διε Μαχᾶον, ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα·
 Μείζων δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ βοή θαλερῶν αἰζηῶν.
 Ἄλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν πῖνε καθήμενος αἶθοπα οἶνον,
 Εἰσόκε θερμὰ λοετρὰ ἐϋπλόκαμος Ἑκαμήδη
 Θερμήνῃ, καὶ λούσῃ ἀπὸ βρότον αἱματόεντα.
 Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐλθὼν τάχα εἴσομαι ἐς περιωπὴν.
 Ὡς εἰπὼν, σάκος εἴλε τετυγμένον υἱὸς ἐῆος,
 Κείμενον ἐν κλισίῃ, Θρασυμήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο,
 Χαλκῷ παμφαῖνον· ὁ δ' ἔχ' ἀσπίδα πατρὸς ἐοῖο.
 Εὔλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος ἀκαχμένον ὀξεῖ χαλκῷ·
 Στῆ δ' ἐχτὸς κλισίης, τάχα δ' εἰσίδεν ἔργον αἰεκές,
 Τοὺς μὲν ὀρινομένους, τοὺς δὲ κλονέοντας ὀπισθε
 Τρώας ὑπερθύμους· ἐρέριπτο δὲ τείχος Ἀχαιῶν.
 Ὡς δ' ὅτε πορφύρῃ πέλαγος μέγα κύματι κωφῷ,
 Ὅσσόμενον λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψήρᾳ κέλευθα
 Αὐτως, οὐδ' ἄρα τε προκυλίνδεται οὐδετέρωσε,
 Πρὶν τινα κεκριμένον καταβήμεναι ἐκ Διὸς οὖρον.
 Ὡς ὁ γέρων ὤρμαινε, δαΐζόμενος κατὰ θυμὸν
 Διχθαδί· ἥ μὲθ' ὅμιλον ἰοὶ Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων,
 Ἡὲ μετ' Ἀτρείδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν.
 Ὡδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,
 Βῆναι ἐπ' Ἀτρείδην· οἱ δ' ἀλλήλους ἐνάρριζον,
 Μαρνάμενοι· λάκε δέ σφι περὶ χροῖ χαλκὸς ἀτειρής
 Νυσσομένων ξίφεσιν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισι.

The bewildered constable looked, in his amazement and distress, towards the place where I was seated at the table, and, having pulled the night book of charges to me, was proceeding to fill it with entries of all sorts of transgressions, and their results in acquittals or punishments. The detection of this unparalleled transaction created great dismay, and made confusion worse confounded. The constable declared that he did not understand Homer at all, and called me from my mischievous employment to tell him plainly what had taken place. I, of course, followed in the track of my leader, and addressed the court in a grandiloquent style, lamenting the degeneracy of the age when such things could happen, and dwelling on the disgrace to the city of London or Westminster (dependent on which side of Temple Bar the main offense was committed), should the culprit escape retribution. I regretted that the constable was not sufficiently conversant with the Iliad to comprehend the masterly and touching appeal quoted from the illustrious Grecian bard ; but as he must be familiar

with what Virgil had expressed under similar circumstances (it would have been hard to find out where the similarity lay), I would merely repeat the Roman sentiments on the occasion : —

“ Conticuère omnes, intentique ora tenebant.
 Indè toro pater Æneas sic orsus ab alto :
 Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem ;
 Trojanas ut opes, et lamentabile regnum
 Eruerint Danaï ; quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
 Et quorum pars magna fui. Quis talia fando
 Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssis
 Temperet à lachrymis ? et jam nox humida cœlo
 Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
 Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros,
 Et breviter Trojæ supremum audire laborem :
 (Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit)
 Incipiam. Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi
 Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
 Instar montis equum, divinâ Palladis arte
 Ædificant, sectæque intexunt abjete costas.
 Votum pro reditu simulant : ea fama vagatur.
 Huc delecta virûm sortiti corpora furtim
 Includunt cæco lateri ; penitûsque cavernas
 Ingentes, utrumque armato milite complent.
 Est in conspectu Tenodos,”

The patience of Job could have stood no more, and it was a relief to all concerned or present, when the good-humored constable, evidently too dull or too bemused with beer for a joke, in a deprecatory tone interrupted me to beg that I would say no more. It was quite unnecessary, he was perfectly satisfied, and as we had witnessed the offense, he wished to be informed what we thought should be the nature and extent of the punishment. We forthwith intimated an opinion that the culprit, who had been sobered and frightened by the orations, ought to beg the lady's pardon and disburse five shillings for the watchmen to drink ; a sentence, I rejoice to add, so evidently tempering politeness and justice with generosity and mercy, that it gave universal satisfaction, and we departed amid the plaudits and bows of the audience.

DAFT ANDREW.

Aberrations of reason and weakness of intellect have always deeply excited the attention of thinking men. The curious condition of the Scottish "daft-folks," especially of harmless imbeciles and idiots, of which class almost every town and village, as I have mentioned, enjoyed a representative, could not escape the eye of the great delineator of mankind, from the top to the bottom of the social scale. Respecting one of them near Abbotsford he used to tell, in his naïve and matchless manner, a story ; which, as far as I know, has not found its way into print. In strolling forth with his trusty crony, Sir Adam Ferguson, the question ran upon the happiness or the reverse in different stations in life, Ferguson maintaining that there were certain fortunate beings who were exempt from the common troubles to which others were exposed, and Scott holding the opposite argument. As they walked in the fine sunshiny day, they came up with the privileged "fool" of the place, whom Scott immediately addressed, and something like the following colloquy ensued : —

Scott. Weel, Andrew, how are you ?

Andrew. Weel, very weel, thank ye sheriff, for speiring.

Scott. Naebody harms you, I hope, Andrew ! are a' the folks careful about ye, and kind to ye ?

Andrew. 'Deed are they. A' very kind. A' the warld are kind to poor Andrew !

Scott. Weel fed, I hope ; I see ye are weel clad.

Andrew. Heh ! ay ! Plenty to eat, and a gude coat on my back ! Is n't it, sheriff ?

Scott. Yes, Andrew, and I am glad to see it. But as everybody is so kind to you, and you are every way sae weel off, I suppose I must just conclude that you are one of the happiest of human creatures, and can have nothing to distress you.

Andrew (hastily). Na, na, had ye there, sheriff ! It would be a' very happy if it war na for that d—d Bubbly Jock (turkey cock). The bairns use me well enough, but they canna help

roaring and shouting when they see that cursed brute chasing me about, with his neck a' in fury, and his gobble, gobble, going enough to frighten the de'il. He's after me every day, and maks me perfectly miserable.

Scott (turning to Sir Adam). Ah, Ferguson, in this life of ours, be assured that every man has his own Bubbly Jock !

BILLA BOX.

I had dropt in at the Strand about two o'clock, about something or other, when Mr. A. insisted on my staying to eat "suberb saur krout" with a fine German boy, the son of a nobleman just imported. I consented, and we chatted together till long past the dinner hour, for which Ackermann and his stomach were particularly punctual. His nephew (?) and the young noble had gone out in the morning to see lions, and had not returned. We waited, and waited, till near three o'clock (an hour over time), when my host, unable to contain his anger and hunger any longer, ordered dinner, and we sat down to excellent rotten cabbage, but washed down with sensible muzzle and schnaps. About the middle of the repast the young gentlemen made their appearance, and were told to sit down and feed, with the politeness, and in the tone which might become an incensed bear. However, as our host's appetite got appeased, his temper improved, and by the time the cloth was removed, the bumpers of muzzle had converted frowns into smiles, and at length I heard his cavernous issue of the question, "Vell boisse (boys), vere ave you been, and vat ave you see?" The youngsters, delighted by this condescension, burst out in answer, the lead being taken by the nephew, who spoke as follows: "Oh, mine oncle! after ve ave see two mans a henging at Old Belly — vat a crowds! — ve go to de rivere to dox at Voolvitch to see de launch of de great sheep — vat a crowds! and oh, mine oncle, vat a many billa box." "Billa box," repeated Ackermann, "vat you mean by billa box!" "Oh, sare," broke in the stranger, "so I ave been only a veeks in Engleland, I thinks I gan spake de langidge better as he. He means Bocca bills!" "Billa box,

Bocca bills," muttered Ackermann. "Vat de divels does you mean? say it in Yarman!" which they immediately did; and thus informed, he turned laughing loudly to me, and exclaimed, "O mine Kodds, vat you tink dey means?" I had not heard, and could not tell; and their interpreter, still convulsed with laughter, sputtered out, "Vy dey means big boggetts!" Not to lengthen the story, for some time longer unintelligible to me, I at last discovered that billa box, and bocca bills, and big boggetts, all and sundry, meant simply pickpockets!

JAMES THOMSON.

The village of Ednam is two miles from Kelso, and its picturesque and fertile farm was occupied by my mother's eldest brother, John Stuart, the beau-ideal type of a wealthy farmer of that day, — downright but gentlemanly, frank and hospitable, and inhabiting a land of Goshen, in the plenteousness of which lived the lusty pony which bore my brother for embarkation to the sea-side. As the birth-place of Thomson it always possessed still greater attractions for me, and as the annexed sketch is so intimately connected with, and illustrative of, my text, that it might congenially form a part of it, I offer no excuse for inserting it here. It was written for a certain purpose which was abandoned, and I only had a very few copies printed for private circulation; and, notwithstanding the late valuable researches of Mr. Bolton Corney, for Messrs. Longmans' beautiful edition of the poet, I trust the new matter it contains will be acceptable to all literary readers.

The Life of Thomson has been so often written, and Thomson's "Seasons" have been published in so many forms and editions, that it might appear as if nothing new could be told of the former, nor any improvement made on the latter. It is our trust, however, that we may be able not only to add some matters of interest to the memoirs of the bard, but to correct errors which have crept into preceding biographies, and misconceptions touching his immortal poem.

At the distance of nearly a century, research into the private circumstances of an individual career could hope for but small reward in the shape of prominent discoveries ; and, where sifted as closely as that of Thomson has been, for but little of more minute particulars that had escaped observation. But it usually happens, in the descent of biographical writings from generation to generation, that the second follows the statements of the first, and the third of the second, and so on forever, with many variations in the words, and very slight variations in the facts ; and thus the last is only a servile imitation of the original, repeating and perpetuating all that it contained of wrong, rectifying no mistakes, committing new blunders, and supplying no novelty worthy of notice or dependence ; in short,

“ Misplacing, misdating,
Misquoting, misstating,
It lies”

We have endeavored to “reform this indifferently,” if not altogether ; and can, at least, truly say that we are not of the “*imitatores, servum pecus*.” And if our claim can apply in a limited degree to the incidents of the poet’s life, we feel that we can take higher ground on the subject of his great work.

Notwithstanding what Dr. Johnson states, whose opinions of Thomson himself, and all that concerned him, are shown by Sir Harris Nicolas to have been exceedingly unfriendly and prejudiced,¹ the poet’s father, though blessed with nine children, must have been rather well to do in the station of parish minister of Edenham or Ednam, which he filled with respectability and piety. The stipend was paid in money, and amounted to nearly 100*l.* a year, besides a cow’s pasturage, house and garden, and a large and productive glebe ; which, added to the income from the small estate of Mrs. Thomson,

¹ When describing the external appearance of the yet unknown bard, in London, the Doctor says, with a laconic coldness of heart and want of sympathy which does small honor to his feelings for a brother in distress : “ His first want was a pair of shoes ;” and what is perhaps worse, inasmuch as falsehood is worse than coldness, it is proved by Thomson’s letters that it could not be true ; for though he was in difficulties for money, he was not in beggary.

must have been a more ample provision than was enjoyed by many clergymen who nominally possessed a much larger revenue, but were paid in grain, and liable to fluctuations with the price of that commodity. These having increased with the rise in the value of produce, whilst Ednam has remained stationary, with the exception of two augmentations, may have led to the notion that it was comparatively a poor living a century and a half ago, which, in point of fact, it was not. The minister's income from the kirk, according to data applicable to the present day, would be equal to not less than 300*l.* per annum ; which is still deemed an adequate fortune for that condition of life in a rural district.

The manse, or house, was beautifully situated at the east end of the village of Ednam, with the garden in front, bounded by the river Eden on the south ; a fine "trouting" stream, which rises in the Lammer muirs, and falls into the Tweed about four miles from the village. Almost immediately behind the manse was the mansion-house of the Edmondstones of Ednam, an ancient border race, who for eight hundred years possessed the fertile barony of that name ; dismembering it, however, piecemeal, till the last portion was sold some forty or fifty years after the birth of the poet. It is a curious circumstance that this ancient line never rose beyond the state of feudal country gentry, though inheriting immense estates and descended from royalty ; Andrew Edmondstone, in 1388, having married the widow of the Douglas slain at Otterburn, who was the daughter of King Robert the Second.¹

Many amusing anecdotes might be given to illustrate the

¹ The estate of Corehouse, near the Falls of Clyde, which gives a senatorial title to a gentleman of high birth and preëminent accomplishments, George Cranstoun, distinguished at the Scottish bar, and by his literary taste and productions, was purchased with the reversion of the price of Ednam by James Edmondstone, the surviving brother of the family, who had several sisters alive at the time. One of them married Theodore, King of Corsica, and had fortunately no children ; all the rest died unmarried ; and the last was buried only a few years ago, being upwards of a hundred years of age, a striking representative of the "auld race" of the Edmondstones. Lord Corehouse was related through the females ; one of the first Knight of Newton's daughters having married the Master of Cranstoun, Lord C.'s ancestor, and the other the Laird of Ednam.

intercourse between the laird and the minister ; but as in the foregoing collateral episode our object is simply to relate matters, the effects of which upon his young mind can be readily traced in many of the scenes, pictures, traits of character, and descriptions in Thomson's poems, we shall only mention one, exhibiting the first state of society presented to his eyes among his father's parishioners much more than a century ago, and resembling those phases elsewhere which taught his young idea how to shoot the glowing sketch of squirearchy revels. The laird, it appears, had a terrible dislike "to the rowting and skirling of the congregation," as he irreverently termed the Scottish psalmody ; and as his abode was very near the kirk, the loud singing on a Sunday morning was very apt to disturb his complacent slumbers, and prevent his sleeping off the debauch of "Saturday at e'en." To get rid of the nuisance, he built another place of worship, and a miserable hovel it was, at a greater distance from his residence ; and it was only within the present century that, on its becoming ruinous, the kirk of Thomson's infancy was restored to its proper site in the church-yard of Ednam.

James Thomson was born, as we have said, at Ednam, in September, 1700 ; but, on the very threshold of our biography, we stumble upon two different dates for that event, so "important in a man's life." Murdoch, Dr. Johnson, and others quote the 7th, Sir Harris Nicolas the 11th of the month. To ascertain the exact day, we have referred to the register or sessions book ; but that oracle is silent on the fact. We are inclined, however, to adopt the 7th, in consequence of finding the following entry : "1700. Mr. Thomas Thomson's son James baptized, September 15th day." Now as in Scotland it is seldom or never the custom, unless a child be dangerously sickly (which in this case there is no cause to suspect), to baptize it so early as four days after its birth, the probability is all in favor of the earlier date. When he was about three years old, his father was translated to the pastoral charge of Southdean, some twelve miles distant, and on the banks of his own "sylvan Jed." This change brought him

into the immediate neighborhood of his immortalized friend, the Reverend Robert Riccarton of Hobkirk, which became the most important and propitious event of his whole future life.

As with regard to the date of his birth, so do his biographers differ as to the name of his mother ; one stating it to be Hume, and another Trotter, the daughter of Mr. Trotter of Fogo (Sir H. Nicolas). It was Hume ; and she was co-heiress of Widehope, or Wideopen, a small property in Roxburghshire, but lying amid lovely scenery at Grubet, on the Kale Water, which flows into the Teviot between Kelso and Jedburgh : and the house, we believe, is still in existence. It is remarkable how often we trace genius to the character and influence of the mother, rather than to the instruction and example of the father. A vast majority of great men seem to owe their eminence to nature acting through maternal love ; nor was Thomson an exception to the rule. His mother appears to have been a woman of no common endowments. The warmth of her imagination and devotional feelings were scarcely inferior to those of her son, and it is more than probable that to her immediate direction of his mind in infancy, succeeded by the cares of a pious father, he owed that species of training which imbued him so deeply with the beauties of creation and the sublimities of God's revealed word, apparent in the kindling glow of thought and oriental dignity of diction which pervade his poetry.

In the school of Jedburgh he received his boyish education ; and though he drew his landscape scenes in general from nature's universal face, rather than from favorite localities, however

"Meet nurse for a poetic child,"

there can be no doubt that the sweet haunts of his morning of life,—the pensive, retired, and romantic retreats which abound about his childhood's home,—the solemn and sacred seat of learning in his "school ile" in the venerable abbey—all tended to that inspiration which has made him an everlasting name. It is told by some of our precursors, that his

teacher discovered in him nothing superior to the common lot of vulgar scholars ; but one anecdote seems to refute this assertion. On one occasion when the Latin task (dry to a fancy like his) was indifferently performed, and called forth a sharp rebuke, he appeared to be sadly humbled ; and some time after, as the master passed by, he caught him conning it over again, with the half suppressed exclamation, as it rose from the heart of the delinquent, " Confound the building of Babel ! "

Yet, though the poet sung of Nature in all her widely spread beauty and magnificence, he did not at times disdain to descant gracefully on her humbler features, and celebrate the site of his nativity, — laved by lovely streams, studded with spots of sequestered peacefulness, and variegated by a few features of wild and imposing aspect. He invoked his Muse to look down from Caledonia's awful grandeur upon

" Her fertile vales,
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Washed lovely, from the Tweed, pure parent stream,
Whose pastoral banks first taught my Doric reed,
With sylvan Jed, thy tributary stream."

And though the Tweed and the Jed are thus rendered classic by the poet, yet the romantic banks of the Ale have also potent claims upon the interest of his admirers. Within the vale through which it takes its course, between Longnewton House and Ancrum Manse, resided one of his earliest friends, the Rev. John Cranston of Ancrum, the great confidant of Riccarton. This formed his favorite walk, and was worthy of his choice ; and the impression of its natural attractions, hallowed by sincere affections, never faded from his memory. Witness one of his letters from London to Mr. Cranston : —

" Now I imagine you seized with a fine romantic kind of melancholy at the fading of the year. Now I figure you wandering philosophical and pensive amidst the brown withered groves while the leaves rustle under your feet, and the sun gives a farewell parting gleam, and the birds

' Stir the faint note, and but attempt to sing.'

Then again, when the heavens wear a more gloomy aspect, the winds whistle, and the waters spout, I see you in the well-known *Cleugh* (a name still given to the locality), beneath the solemn arch of tall, thick, embowering trees, listening to the amusing lull of the many steep, moss-grown cascades — while deep divine Contemplation, the genius of the place, prompts each swelling, awful thought. . . . There I walk in spirit, and disport in the beloved gloom.”

Are not these the reflections of his own young habits and enjoyments? The spirit which conceived the noble address to Philosophic Melancholy near the conclusion of *Autumn* is here traceable to its source, as it is embodied in the recollections of his early wanderings about the rural *Cleugh*.

But there are incidents of a more sportive kind, the tradition of which attach to this spot. The caves with which the banks of the *Ale* abound could not but attract his attention; and one of them, near *Ancrum Manse*, is associated with his name in an amusing and characteristic manner. His friend, the minister, a man of much firmer nerve than he, frequently retired for study to this cave, difficult as it was of ingress and egress, and the old inhabitants of the village knew it by the name of *Cranston's Cave*; not *Thomson's*, as has since been supposed. One evening, when the poet was his guest, he persuaded him to visit his rock-formed study, and, with much toil, managed to pilot him down the steep that led to it, and place him safe in his rustic chair within. But to extricate him was another task, the

“*Revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est,*”

and for a time utterly hopeless. No sooner did the eye of *Thompson* catch the high perpendicular cliff, and the turbulent stream below, overhung by the horrid ledge on which he gasped, than all his courage failed, and it ultimately required more aid than the entreaty and example of his reverend guide to extricate him from his sorrowful situation. And such was the shock his finely toned nerves received that sleep was banished from his pillow, and fever was nearly the consequence.

Whilst mentioning these local scenes, we may remark that many of the admirers of the poet of the Seasons are not aware of the interesting fact that the summit of Ruberslaw, a bold conical hill which rises near the junction of the Rule and the Teviot, was the favorite spot which filled his mind with the finest images in his poem of "Winter." It commands a glorious prospect ; and no persons, even of common sensibility, can lift their eyes to the sweeping majesty of the Liddersdale, Cheviot, or Lammermuir mountains, or drop them on the rich diversified beauty of the valleys below, without feeling that this was indeed a throne suited to the genius of the illustrious bard. And here beneath, at his feet, was his youthful sanctuary with his friend Riccarton, the first who discovered, cherished, and directed his noble powers. This estimable man (as we learn from Thomson's letter to Cranston) did much more than superintend his studies, and encourage his pursuits. He, too, was a poet, as well as a deep divine and well-informed philosopher. Often did they write verses and criticise them together ; and doom to the flames, with extemporary requiems, such compositions as were considered unworthy of a better fate. On one memorable occasion the elder produced to the younger bard some lines on the subject of winter — the first idea of that splendid song which achieved his future immortality. "Nature (he writes, in the letter already alluded to) delights me in every form. I am now painting her in her most lugubrious dress for my own amusement — describing winter as it presents itself. Mr. Riccarton's poem on Winter, which I still have, first put the design into my head ; in it are some *masterly strokes* that *awakened me*." What comes of the statement in Wharton's edition of Pope, that the idea of the "Seasons" was taken from Pope's four pastorals ?

Near Hobkirk Manse, in a quiet woody glen, there is still to be seen the favorite resort of these two distinguished individuals. But the lofty mountain was more congenial to the range of Thompson's boundless imagination. The snow-storm gathering round the summit of Ruberslaw was the pro-

totype of the tempest queen in the beginning of "Winter ;" and Leyden, his brother bard,¹ who knew and felt this, has aptly described the scenes you contemplate on this classic ground, and the effects they were calculated to produce on the soul of their future poet. Thus,

" He sees with strange delight the snow clouds form
Where Ruberslaw conceives the mountain storm ;
Dark Ruberslaw, that lifts his head sublime,
Rugged and hoary with the spoils of Time :
On his broad misty front the giant wears
The horrid furrows of ten thousand years.

" Such were the scenes his fancy first refined,
And breathed enchantment o'er his plastic mind,
Bade every feeling flow to virtue dear,
And formed the poet of the varied year.' ' 2

For a short while previous to leaving the resorts of his boyhood and early years for the University of Edinburgh, Thomson resided at Hobkirk and Ancrum. In one memoir it is stated that a servant of his father took him to the capital, seated behind him on horseback ; but such was his reluctance to quit the country, that he had no sooner been left to himself in the city than he set out on foot for home, and was back at his father's house (between fifty and sixty miles) as soon as the man and horse. When his parents remonstrated, he passionately observed that he could study as well on the haughs of Sou'dean (Southdean) as in Edinburgh ; or in plainer words, " I can read as well here as in schools." He was, however, prevailed upon to return to Edinburgh, and commence his theological studies there.

During the second year of his admission, these studies were

¹ We may well designate them so, for in many respects the history of Thomson and Leyden is remarkably similar. They were born in the same county, most of their youth was spent in the same neighborhood, both displayed early poetic taste and genius, wooed the Muses on the same ground, loved their native land to enthusiasm, studied for the church and relinquished it for literature, depended on their own exertions for success, left works behind them alike prized for purity and talent, were beloved in life, and died in the full enjoyment of their powers and fame.

² The summit of Ruberslaw would be a splendid site for a monument to commemorate the poets connected by their birth and lives with its gigantic foundations and sublime rocky architecture, — Thomson, Leyden, Scott ; not forgetting Riccarton.

interrupted by the sudden death of his father, to whose bed he hastened, but too late to receive his blessing,—a circumstance which, it is stated, affected him in an extraordinary degree, and occasioned him great filial sorrow. His mother having consulted with Mr. Gusthart, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and senior of the Chapel Royal, resolved to mortgage her moiety of Widehope (congenial name !), and repair with her numerous family to the capital, and there live in a frugal manner till James, whose promise was already cheering to the widow's heart, had finished his academical education. The latter, during his vacation, used to pass his time between the seat of Sir William Bennet, of refined taste and poetical fancy, and the manse of Mr. Riccarton ; and it is related that the pieces which he then composed were doomed to submit to the fate of his earlier verses with Mr. Riccarton (if, indeed, the two stories do not refer to one period), and perish in the flames with a solemn metrical recital of the demerits which caused their condemnation.

At this period the public feeling in regard to poetry was directly the reverse to what it is in our day. An Augustan age in England had diffused the love of verse into the northern regions, and native talent had a chance of being cherished and admired. Thomson's efforts had evidently made a sensation in several quarters ; and he soon felt that the only field for the fair essay of his powers was London, where Pope and Addison, and other immortals wrote and sang, and were patronized. His removal thither is said to have been hastened by an accident. "The divinity chair of Edinburgh was filled by the reverend and learned Mr. Hamilton, universally respected and beloved, and particularly endeared to the young students of divinity under his charge by his kind offices, candor, and affability. Our author had attended his lectures about a year, when there was given him for an exercise a psalm in which the power and majesty of God are proclaimed. Of this psalm he produced a paraphrase and illustration, as required by his task, but in a style so highly poetical as to surprise the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton, as was his custom, complimented

the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to his fellow students the most striking and masterly passages ; but at last, turning to Mr. Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation."

What poet could endure such depressing criticism ? Not our bard, who shortly after took the hint, abandoned his precarious prospects in the church, and prepared, under some vague encouragement (said to be given by Lady Grizzel Baillie as a friend of his mother, but producing no practical good), for a journey to London ; there, like many a less gifted man, to try his hap in the struggle of the million for fortune and distinction.

He arrived in the metropolis in 1725, and in the twenty-fifth year of his age. To the exaggerated and unfeeling description of his poor estate by Dr. Johnson we have before alluded ; and perhaps the most certain and distinct method of portraying his real condition will be to republish a letter which appeared 30th of April, 1797, in the first number of the "*Kelso Mail*,"¹ the first literary essay of James Ballantyne, aided by Sir Walter Scott ; and of which document the introductory history, written by Ballantyne and the Rev. Mr. Robert Lundie, possesses not a little biographical interest.

"Doctor Cranston (they write), to whom this letter is addressed, appears to have been the companion of the early youth, and the confidant of the mature life of Thomson. He was son of the gentleman who was then minister of Ancrum, on whose death Mr. John Cranston, another of his sons, succeeded to that office. Dr. Cranston having died soon after his father, all his papers fell into the hands of his brother, who lived to an advanced age in the pastoral charge of Ancrum ; and at his death, which happened a few years ago,

¹ The establishment of this journal was warmly advised and supported by my father, and had a powerful effect in stemming the tide of ultra-democracy, which had already a violent partisan in the proprietor and editor of the only newspaper published in the place. It was the height of the French republican mania, and the popular ferment was of fearful intensity. — W. J.

both his own and his brother's manuscripts came into the possession of his surviving family. From that period the letter lay unnoticed amongst lumber till lately, when it was taken out by a maid servant, and devoted by her to the purpose of packing up some candlesticks, which were sent to this place (Kelso) to be exchanged. The person into whose hands it thus fell (Mr. William Muir, junior, a coppersmith) fortunately discovered its value, and has obligingly furnished us with it on the present occasion. The copy we have taken, and which is now subjoined, is exact and literal ; the spelling, punctuation, and even the errors of the original, being scrupulously preserved.

“ The public will perceive that this interesting epistle is without date, and is signed only with initials.¹ But, independently of the simple narrative of the means by which it has been rescued from oblivion, it seems to carry along with it such intrinsic marks of authenticity, that no one who is in the least acquainted with the peculiar character of the productions of Thomson, can hesitate a moment in ascribing it to him. Besides gratifying that laudable curiosity which the public naturally feel to become acquainted with the most minute circumstances in the lives of eminent men, we consider this letter as peculiarly interesting in many other points of view. It appears to have been written at a most critical period of the author's life ; being soon after his arrival in England, whither he went upon the death of his mother. It exhibits the interesting spectacle of an elegant and inexperienced mind laboring under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments, and struggling with those feelings of conscious dignity by which he had long been prevented from soliciting assistance, and which the horrors of impending indigence alone enabled him to overcome. But the account he then proceeds to give of the origin and partial progress of ‘ The Seasons ’ more nearly concerns the public ; and merits the attention, not only of the biographer, whom it enables to throw light on an obscure part of the history of this work, but also of the philosopher, whom

* ¹ From the post-mark it seems to have been written from Barnet.

it must forcibly impress with the reflection that the most trivial circumstances sometimes affect the whole tenor of a man's life, and that by causes apparently the most inefficient his fame and fortune may be forever decided, as well as the nature and extent of his influence on mankind. Had not Mr. Reccleton [Riccarton], a man who is now altogether unknown as a poet, composed a small production on Winter, the immortal 'Seasons' might never have existed; and thus not only might Scotland have derived comparatively small lustre from the genius of her Thomson, but the world might never have been delighted with the enchanting imagery and glowing descriptions of the poet of the year."

"DEAR SIR,

"I would chide you for the slackness of your correspondence; but having blamed you wrongeously last time, I shall say nothing 'till I hear from you, which I hope will be soon.

"Ther's a little business I would communicate to you, befor I come to the more entertaining part of our correspondence.

"I'm going (hard task!) to complain, and beg your assistance. When I came up here I brought very little along wth me; expecting some more, upon the selling of Widehope, which was to have been sold that day my mother was buried. now 'tis unsold yet, but will be disposed of, as soon as it can be conveniently done: tho' indeed 'tis perplex'd wth some difficulties. I was a long time here living att my own charges, and you know how expensive that is; this together with my furnishing of myself wth cloaths, linnens, one thing and another to fitt me for any business of this nature here, necessarily oblig'd me to contract some debt. being a stranger here, 'tis a wonder how I got any credit, but, I can't expect 'twill be long sustained; unless I immediately clear it. even now I believe it is at a crisis. My friends have no money to send me, till the land is sold: and my creditors will not wait till then. You know what the consequence would be. Now the assistance I would beg of you, and which I know if in your

power you won't refuse me, is, a letter of credit on some merchant, banker, or such like person in London, for the matter of twelve pounds, 'till I get the money upon the selling of the land which I'm, att last, certain off, if you could either give me it yourself, or procure it; tho' you don't owe it to my merit, yet, you owe it to your own nature, which I know so well as to say no more on the subject; only allow me to add, that when I first fell upon such a project (the only thing I have for it in present circumstances) knowing the selfish inhumane temper of the generality of the world; you were the first person that offer'd to my thoughts, as one, to whom I had the confidence to make such an address.

“‘Now I imagine you seized wt a fine, romantic kind of melancholy, on the fading of the year. now I figure you wandering, philosophical, and pensive, amidst the brown, wither'd groves: while the leaves rustle under your feet, the sun gives a farewell parting gleam, and the birds

‘Stir the faint note and but attempt to sing;’

then again when the heavns wear a more gloomy aspect; the winds whistle, and the waters spout, I see you in the well-known cleugh beneath the solemn arch of tall thick embowring trees, listning to the amusing lull of the many steep, moss-grown cascades, while deep, divine contemplation, the genius of the place, prompts each swelling awful thought. I'm sure you would not resign your part in that scene att an easy rate. none e'er enjoy'd to the height you do, and you're worthy of it. ther I walk in spirit, and disport in its beloved gloom. This country I am in is not very entertaining. no variety but that of woods, and them we have in abundance. but where is the living stream? the airy mountain? and the hanging rock? with twenty other things that elegantly please the lover of nature? Nature delights me in every form, I am just now painting her in her most lugubrious dress; for my own amusement, describing winter, as it presents itself after my first proposal of the subject,

' I sing of winter & his gelid reign
 Nor let a rhyming insect of the spring
 Deem it a barren theme. to me 'tis full
 Of manly charms ; to me who court the shade,
 Whom the gay seasons suit not, and who shun
 The glare of summer. Welcome ! kindred glooms !
 Drear awfull, wintry horrors, welcome all &c.'

After this introduction, I say, which insists for a few lines further I prosecute the purport of the following ones

' Nor can I O departing summer ! choose
 But consecrate one pitying line to you ;
 Sing your last tempr'd days, and sunny calms,
 That cheer the spirits and serene the soul.'

Then terrible floods, and high winds that usually happen about this time of the year, and have already happen'd here (I wish you have not felt them too dreadfully) the first produced the enclosed lines ; the last are not completed. Mr. Rickleton's poem on Winter, which I still have, first put the design into my head. in it are some masterly strokes that awaken'd me. being only a present amusement, 'tis ten to one but I drop it when'er another fancy comes cross.

" ' I believe it had been much more for your entertainment, if in this letter I had cited other people instead of myself : but I must refer that 'till another time. If you have not seen it already, I have just now in my hands an original of Sr Alexander Brands (the craz'd scots knight w^t the woful countenance) you would relish. I belive it might make mis John catch hold of his knees, which I take in him to be a degree of mirth, only inferiour, to falling back again with an elastic spring 'tis very¹ printed in the evening Post : so perhaps you have seen these panegyrics of our declining bard ; one on the Princesses birth day, the other on his Majesty's in² cantos ; they're written in the spirit of a complicated craziness.

" ' I was in London lately a night ; and in the old play house saw a comedy acted, called, Love makes a man, or the Fops Fortune, where I beheld Miller and Cibber, shine to my

¹ A word is here obliterated.

² Obliterated.

infinite entertainment. in and about London this month of Sept. near a hundred people have dy'd by accident and suicide. there was one blacksmith tyr'd of the hammer, who hang'd himself and left written behind him this concise epitaph

' I. Joe Pope
liv'd w'tout hope
And dy'd by a rope '

or else some epigrammatic muse has bely'd him.

[The following is written upon the margin : —]

“ ‘Mr. Muir has ample fund for politicks, in the present posture of affairs, as you'll find by the public news. I should be glad to know that great minister's frame just now. keep it to yourself. You may whisper it too in Mess John's ear. — far otherwise is his lately mysterious Br Mt. Tait employed. — Started a superannuated fortune and just now upon the full scent. — 'tis comical enough to see him from amongst the rubbish of his controversial divinity and politics furbishing up his antient rusty gallantry

“ ‘Yours sincerely J. T.

“ ‘Remember me to all friends. Mr. Rickle, Mis John, Br John, &c.' ”

This interesting letter throws a full light upon the most obscure portion of Thomson's London career ; but it also leads directly to reflections most honorable to his filial and domestic affections. It appears that while yet a student in Edinburgh, from his mother, left as stated a widow with a large family, and in very limited circumstances, he could receive but little pecuniary aid, small as is the aid required in that condition ; and the bare idea of augmenting the affliction of bereavement by accelerating poverty in one so justly beloved, could not but weigh heavily on his affectionate nature. Yet he relinquished the profession for which he was intended ; and risking all, with true poetic fervor and hope, braved every obstacle, and rushed to the only arena where that fervor could

be nourished, and that hope realized. Thus do we find him in the great metropolis, — foregone all the endearing charities of home, the delights of long-tried friendship, and the land of his nativity, where he had wooed the muse with such impassioned fondness, — we find him in the busy bustling world, a stranger, robbed of his credentials, and the very child of cheerless adventure. What could and did sustain him? The light of Poesy from Heaven; the soul within, and imagination all compact, which looked beyond the ignorant present, and beamed and radiated in the anticipated glory of futurity. The genuine bard may be depressed, but he will not despond: if all the realities of life are against him, has he not creation at his will, and the power to make another and a better world for himself?

Such was the position of the great Poet of Nature, at the very time he was elaborating the composition of “Winter;” and that he felt what we have expressed, his own words abundantly declare. And we know not whether most to admire the touching delicacy of his application for succor, or the firmness with which he contemplates the sure result and triumph of his genius.

WELLINGTONIANA.

My friend Mr. William Mudford’s “Historical Account of the Battle of Waterloo,” with splendid illustrations by Mr. James Rouse, was published at this time; but its cost, six guineas, operated against its popularity. The Duke declined furnishing any information, but in a note, I think, stated that he had never met Blucher at *La Belle Alliance*, though some wiseacres, presuming on the truth of that report, had gone so far as to impose the name on the battle, instead of Waterloo, where it was fought. On a later occasion, indeed, many years after, I had an opportunity of learning some more of his Grace’s remarks connected with this glorious day. It was mooted whether the action to be imparted to his statue should not represent the moment when his cry “Up, boys! and at **em!**” roused his troops to their last irresistible and victo-

rious charge. “ ‘Up, boys ! and at ’em !’ replied the Duke, “I never could have said any such thing. I remember very well that I caused them to lie down for shelter behind a rising ground, and by that means saved many of their lives ; but ‘up, boys ! and at ’em !’ is all nonsense.”

At the same interview he mentioned that he was aware of the Prussian advance, and of their foremost light troops having got into communication with the farthest outposts of his left wing, long before he announced the fact to his staff. This was in answer to a reminiscence of Lord Hill, that the illustrious commander had alighted from his horse, and was reconnoitring through his glass laid across its shoulder, the distant quarter where the Prussians were expected to appear when the clock of the Hougemont struck twelve. The Duke seemed to fancy the statement a little at variance with what he had expressed, and replied, as above, that he was quite aware of the fact long before he mentioned it.

His Grace’s off-handedness, and blunt as well as quaint modes of expressing himself, are very characteristic ; and many an anecdote might be told of them. Entering a gallery where the visitors were requested to sign their names, in a book prepared for the purpose, on being asked by the door-keeper, “Would your Grace have the goodness to put your name in the book ?” he took the pen and wrote “Dr. Wellesley.” He does not seem to be prone to furnish autographs, nor to be seen disturbed or in dishabille, if the following be true, as I had from a likely authority. One of his brother marshals called at Apsley House on a day when he was confined to his room by a cold, and had given orders to be denied. The visitor, however, told the servant that he came on some particular business, and he was sure the Duke would see him ! The groom could not gainsay so important a personage, but went up-stairs to deliver the message, closely followed by the gallant officer. On opening the chamber door the Duke was seen with his back to it, and leaning towards the fire. Without turning round, he inquired what was wanted, and the servant answered that Marshal — had called and wished to

see him. "What does the — old fool want?" exclaimed his Grace; and the "old fool" being quite close behind him, slunk quietly off, and delivered no message that day!

JERDAN'S SECRET CIPHERS.

The discussion run upon the subject of secret ciphers, which hardly ever having heard of before, I asserted must be very easily invented, and maintained that I could myself frame a system which nobody on earth could decipher and read. This piece of provincial impertinence was punished by the not unusual test of a wager, in this instance with T. Wilde, a dinner to the little party, that I could accomplish no such feat. I fancied it so easy and was so sure of winning, by some nonsensical transposition of the alphabet, that I was thunderstruck when the "*Cyclopædia*" was handed from the library shelf, and I was invited to peruse the many schemes which had been devised for this purpose, and the means by which the most complicated and mysterious of them had been unraveled, and made as patent as a round text hand. I felt the ninnyship of my ignorance and presumption, and when I retired to rest was on no very pleasant terms with myself, for I had looked very like what I had no chance of inventing — a cipher.

The old axiom, however, proclaims it to be a wise thing to consult your pillow on weighty occasions, and whether it proceeded from my pillow or myself, between sleeping and waking, I cannot tell; but I arose in the morning with a secret cipher concocted in my brain, which I knew it to be impossible for any human being to make out. It was a simple thought; but there could be no mistake about it. Mr. Jackson called in to congratulate me, ironically, on my good luck in making so enviable a bet, and ask when and where we were to dine. To him I communicated my secret, and at once found a proselyte and ally. He pointed out the vast importance of the matter, and spoke of the absurdity of wasting it upon a frivolous difference of opinion. It ought to be laid before the government, and I cannot tell how immense a

reward I was to reap for my wonderful discovery ! No castle in the air was ever more stupendous and gorgeous than mine. Well, the first thing to do was to consult with my astute opponent, Wilde, and he also gave in his adherence *instantly*. Thus was the affair set in a proper light and put into a likely train ; and I do not think a plum would have purchased my expectations from me.

Wilde and I were now all agog for an audience of the Prime Minister, to put him in possession of the good fortune which had befallen his government, and ourselves in the way of wealth and promotion. My county member, Sir George Douglas, gave letters of introduction, and we had the honor of an interview with Mr. Sarjeant, the private secretary of Lord Sidmouth. To him we candidly explained the mode according to which we held the deciphering of secret dispatches to be impossible, and were dismissed from a polite reception with an appointment for another day, when the question should be more fully treated. In about a week we attended and again saw the secretary, who at first did not seem to recollect anything about us or our momentous affair ; but on having his obliviousness refreshed, did "remember the *secret cipher of which he had a copy in his drawer*," waving his hand towards that receptacle of our treasure, or its counterfeit resemblance. Other correspondence and conferences took place, when, from severe illness, my time came to depart for Scotland, and I left my partner in negotiation with the minister ; the result of which I never heard ! It may appear strange that, after my removal, I did not pay greater attention to this so lately absorbing speculation : but fever had so far erased it from my brain, and engaging in a novel course, and not hearing anything of it, my volatile genius concluded that it had failed, and for years a thought of it hardly ever crossed my mind, even as a passing shadow or reminiscence. It was, however, singularly restored by an accidental circumstance which happened in 1813 or 1814, when I was editor of the "Sun" newspaper, and in constant and familiar communication with the Treasury and Secretary of State's departments.

One day I went into Mr. Under Secretary Rolleston's room in the Foreign Office, Downing Street ; and finding that he had gone out for a few minutes, casually seated myself by the table at which he had been writing. My eye was immediately caught by the hieroglyphics and figures with which I saw his paper overspread, and I went near to examine the scroll. Mr. Rolleston soon returned, and observing me thus employed, told me, with a laugh, that I was welcome to detect the secrets of that dispatch, and make what use of them I liked. I confessed that although I certainly could not read it, because I had not the key, yet I was perfectly acquainted with the mode of its construction, and was indeed the inventor of the design. This surprised him much, and he acknowledged that the principle and method I described were truly the elements of his composition, and in use wherever secrecy was required in the Foreign Office. I have thus reason to believe that my cipher has been, and is still, the lock-up of diplomatic correspondence, which none except the party addressed can understand, and is a sealed book to all the world beside.

MR. CANNING AND THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

It will be remembered, that in May, 1814, the Princess of Wales was forbidden to present herself at the Queen's drawing-room, in consequence of an objection from the Prince Regent, who must of necessity be there, and refused to meet his wife "for reasons of which he alone could be the judge." The Queen was thereupon placed in a dilemma, and obliged to communicate the unwelcome intelligence to her Royal Highness, who acquiesced in the decision "out of personal consideration for her Majesty," but peremptorily insisted on the fact, that as she had been pronounced innocent on the investigation against her, she would not be treated as guilty, and demanded of the Queen to state this to the distinguished visitors who attended. From this public outbreak, the Princess became more than ever a political engine in the hands of the opposition to gall and depreciate the Regent. It was endeavored to increase her popularity, and in the same degree

diminish that of her husband ; and the country was in a favorable condition for the diffusion and adoption of these views. The question therefore assumed a prominence of state importance, which was but too well calculated to agitate, and, I may add, demoralize the population, though not then to the extent it did at a later period. When Lord Castlereagh proposed a provision of 50,000*l.* a year, Mr. Whitbread unexpectedly produced a letter from her Royal Highness, declaring that 35,000*l.* was all she would accept from an overburdened people, and acknowledged that he was her adviser in this step for popularity. The matrimonial quarrel thus became a national business, and party was armed with a powerful instrument to work its way either for the gratification of revenge or ambition. That the Princess suffered much we can confidently affirm, both from the hostility of the Prince, and the pain of being made a tool for factious ends. She felt that she was forsaken where she had a right to expect support ; and that she was supported elsewhere, not for her own sake, but as the means of annoyance to her husband, respecting whom, if she had no cause to care for his welfare, it was at any rate despicable to be employed as a thorn in his side. In this situation it was not surprising that she should soon become a frequent visitor to Gloucester Lodge, and seek from the loyal friendship of Mr. Canning that counsel and aid which no other quarter offered to her pitiable case. To his sympathy the unfortunate Princess could not appeal in vain, and like the illustrious knight without fear and without reproach, he undertook her cause, reconciled her to herself, and brought the sad affair to as auspicious an issue as was then within the compass of human exertion. The nature of their conferences may be surmised from the circumstances I am about to relate. On going to the Lodge on a Sunday afternoon as customary, I observed the Princess's carriage at the door ; and was hesitating whether I should go in or not, when Mr. Canning led her out and handed her to her seat, beckoning me to enter by another passage. A glance informed me that something of unusual interest had taken place, for the

Princess appeared flushed to crimson, and Mr. Canning exceedingly moved. I proceeded into the room, and walking up to the fire-place, stood leaning my arm on the chimney-piece, when the latter returned in a state of extreme excitement and agitation, exclaiming (in a manner more resembling a stage effect than a transaction in real life), "Take care, sir, what you do ! Your arm is bathing in the tears of a princess !" I immediately perceived that this was the truth, for her Royal Highness had been weeping plenteously over the very marble spot on which I rested ; and it was on this day that she came to the resolution to leave England. Poor lady, many a flood of tears she shed ; and in her affliction was wont to exclaim, "God bless the good old King, and (pausing) I ought also to pray God bless Mr. Canning !" By his advice, and the advice of Lord Leveson Gower, she now determined to travel from the land where her position was so distressing. In so doing she gave much offense to Mr. Whitbread and the party who had espoused her cause, and was loudly blamed by them for her desertion. But when we look upon her unhappy condition in every respect, I think there can be only one opinion, that the severance from them and the inhospitable soil, was the only course she could pursue suited to her own dignity and comparative peace of mind. The *Jason* frigate, the Hon. Captain King, having been ordered for the service, with the *Rosario* sloop, Captain Peake, in attendance, she sailed on the 9th of August, landed at Cuxhaven on the 15th, on her way to Brunswick, having in her suite Lady E. Forbes, Lady C. Lindsay, Sir William Gell, Colonel St. Leger, Mr. Craven, Capt. Hess, and Dr. Holland. The accounts at the time described her as considerably distressed, even to fainting, on quitting the English shore ; but she was constitutionally blessed with high spirits, and rallied so speedily that on the 12th, the Prince's birthday, she toasted his health, and before the vessel reached Cuxhaven joined in the dance on the deck with Sir William Gell, and her cheerful companions. The toiled bird had been liberated from its cage ; and the reaction was naturally immediate as it skimmed the blue sea in beautiful weather, free upon the wing !

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

But I have a remarkable anecdote which I think eminently characteristic of the individual who is now (1852) playing the highest *rôle* in the French nation, namely, the President, Prince Louis Napoleon. During his last residence in London, he was one of a chiefly literary party who spent a charming day with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, at his villa on the Thames above Fulham; and at which Mr. Disraeli, Count D'Orsay, Mr. George Banks, Mr. Fonblanque, "assisted," and which was also graced by the presence of accomplished and distinguished ladies. Among the diversions of the *dé-jéûner*, everybody strolling about the grounds and doing what they listed, I had the honor to be taken into a wherry by the Prince, and rowed for half an hour upon the river by him. It must be confessed that he caught crabs, and did not exhibit so much skill as to afford me a presentiment that he would so soon, or ever, scull himself into the position of despotic ruler over thirty millions of people! In short, I was rather glad when I got out of the boat and found myself once more on the lawn, or terra firma.

On the return to town, the Prince was courteous enough to give me a seat in his open carriage, and we happened to come by the road through Little Chelsea; our conversation having turned on an idea propounded by Mr. Banks, that the vessel which brought the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena might produce a prodigious effect if the sails were painted with armorial bearings and other emblems, such as the History of England recorded of the ship of the great Earl of Warwick! This strange proposition was received with more than the Prince's usual taciturnity, but, in passing by the quondam abode of the Royal Bourbons, when I incidentally pointed out the house, I found that I had at once awakened extraordinary emotions. He questioned me, again and again, about every particular I could remember; and, not content with my first answers, repeated the same inquiries, apparently with an increase of wonder and interest. It was as if he

could not bring himself to believe that the true ancient regal race of France could have dwelt in so humble a tenement ; it was, in short, an involuntary tribute of the soul, paid to legitimacy. Proud as he was of his own blood, and ambitious of restoring it, in his own person, to the utmost pinnacle of power, he could not help feelings allied to those of the *parvenu* ; and I rarely met him on future occasions, that he did not, if opportunity served, recur to the subject.

RICHARD DAGLEY.

Mr. Isaac Disraeli, the voluminous and interesting author, and father of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, lived just out of, and to the eastward of Red Lion Square, and either next house to or nearly adjoining that of Lady Sanderson, who married William Huntingdon, S. S. ("Sinner Saved," and especially by her ladyship's comfortable fortune), and I visited them both.

Mr. Disraeli's was very literary, and archæological and delightful. Douce was often there, and Archdeacon Nares from the adjacent Hart Street, and my dear old friend and colleague, Richard Dagley, who had illustrated Disraeli's "Flim-Flams," and whose stories of, and intelligence respecting, the English School of Arts, judgment in appreciating its productions, and unassuming manner of communicating facts and opinions worthy of the attention of the most tasteful and best informed, endeared him to all who enjoyed the pleasure of his society and instruction of his conversation. His pencil was by no means equal to his invention : his originality and conception were but inadequately rendered by his embodiment and execution. Yet without high art or high finish, his productions told well what he imagined and wished to express : they were plain ; but there was no mistaking what they meant either in humor or pathos. What would I give, were he alive now to advise and aid me, and in his own way embellish this work ? He was well acquainted with the founders of the Water Color School—the Sandbys, Nicholsons, and other leaders in that delicious art, which is more mannered now

than it was at first, is not (all) quite so natural, and has recourse to agencies for effect which did not belong to the purer style of the earliest painters. He was also familiar with the artistic transitions from sign-boards and chasing in metals (our prominent original schools) to the establishment and infant movements of the Royal Academy; and in these respects his knowledge and communications were valuable to the most learned, laborious, and distinguished of his contemporaries; to such, indeed, as the eminent connoisseurs and antiquaries I have mentioned.

A small part of his life Dagley spent as a drawing-master at Doncaster, where, as everywhere else, he was loved and esteemed. But oh, for the fickleness of popularity, especially if dependent on boarding-schools and the mammas of the pupils. Dagley was cut out at Doncaster by a showy Frenchman, whose talents would not have entitled him to tie his shoes; but he was gifted with superior qualities for success, and the quiet, studious Englishman had no chance with him. In those days, or rather nights, it was customary for the principal towns-people to meet at taverns to drink their ale or grog, chat, and spend the evening. Of course the rival masters were there, and poor Dagley used to tell of his final defeat by the superior skill of his foreign competitor. A leading corporator, in the course of debate (it must have been wonderfully instructive) on the Fine Arts, happened to ask Monsieur what was his own peculiar style, to which he incontinently replied, "Mine own stayles! Ach-oui-yas. Vell, den, you know de immortal Raffel, de Tenniers, de Tissiano, de Mick Ange, de Watteau, de Candletti, de Ostade, de Rubennz, dat is ma style." Dagley had no style to compete with this, was floored, and left Doncaster in the possession of the extraordinary artist of the wonderful style, and returned to London, to which I may bring with him a Doncaster anecdote, which would have done for Southey's "Doctor." Over the doorway of the principal bookseller was sculptured, in bold relief, the Crown and Sceptre, and the owner, as is usual in provincial towns, was lounging one fine day at the door

under the shadows thereof, when a countryman lounged up with the question, "Please, sir, be this the Phoenix?" In answer to this, Mr. — took him gently by the arm, and, leading him into the street, pointed to his sign, and asked in return, "Is that like a Phoenix?" to which the heavy lout incontinently replied, with a scratch of his head, "Wha, sir; I dinna knaw, for I never seed yane!"

I may notice a curious circumstance to show the minute accuracy of Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of natural scenery. Dagley had in his portfolio a sketch of a woody nook in the woods near Duncaster, and when "*Ivanhoe*" was published, with the opening meeting of Gurth and Wamba, he had only to put in the two figures and the resemblance was as perfect in every feature as if it had been drawn to illustrate the author. They had both incidentally chosen the same spot; the one for the pen, and the other for the pencil. Dagley was my invaluable colleague for more than twenty years — to the day of his death.

ROBERTSON AND HOOK.

Peter Robertson, now Lord Robertson, and an honored judge of the supreme Court of Session in Scotland, was long acknowledged as the Edinburgh Premier in the social Court of Humor and Facetiæ, and was at this period on a visit to London. In London the supremacy of Theodore Hook in convivial intercourse was equally established, and a plan was arranged, not a disagreeable one in any respect, that the heroes of the North and South, the modern Athens and the modern Babylon, should be pitted against each other at a dinner-party in Albemarle Street, Mr. Murray holding the lists, and giving a hearty welcome to all the lucky comers, about a dozen strong. Mr. Lockhart was second to his countryman, Lord Peter, and Mr. Milnes, of the Woods and Forests, appeared as the backer of King Theodore; or rather, I should say, these were their respective bottle-holders, as long as either combatants or seconds could manage to hold a bottle. It was a fair sit-down fight and keen encounter — keener than the Bucolican Virgilius could portray amid sylvan scenes.

Menalcas.

Nunquam hodiè effugies : veniam quocumque vocaris :
 Audiat hæc tantum vel qui venit, ecce, Palæmon.
 Efficiam, post hac ne quemquam voce lacessas.

Damætas.

Quin age, si quid habes : in me mora non erit ulla,
 Nec quemquam fugio : tantum, vicine Palæmon,
 Sensibus hæc imis (res est non parva) reponas.

Palæmon.

Dicite

 Incipe Damæta, tu deinde sequere Menalca.
 Alternis dicetis : amant alterna Camœnæ.

And so did we ; with our Hook and Robertson for our classic contention.

During dinner the conversation was lively and sparkling, and Hook's wonderful ready wit carried all before it. He was in high feather, inextinguishable and inexhaustible. It seemed as if the Scotchman had a very poor chance ; and would be what the jockeys term nowhere. But Mr. Lockhart was an abler tactician, and knew better. He suffered Hook to expend some of his brilliant fire, and after the cloth was removed brought out his man. He gave us at due intervals a Gaelic sermon without a syllable of the Erse language, an Italian operatic scena without a word of Italian, and post-prandial speech after speech of military, political, and other characters, to which bursts of extorted laughter did homage for their racy performance and extraordinary ingenuity. The imitative speeches were certainly inimitable in matter and manner ; and the identity of the meaningless sounds, with the tongues in which they purported to be delivered, was so perfect that it was scarcely possible to fancy that they were not *bonâ fide* exhibitions of text and discourse, and recitative and song in the Gaelic and Italian. Stimulated by this most amusing display, Hook was primed in superb trim to answer the calls for various improvising interludes, and never afforded more entertaining proofs of his marvelous talent in this, I was about to

say art, but in this astonishing natural gift. Flash upon flash burst upon every man at the table — his own backer and the woods and forests were glorified in a superb vein of satirical ridicule, nor did the Scots artist and his Scot supporter escape scot free from the scoffing criticism of the pseudo-provoked flagellator. But even among the lashed and listening there was a mutinous spirit which vented itself in a style well worthy of remembrance. It was truly a day to be marked with a white stone.

BARRY CORNWALL.

From the beginning of the "Literary Gazette," it had no more constant and prolific supporter than Barry Cornwall, whose contributions, as yet unpublished elsewhere, are sufficient to form a delightful volume.

Mr. Proctor's first appearance in print was, as far as I am aware, in No. 45, November 29th, 1817. It was signed with the initials of his real name, "W. B. P." Waller Byran Proctor, and not Barry Cornwall, since then so deservedly popular; the letters in which incognito employ all those in his own baptismal, excepting P. E. E. R. (which might stand for Peër), among the lyrists and dramatists of the day. It was some time before he adopted the signature by which he is so well known, and his numerous charming productions which appeared in the "Gazette" were signed B., or W., or O., or X. Y. Z., etc.

The piece alluded to was entitled "The Portrait," with a prefix from the Italian, and is as follows — not so promising as the future fruitage! —

"His name — and whence — that none may know —

But as he wanders by,

Mark well his stern and haggard brow,

And note his varying, dark-black eye;

It tells of feelings strong — intense —

And stamps the soul's intelligence:

No more the crowd descry; —

For woe her keenest arrow sent,

And scarred each noble lineament.

"Though in that high, cold, searching glance

The vulgar nought espy —

Yet souls congenial, there, perchance
 May see youth wakened from its trance,
 And feigned, self-scorning levity —
 And deep within that troubled breast,
 The workings of a love repress.

“ Thus far may I unfold his tale —
 That in life’s earlier day
 His fairest, fondest hopes did fail,
 His friends passed one by one away. —
 Thus rudely on life’s ocean thrown,
 He found — he *felt* himself alone,
 To thrive — or to decay —
 No heart returned one answering sigh —
 None soothed his deep calamity.

“ He sought the midnight wood — he strayed
 The still and haunted stream along, —
 He watched the evening glories fade
 The distant shadowy hills among : —
 He sought the busier haunts of men,
 And tried the maddening bowl again —
 The jest — the jovial song. —
 Towards some fond heart he sighed to press —
 He sought, and found a wilderness.”

From this it could hardly be predicated what the writer has become ; but like Byron’s “ Hours of Idleness,” and hundreds of other instances, it only proves how injurious it is to check instead of cherish the first buddings of genius. Our mighty critics look for perfection in juvenile essays, and try them by a standard that never existed or can exist till children walk upright before they crawl, speak before they squall, and run like Atalantas before they totter like unsteady Bacchantes !

From this date, during the ensuing three years, the graceful effusions of the poet adorned the “ Gazette,” averaging about a poem for every fortnight or three weeks of the publication ; and after this time, when L. E. L. had taken the public as it were by storm (a storm of April showers, and rainbows, and May-flowers, and sweets), and contributed so much to the journal, the same welcome attractions were continued, though not so abundantly, as before. The longer pieces are chiefly on classic subjects or tinged with classic allusion — not

unlike the first inspirations of Mrs. Hemans ; but there are varieties of great interest and beauty — love-songs — war-songs — dramatic scenes (especially a spirited sketch of considerable length called “The Discovery,” the hint taken from Boccaccio) — Anacreontics, and compositions on poetic themes, both of pathos and humor.

WILLIAM MUDFORD.

Mr. Mudford, in 1818, brought a curious literary charge against Scott, which, as far as I know, was never contradicted. “The Border Antiquities of England and Scotland,” 2 vols. 4to, “by Walter Scott,” being advertised, Mudford reclaimed against this assumption of the entire authorship, and affirmed that very nearly half the work was written by himself, that he relinquished the task, and Scott afterwards completed it ; and when it came out in an entire form (for it was originally published without a name, in quarterly parts) allowed his name to be placed on the title-page as the writer of the whole. Connected with this fact, Mr. Mudford mentioned two amusing circumstances drolly illustrative of critical sagacity. During the publication in detached portions, in one of the most respectable monthly journals in which it was noticed, the reviewer, led or misled, by the nature of the subject, ascribed it on the strength of the *internal evidence of the style* to the pen of Walter Scott, and when it appeared with that name, exulted with no small self-glorification on the preceding proof of his accuracy of judgment ; but, alas, at the time he made the happy discovery Scott had not written one line of the work ! The second instance was afforded by a critic on the two volumes, who quoted largely the felicitous specimens of Scott’s style, every one of which happened to have been written by Mudford !

N. T. CARRINGTON.

Mr. N. T. Carrington, the author of the “Banks of Tamar” and “Dartmoor” (the latter one of the finest descriptive poems in the English language), will hardly be charged as an unjust

tified aspirant to poetic fame or a man whose prospects were marred by imprudence. Mr. Carrington, to the noble ambition of the bard, superadded the labors of the school-master. He taught the children of Plymouth and Devonport every day and all day long, and in the stillness of night he elaborated these compositions, which have excited general admiration and will hand down his name with honor to a distant posterity. Though published by Murray, how fared the poet?

"I am here (he writes me in the cold month of January) struggling with a consumptive disorder, and the northeast gales are trying my frail constitution. If, therefore, dear sir, you can say anything in favor of the 'Tamar,' it would materially brighten the gloom of my prospects at this trying moment." Over such a statement not unmanly tears might be shed; and I have seen but too many similar pictures! I did my best for the author, and had the year before done him a slight service in procuring admission for minor effusions to the "Bijou" and other annuals; for some of which he was never thanked, and from none of which did he reap reward. But to continue my painful story. In the lovely and glowing month of May, when the Nature so admirably painted by Carrington was effulgent with beauty and gushing with life — how is it with him? Listen!

"I am unable to creep into the sunshine without assistance. I am reduced to a skeleton. I have had no school for the last quarter, and subsist entirely from my son's scanty income."¹

I will not dwell longer on the theme. I had the satisfaction to obtain a grant of money from the Literary Fund for the poet. He received it and — died.

¹ Let me add, a good son whose filial affections sustained and comforted the last days of his honored parent. But he, too, must embrace literature. Fortunately the editing of respectable provincial newspapers has (as in Mr. Deacon's own case, as a literary contributor to the *Sun*) proved sufficient for a competency. The periodical press, I repeat, is an excellent refuge for the destitute, and but for it the calamities of authors would be much greater and more numerous!

MILLETT AND ALADDIN.

Mr. Millett was a miniature painter of fashionable repute, and one of the best artists in his line of that day. He had just finished a likeness of the famous King of Poyais, Macgregor (a royal looking personage he was), which I called to see, and we afterwards strolled out together. Reading the play-bills on the walls we saw "Aladdin" announced, at which Millett laughed and said, "You would hardly believe that some years ago I tried my hand at dramatic writing, and really sent in a piece under that very title, of which I have never heard since. I should like to go and see this novelty of the same name." "The play's the thing," answered I, and after a quiet chop in the neighborhood, to the theatre we went. After the play the curtain drew up for the grand spectacle of the Wonderful Lamp; and not the least extraordinary and amusing part of it was performed in our box by my companion. On the opening scene he gave me a dreadful kick on the shins, exclaiming, "That's mine; by —, that's mine!" A little change took place, and he added, *sotto voce*, "Or very like it!" As the piece proceeded I heard either "No, no," "That won't do," or got another deuce of a kick with exclamations as before. The short and the long of it was, that Aladdin was Millett's drama, converted into one of the most successful spectacles ever produced, and perhaps he was the first dramatist who ever went to see a piece of his own performed without knowing it. By my advice he wrote to Mr. Harris the next day, stating the circumstances, and, in return, received from that gentleman a letter of thanks and a check for a hundred guineas. Whether it was to follow the example of his hero I cannot tell, but he left off painting in London and settled in Cheltenham, where he built a most magnificent palace for an hotel, and let it at a rent of 500*l.* a year.

"SUCH AS IT IS."

A literary character — I need not mention names — on a visit to Bath, was pressed into a hospitable engagement with

a resident gentleman who had a penchant for cultivating the acquaintance of such celebrities. He had also the peculiarity of using the above expression in and out of season, and often with ludicrous effect. His guest being seated at an excellent plain dinner, the Amphytrion most unnecessarily would apologize for its deficiencies. Bath, to be sure, was one of the best markets in England, and he endeavored to get everything good ; but the fish, he feared, was not that most fashionable in town at present ; and the roast mutton was a very homely joint, etc., etc. ; but he hoped Mr. — would excuse the deficiencies, for he is most welcome to the fare “such as it is !” A smile rewarded this first ebullition, which was almost converted into a burst of laughter when the wines came within a similar category. “This sherry is direct from Cadiz, but not, I am afraid, of the highest quality ; and the other was only humble port, a kitchen wine with high people ; but I have had it in bottle nine years, and I hope you will be able to drink it, sir, such as it is !” Everything went on in the same manner till Mr. —, unable to keep his countenance much longer, pretended an urgent engagement in order to get away early in the evening. His host regretted this exceedingly, and said, “I am indeed very sorry that you are obliged to leave us so soon, and the more so as I can assure you I have been much entertained by your conversation, such as it is !”

A speedy exit was the consequence, and no breach of manners committed, unless a stifled laugh in the street could be overheard.

FRANCIS JOSEPH TALMA.

At a small evening party given by Dr. (then Mr.) Croly, I had the pleasure of first meeting the celebrated French tragedian, Talma ; and it was a night to be recorded for its dramatic and literary enjoyment. Talma was in great force (as it is called), and gave us his opinions in the frankest and most emphatic manner : speaking English, acquired during his younger residence in the country, with very little of foreign accent, and that little only contributing to add a degree of

piquancy to his remarks. Of John Kemble he was an enthusiastic admirer, whilst of Kean he spoke slightly, as deficient in comprehensive intellect and dignity. To show this, and illustrate the truth of his appreciation of the English stage, he recited several passages from our great dramatist, and among the rest, Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy — "To be or not to be, that is the question!" In some lines he imitated the peculiarities of our actors, but there was in the whole a peculiarity of his own — a French peculiarity in tone and action, which rendered the exhibition most original and entertaining. His public recitations, in union with Madame Georges, could afford no idea of the delights of this private treat.

JEROME BONAPARTE.

After his greater brother's defeat at Leipsic, the German press ran riot in taunts and mockery, and one of them advertised King Jerome as having embezzled money and deserted. For his apprehension, the citizens of Cassel offer 10,000 centimes reward; and give the following "Description of the culprit:" — "Jerome, aged 29 years, of low stature, an awkward figure, diseased and debilitated by excesses, sallow complexion, blear and hollow-eyed, down-cast look, middle-sized nose, and pointed prominent chin, and particularly remarkable for the harshness of his voice and indistinctness of his speech. At the time of his absconding he wore a white coat with blue collar and cuffs, and epaulettes of false gold, a short white waistcoat and buckskin breeches, large old cocked hat, and newly-goloshed boots with sherry-yellow tassels." Jerome has outlived his debilitated constitution a number of years, and it would only be curious to trace now in Paris what remains there may be of the likeness of the German caricature!

TURNERELLI THE SCULPTOR.

Another of the episodes of the year (1809) was a visit to Windsor to participate in the Jubilee rejoicings, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of King George the Third. I was accompanied by Turnerelli, the sculptor, to

whom his Majesty sat for his bust ; touching which I may relate an anecdote, characteristic enough of the manner and astuteness of the sovereign. Sitting one morning, he abruptly asked, "What's your name?" "Turnerelli, sir!" replied the artist, with a proper inclination of his head. "Oh, aye, aye, so it is," rejoined the monarch; "Turnerelli, Turnerelli — elli, elli, that is Turner, and the elli, elli, elli, to make the geese follow you!" Such was George the Third's accurate opinion of adding foreign terminations to native names.

MARK SUPPLE.

Mark Supple, an Irish eccentric of the first water; he it was, who, waking out of an intoxicated doze, and seeing Mr. Abbot on the treasury bench (the House being in committee), called out, "Master Speaker, as you seem to have nothing to do, I call upon you for a song if ye plaze." The fierce indignation of the Chair rose hotly against this breach of privilege, and the Serjeant-at-Arms was sent up to the gallery to take the offender into custody; but Supple adroitly escaped by pointing out a peaceful Quaker, sitting two or three seats below him, as the culprit, and the affair assumed so ludicrous an aspect, that it ended in the worthy broadbrim being turned out in spite of his protestations of innocence, and without having fees to pay. Mark was, indeed, the licensed wag of the gallery, and to my apprehension and recollection possessed more of the humor of a Dean Swift, without acerbity or ill-nature, than any individual perhaps that has lived since his date. His drollery was truly Swiftish, and the muddling, snuffing, quaint way with which he drawled it out, imparted an extra laughable originality all his own. Decorous people ought not to laugh at funerals, or the anecdotes of Supple related in the mourning coaches which followed his hearse, would, much as he was really regretted, have convulsed Niobe all tears.

ANECDOTE OF TOMPKINSON.

Matthews had a good anecdote of Tompkinson and a dealer who came to him with a fine landscape of Wilson,

which he wished to sell. He dwelt upon its beauties with great fervency, and pointed out the undoubted and indubitable touches of the English Claude; but so far from convincing the piano-forte maker of the authenticity of the painting, he expressed his great doubt of the fact. The chapman, however, insisted, and by way of clinching the matter said, "Now, sir, I will convince you of your error in judgment, for I saw Wilson paint upon it." "Did you, indeed," exclaimed the still incredulous Tompkinson, — "of course if you saw it, I can dispute the matter no longer, but by G—— I would not believe it if I had seen it myself." Judgment in applying the names of masters to pictures is, truly, little better than a farce, and generally quite identical with an imposition. M. Des-Enfans showing Ibbotson the finest Hobbima ever seen, and which Ibbotson himself had painted, was but a lucky example of the uncertainty, where not worse, of connoisseur dogmatism.

ANECDOTE OF STEWARDSON.

One day, exceedingly engrossed with his easel, the artist, who resided in the western corner house of Adam Street and the Strand, was annoyed by a loud knocking noise, which he endured for several hard thumps, but at last, losing patience, rang hastily for his servant. Joe appeared, and something like the following colloquy ensued. S. "What the d—I's all that noise?" Joe. "It's only Mr. Smith, sir." S. "Well, but I shall have no Mr. Smith making such a clatter as that. Go and see it put an end to." Joe. "It will soon be over, sir." (Another rap on the staircase.) S. "I tell you I will not endure it another instant; so inform Mr. Smith immediately." Joe. "I can't, sir. He will soon be down." S. (in a rage). "Do as you're bid, sir, or go about your business." (Another rattle nearer at hand, close to the door). Joe. "I dare say that is the last, for the stair is wider below." S. "What in Satan's name do you mean? Am I obliged to put up with this din, and your impertinent folly to boot? Be off, sir!" Joe. "Why, sir, they could not help it in bringing him down from the second floor. He was rather a stout man, and

the coffin is large and heavy." S. (starting). "Is there any one dead in the house?" Joe. "Yes, sir; Mr. Smith. He died last Thursday, and they are now taking him to the hearse, which is under your window below, in Adam Street."

The painter opened his artistic shutters, and there stood the hearse, receiving the last remains of Mr. Smith, a lodger in the upper part of the house, whom Stewardson had never seen, whose existence he had forgotten, if he ever heard of it, and whose death and burial would have taken place without his cognizance (though he slept overhead in the room above his own bedroom), had it not been for the noise made by the undertaker's men in getting the corpse down the narrow stairs.

BELZEBUB AND ABRAHAM.

One of the small tenants happened to die in the winter, when the severe weather rendered it impossible to proceed to the isle with the body for interment. Some time, therefore, elapsed before the ceremony was performed; but at length Donald was properly buried, and the clergyman of the parish, and the neighbors who had attended the funeral returned, as is usual in these parts, to the dwelling of the widow for refreshments. Mess John found her in great tribulation, weeping and wailing, for her loss, and addressed her: "Janet, ma woman, this excessive sorrow is unbecoming and unchristian; remember you have a family to care for, and ought not to give way to useless grief." "Ohone, ohone," was all that the sobbing Janet could reply, and the minister went on. "Janet, desist. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away." "Oh, aye!" cried Janet, "blessed be his holy name! Truly, sir, a' shoudna tak on sae, but he was a gude man to me. O Donald, Donald — whew!"¹ Another reproof brought the poor woman more to her senses, and she confessed that she ought not to lament so loudly, seeing, she was sure, "by this time the dear departed was in Belzebub's bosom." "Belzebub's bosom!" exclaimed the minister, "It is Abraham's bosom, ye mean. Ha ye sat sae lang under ma ministry, and

¹ The Scotch have none of the Irish wailing formulæ.

no ken the difference between Belzebub and Abraham ? ”
“ Waes me, waes me,” rejoined the widow, “ I ’m a puir ignorant creature ! Belzebub and Abra-ham — Abra-ham and Belzebub ; a’ declare that in spite o’ aw yere teaching, a’ wadna ken the ane frae the ither gin they were baith standing afore me ! ”



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